THE

CHRISTIAN PIONEER;

A

MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

ISSUED IN NUMBERS, ONE HALFPENNY EACH.

EDITED BY JOSEPH FOULKES WINKS.

VOLUME XV.

1861.

LONDON:
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.
LEICESTER:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY WINKS AND SON.

To our Readers and Friends.

NEXT year we intend to improve the appearance and enlarge the pages of the *Christian Pioneer*.

We shall venture to do this in confidence that our present readers will not only continue to take the *Pioneer* themselves, but render us their valuable aid in obtaining more subscribers. We have often asked them to do this, and they have never refused; and this encourages our hope for another year.

Indeed we must trust to you entirely for any enlargement of our sales. We cannot canvass your neighbours, but you can; and you can without any expence, and at little trouble. We never yet heard of any one being offended when asked to spend *one halfpenny a month* on such a book as this for themselves and their children, but we have heard of many who were glad of the opportunity.

We shall print a large number for January, and if you will, when you get one, just show it to a few of your neighbours, many thousands more might be easily put into circulation.

So far as we are concerned we shall do our best to make this little Magazine as interesting and useful as possible. To accomplish this we shall spare no pains or labour.

We take this opportunity of requesting our friends who have forwarded contributions in prose or poetry to accept our best thanks, and at the same time to express our desire for a continuance of their favours.

We now commend our humble periodical to your continued patronage and support, not without a cheerful hope that next year you will take care that it shall find its way into many a house it has not yet visited, and that 1862 will be the most prosperous year it has yet known.

CONTENTS.

MY UNCLE'S STORY

ABOUT THE MAN IN A FUSTIAN JACKET.

A Good American Tale.

Oh, how I loved to hear my Uncle tell the tale of the man in the fustian jacket! Again and again did he repeat the story, and always with as much life and glee as if he had never told it before. You shall have it, as near as I can remember it, in his own words.

"It is an excellent thing for a man to be diligent in what he undertakes. If business is to answer, it must be attended to. If a plan is to succeed, it must be followed up with spirit. You shall have an instance of this. I will tell you of the man in the fustian jacket.

"Soon after I came to live in this house, as I was painting the palisades of my little garden to the front, a man in a fustian jacket stopped at the gate. 'You have a pretty little garden here, sir,' said he, 'and it looks all the better for the fresh paint on the palisades. I live just round the corner, and if you should ever want colours of any kind, I should be happy to supply you. I have ivory-black, drop-black, blue-black, and lamp-black; very good browns, purple, Spanish and Vandyke, and, though I say it, nobody has better blues, ochres, and umbers. Those who deal with me say I am famous for my gamboge, king's-yellow, and chrome-yellow: and as for vermilion, both English and Chinese, white-lead and flake-white, Brunswick-green, emerald-green, and mineral-green, there is none better than mine to be had.'

"No sooner had I told him that no colour of any kind was wanted by me now, than he thanked me civilly, again spoke of my pretty garden, and went on. 'I wish,' thought I, rather hastily, 'that he would keep his gamboge, king's-yellow, and his vermilion, to himself—what do I want with his colour?'

"The very next morning, as I stood in my little garden, again came by the man in the fustian jacket, carrying a large jar. 'How nice and fresh the shower, which fell in the night, has made your garden, Sir,' said he; 'I am taking a jar of my neat's-foot oil to one of your neighbours. If anything in the oil way should at any time be wanted, linseed or boiled, common train, seal, sperm, or Florence in casks, I shall be happy to serve you; I live only just round the corner.'

"'What does the man mean?' said I to myself, when he was gone, 'pestering me with his linseed and boiled oil. I want none of it. I am not to be compelled, against my will, I suppose, to buy his greasy oils! Why cannot the man keep quiet?'

"'Rather warm, sir,' said the man in the fustian jacket, as he paused for a moment, on passing by, in the middle of the same day. 'Rather warm, sir! Not exactly the day for hot joints, but better suited for cold meat and pickles. I am running with a pot of pickles to the house with the green blinds yonder. If you are fond of pickles, sir, my capers and cucumbers would just suit you; but I have all sorts—olives, both French and Spanish, onions, gerkins, walnuts, French beans, cabbage, capsicums, and cauliflower. I live rather handy for you, sir—only three doors round the corner.'

"'Yes,' thought I, 'you live handy enough to torment me! One would think it would be quite time enough to tell me all about your capers and your cucumbers, your capsicums and your cauliflowers, when I ask you; but that will be some time first, I promise you. I begin to be sadly out of temper.'

"On the evening of the same day, just as I was entering in at my garden gate, once more went by the man in the fustian jacket. 'Almost time to light up, sir,' said he; 'I somehow forgot, when I was out with my basket this morning, to leave four pounds of mould candles at one of my customer's, and so I am taking them now. If you should want candles of any kind, sir, you will find in my store dips, fine wax, spermaceti, cocoa nut, composition, and metallic wicks, excellent. Perhaps, sir, you will give me a trial some day; for I am, as I may say, a sort of neighbour of yours, my shop being only just round the corner.'

"Hardly could I keep my temper while he was talking to me, but when he was gone I gave way sadly. 'He will be a daily plague to me,' said I, 'and I wish that I had never come into the neighbourhood, or that he and his tallow candles were a hundred miles off.'

"I was pulling up a weed or two on the following day in my little garden, as Betty came to the door with her broom to sweep the steps, and, at the same instant, I heard the voice of the man with a fustian jacket, who, as usual, was on his way to take some article or other to his customers. 'You deserve a garden, sir,' said he, 'for you keep it so nice and tidy. Your

girl, there, knows how to handle a broom, I see. I sell brooms, sir, and brushes of all kinds: best shoe brushes in sets, scrubbing brushes, stove, furniture, tooth, clothes, and hat brushes, as well as thrum mops and hemp and wool mats. I supply everything in the kitchen way: housemaid's gloves, black lead, servant's friend, bees'-wax, turpentine, scouring paper, emery, fuller's earth, whiting, pipeclay, paste in pots, hearth-stones, knife-bricks, mason's dust, firewood, and matches. I think I told you, sir, that I live just round the corner?'

"'Yes, you did tell me,' thought I, 'and I have a great mind to tell you something. Hardly can I stir out into my front garden without being annoyed with a long catalogue of oils, pickles, and candles, and kitchen articles; but of one thing I am determined, that neither oil, pickle, candle, nor kitchen article, from your shop, shall ever come into my house.'

"From that time not a single day passed without my seeing, and hearing too, the man in the fustian jacket. He seemed not only always ready to catch me in my garden, but always ready to take advantage of any little circumstance that occurred. At one time coming up as Betty brought in a fish, he thought it a very fine one, and told me that he kept the best of fish sauces, and, indeed, sauces of all kinds, anchovy, Burgess' essence, ketchup, mushroom, walnut, Indian soy, and currie powder; as well as all kinds of spices, nutmegs, cinnamon, pimento, cloves, ginger, mace, peppers, both black, cayenne, Chili, long, and white. At another time, when I had hung up my canary to the front, there he stood by the gate, calling it a pretty creature, and telling me that he sold bird seeds of every sort, and bird's sand. On a third occasion, he overtook me just as I stepped across to the post-office with a letter. 'We are both on the same errand, sir,' said he, 'for I have a letter to put in the office myself. It was directed by my son. See, sir, what a beautiful hand he writes!' and then he failed not to tell me that he sold writing paper, good ink, sealing wax and wafers, and excellent black-lead pencils, not forgetting to remind me, as before, that his shop was no distance from my house, being only just round the corner. In short, morning, noon, and night, when at home in my garden or walking abroad, I never seemed secure from having the man in the fustian jacket at my elbow. Again and again he repeated over the articles he sold, and again and again he informed me that he lived only just round the corner.

"Man is a changeable creature, and in many respects it is well that he is so, for if all his angry feelings and unjust opinions were to remain ever the same, he would be more unlovely than he now is. In my anger I thought unjustly of the man in the fustian jacket, but, in a little time, my anger passed away, for he turned out to be an honest, industrious, kind-hearted, and benevolent man. True it is that he pursued his business with more ardour than tradesmen usually do, but then he was attentive, punctual, and upright in sending in his orders, as he was active in obtaining them. His perseverance prevailed; I tried him, made inquiries about him, liked him, and at last so heartily respected him, that, from that time to this, all the colours, oil, pickles, candles, kitchen articles, sauces, spices, bird seed, writing paper, ink, sealing-wax, wafers, and black-lead pencils, that I have required, have been bought of him, nor have I ever once regretted the circumstance of his shop being only three doors round the corner.

"Now, why," continued my Uncle, "cannot we be as much in earnest in holy things, as the man in the fustian jacket is in his business? Here he is awake when we are asleep; he is moving while we are sitting still; he is busy while we are idle. He sets us an example that we might follow with advantage.

"Go where he will, the man in the fustian jacket makes it known that he is a tradesman; but go where we will, we too much hide our profession as christians. He acts as if he thought highly of his trade, we almost as though we were ashamed of our religion. He tells all he meets of the article he sells, and we tell hardly any one of the truths we believe. If we talked of our Bibles as much as he does of his goods, and were half as anxious to spread abroad the gospel of Jesus Christ as he is to extend his business, it would be to our credit, and greatly to our advantage.

"Much have I learned from the man in the fustian jacket, for he continually wins his way by perseverance. What he does in temporal things, we should do in eternal things; what he does to advance his welfare on earth, we ought to do to forward our happiness in heaven.

"Think of the little value of his articles, and the exceeding great value of the truths of the Gospel! Surely, if he prizes his possessions, we ought to prize ours a hundredfold more. To know, sinners as we are, the way, and the only way to salvation, through Jesus Christ, who died, the just for the unjust, to

bring us to God, is to know that which is beyond all price; the more inexcusable, then, are we, when we fail to value it ourselves, or to make known its value to others.

"Truly, 'the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light.' But this ought not so to be. While we are 'not slothful in business,' we should be 'fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.'

"Forget not what I have said," continued my Uncle, "for it applies, perhaps, as much to you as it does to myself. Should you get any good by it, it will do me good to know it; in the meantime, should you stand in need of any of the articles mentioned by me in the oil and colour way, I hope you will buy them of my neighbour, the man in the fustian jacket, whose shop from my house, as I dare say you remember, is only three doors round the corner."

Poetry.

WORK, AND PERSEVERE.

BY A WORKING MAN.

WORK, brother, while you may,
  The night fast cometh on;
Then work while it is day,
  Ere working time be gone.
Work with a ready hand,
  Work with a willing heart;
And ever ready stand,
  To act a useful part.

Work, for the moments fly,
  There is no time to shirk.
Seek help from God on high,
  To do thy task of work.
Keeping life's end in view,
  Spurn wrong and do the right.
What good thy hands can do,
  Do it with all thy might.

Work as you climb the hill
  That leads to joys above;
Work on with fervent zeal,
  And faith and holy love.
Work for your Saviour God,
  Work for your fellow man,
Work to make known abroad
  Salvation's glorious plan.

Work in each Godlike cause,
  Though some may at you sneer;
Seek not the world's applause,
  Nor heed the scoffer's jeer.
If God be on thy side
  Who is there else to fear?
In his strong arm confide,
  Work on, and persevere.

Birmingham. R. C.

Anecdotes and Selections.

JOHN WESLEY'S FIRST PREACHERS were, many of them, simple-hearted but courageous men. One of them was, one night, stopped on the road by three robbers, who demanded his money. He asked them if they had prayed God to bless them before they set out. "None of that nonsense," said one of them, "hand over your money." He gave them the few shillings he had, and his watch, and the contents of his saddle bags, and then jumping from his horse, pulled off his top coat too; but they would not have it. "Come then, let us pray" said he, and kneeling down on the dirty road he began, but when he arose, they were all gone, leaving all they had taken from him behind them!

THE CELEBRATED DR. FRANKLIN was one evening in company with a party of French infidels who were doing all they could to pour contempt on the Bible. He sat still, but they would have his opinion. Convinced that they were ignorant of the book and its contents, he told them he had lately met with a fine passage from a rare old book, which contained some of the grandest thoughts he had ever met with. They begged he would give them a specimen. He did; and when he had done they expressed their admiration as Frenchmen only can. But how did they stare when he told them that what he had read was from the book they despised. The passage was from Habakkuk iii. 3—18.

A SAILOR'S SERMON.—A pious sailor was once heard explaining the nature of faith to a shipmate of his. Among other things he said:—"Mind, it is'nt breaking off swearing, and the like; or even trying to make yourself good—it isn't none of these; for if they would answer for the time to come, there is the old score, and how are you to get that rubbed off? So it is not any of these things; but it is thinking about what Jesus Christ did *for* us, and expecting to be saved by Him who let the waves and billows go over his own head when he came to give us a hand. Just when we were all sinking, he called out, 'Here, take hold of my strength.' That's it. *That's* faith when you lay fast hold of him."

THE STILL HOUR.—Commune with yourself and with Heaven. To do this profitably, shut out the noise of men. Withdraw from all distractions of this world. Have your half-hour daily for review and secret prayer. Be still—and bid the world be still. The Divine precept must be observed, or piety wanes—'Enter into thy closet—shut the door—pray secretly to thy Father who seeth in secret.' Do this statedly—daily. No duty is more important to your spiritual welfare. Some one has said, 'Much as we need, much as we prize, the prayer-meeting, weekly and daily, we more need, and should the more prize, the *still* hour of communing with God.' It is here that christians can see this world's vanity and heaven's eternal weight of glory. Here, more than elsewhere, we draw nigh unto God, and God draws nigh to us—in the still hour of private prayer.

THE UNBELIEVER'S CREED.—I believe there is no God, but that matter is God, and God is matter, and that it is no matter whether there is any God or no. I believe that the world was not made; that the world made itself; that it had no beginning; that it will last for ever. I believe that man is a beast; that the soul is the body, and the body the soul; and that after death there is neither body nor soul. I believe that there is no religion; that natural religion is the only religion, and that all religion is unnatural. I believe not in Moses; I believe not the Evangelists; I believe the unbelief of all unbelievers. I believe Tom Paine, not Paul; I believe not revelation; I believe tradition, the Talmud, the Koran, anything but the Bible. I believe in Confucius; in Sanchoniathon; in Mahomet; but not in Christ. In one word, I believe in all unbelief.

"PULL, ADAM, PULL!"—There was a lad in Ireland, who was put to work at a linen factory, and while he was at work there a piece of cloth was wanted to be sent out which was short of the quantity that it ought to be; but the master thought that it might be made the length by stretching. He thereupon unrolled the cloth, taking hold of one end of it himself and the boy at the other. He then said, "Pull, Adam, pull!" The master pulled with all his might, but the boy stood still. The master again said, "Pull, Adam, pull!" The boy said, "I can't." "Why not?" said the master. "Because it is wrong," said Adam, and he refused to pull. Upon this the master said he would not do for a linen manufacturer; but that boy became Dr. Adam Clarke, and the strict principles of honesty in youth laid the foundation of his future greatness.

Old Jonathan.

The Fireside.

GOOD NURSING.

Good Nursing is a great blessing. At one time or other we all need it. Of Julius Cæsar we are told—

> "He had a fever when he was in Spain,
> And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
> Did lose its lustre—Aye, and that tongue of his
> That bade the Romans mark him—
> Alas! it cried, Give me some drink Titinius,
> Like a sick girl.

Yes, and many a British soldier during the late Russian War was found by Miss Nightingale in this prostrate condition.

Miss N. has lately published a book called "Notes on Nursing" She says:—"How immense and valuable would be the produce of her united experience if every woman would *think* how to nurse!"

In her 'Notes' she endeavours to suggest such thoughts as would aid nursing, and the knowledge of those principles which would assist its practice. These relate to the following subjects:—Ventilation and warming, health of houses, good management, noise, variety, taking food, what food? bed and bedding, light, cleanliness of rooms and walls, personal cleanliness, chattering hopes and advices by visitors of the sick. These are all treated with great common-sense, a rich vein of humour, and a plainness that the most stupid can understand. Were these only made the subject of study and practice in ordinary nursing of the sick and attending to the well, diseases would, in many cases, be prevented, and be more easily arrested when they seized a patient.

"The very first course of nursing," says Miss N., "the first and last thing upon which a nurse's attention must be fixed, the first essential to the patient, without which all the rest you can do for him is as nothing; with which, I had almost said, you may leave all the rest alone, is this: To KEEP THE AIR HE BREATHES AS PURE AS THE EXTERNAL AIR WITHOUT CHILLING HIM. Yet what is so little attended to? Even where it is thought of at all, the most extraordinary misconceptions reign about it. Even in admitting air into the patient's room, few people ever think where that air comes from. It may come from a house always unaired, always full of the fumes of dinner, or various kinds of mustiness: from an underground kitchen, sink, washhouse, water-closet, or even, as I myself have had sorrowful experience, from open sewers loaded with filth; and with this the patients room or ward is aired, as it is called—poisoned, it should rather be said. Always air from the air without, and that, too, through those windows by which the air comes freshest. *From* a closed yard or court, especially if the wind do not blow

that way, air may come as stagnant as from the places mentioned. With a proper supply of windows, and a proper supply of fuel in open fireplaces, fresh air is comparatively easy to secure when your patient or patients are in bed. Never be afraid of open windows then. People dont catch cold in bed. This is a popular mistake. With proper bed-clothes and hot bottles, if necessary, you can always keep a patient warm in bed, and well ventilate his room at the same time."

The Penny Post Box.

SPEAK A KIND WORD TO THY WIFE.

I WANT to say a few words for the wives of working men, for I know what many of them have to go through. I suppose you will not object to my expressing them in plain rhyme.

SPEAK a kind word to thy wife,
'Twill help her along by the way,
Amid all the trouble and strife,
She meets with from day unto day.

Speak a kind word to thy wife,
In a gentle encouraging tone,
For her work every day of her life,
Can never be said to be done.

Speak a kind word to thy wife,
And remember the days that are past,
How she stood by thy side in the strife,
And will be thy friend to the last.

Speak a kind word to thy wife;
If such a good treasure be thine,
She's a helpmeet for thee all thy life,
As I to my joy have found mine.

Speak a kind word to thy wife,
Who can make like a palace thy cot.
So never leave her for the strife
That is found on the seat of the sot.

Speak a kind word to thy wife,
'Twill help her each burden to bear;
And amid the vexations of life,
'Twill soothe all her sorrow and care.

Speak a kind word to thy wife,
Who is thine both in word and in deed;
She has much yet to go through in life,
And of kind words she much stands in need.

Birmingham. R. C.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

THE BLIND.—It is computed that there are 30,000 blind of all ages in Great Britain and Ireland, or one in 1,200. But in Egypt one in every 100, there being 4,000 in the city of Cairo alone.

WORKING WOMEN.—One-third of our grown up female population maintain themselves by independent work; above 340,000 by the needle alone.

BETWEEN ENGLAND AND AMERICA there have been lost, in a few years, fourteen first class mail steamers, with 2,572 lives, and two millions and a quarter of property in ships and cargo. Six of these were never heard of again.

STEAM RAFTS, instead of ships, for passengers, are proposed by George Catlin, the North American Indian traveller, who would build them flat and square, without keels or bows, to float *on* the water, and over the waves, above rocks or sands. A timber raft with sails has been floated from America to England, and so it can be done.

THE NEW DYES, called Mauve and Magenta, so much admired, are made from—what think you?—the Mauve from aniline found in gas-tar; and Magenta from murexide found in guano; the latter producing the famous Tyrian purple of the ancients.

THE FREE LIBRARY AT LIVERPOOL was opened in 1852, with 12,000 volumes, and its issues to readers yearly have been 1,382,600. W. Brown, Esq., late M.P. for South Lancashire, is erecting a building for the Library and Museum at his own expense, which will cost £25,000.

Hints.

KEEP A LIST of your friends, and let your Heavenly Father stand first, however long that list may be.

KEEP A LIST of the gifts you receive, but put the "unspeakable gift" at the head of them all.

KEEP A LIST of your mercies, and let pardon of your sin be set down as the chief.

KEEP A LIST of your joys, and let "joy unspeakable and full of glory" be uppermost.

KEEP A LIST of your troubles, and then balance them against your mercies.

KEEP A LIST of your sorrows, but let sorrow for sin be most prominent.

KEEP A LIST of your enemies, but enter on it your own evil heart first, and the devil next.

KEEP A LIST of your sins, and place the sin of unbelief high above all the rest.

KEEP A LIST of your comforts, but put down the comforts of the Holy Spirit as the best of all.

KEEP A LIST of your hopes, taking care to let the hope of eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord stand highest.

KEEP A LIST of your fears, but let the fear of offending God be above all other fears.

KEEP A LIST of the things you most wish for, and let holiness of heart and life be the principal thing.

KEEP A LIST of your debts, that you may pay them all as fast as you can, and so owe no *man* anything; but dont forget to put down, before all the rest, one debt you can never pay in full on earth or in heaven—the debt you owe to GOD for his mercy to your soul.

Gems.

A GREAT MISTAKE is made by many in looking for that in themselves which can only be found in Christ. Go to him. Go to him *now*, and he will give you righteousness and strength.

A GUILTY SINNER will often look more at the Law than the Gospel. By the Law is the knowledge of sin, by the Gospel the knowledge of salvation. We should not linger at Sinai, but flee at once to Calvary.

WHAT MUST I DO?—To this old question there is but one old answer. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. I cannot, you say; but you must. I want the Holy Spirit, you reply. Well: obey the command, and he will come, for God gives the Holy Spirit to them that obey him, Acts v. 32.

JUST AS FREELY as God spared not his own Son but delivered him up for us all, so freely will he give his Holy Spirit to them that ask him. The gift of the Spirit is commensurate with the gift of his Son.

THERE ARE WHO SAY, if I were only under the influence of the Holy Spirit I should soon find salvation. Why, if you truly desire to be saved from sin, you are now, though you know it not. Follow on to know the Lord, and you will know this to the joy of your soul.

NEVER BELIEVE ANY ONE who would tell you that God is not willing to do all that is needful to help you on in the way of salvation. He has said he will, and we should believe God rather than men.

THERE IS NOT A SINGLE PROMISE which God has made to the penitent, of pardon, peace, holiness, eternal life, that is not as applicable to you as it was, when they were upon earth, to the spirits of just men made perfect now before his throne in heaven.

Poetic Selections.

FRIENDSHIP.

WHAT is friendship? If well founded,
Like the beacon's heavenward glow;
If on false pretensions grounded,
Like the treacherous sands below.

SELF-RELIANCE.

ANOTHER'S aid I will not court,
For it is oft denied;
I'll labour for my own support,
And trust to none beside.

A SINGLE WORD.

YES: often will a single word,
Some great event fulfil,
And bear, in seed, the flower and fruit,
Of future good or ill.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I LIVE for those who love me,
And love my Saviour too;
And like my Lord above me,
For the good that I can do.

ONE BY ONE.

ONE by one our friends depart;
One by one we follow too.
But one thing should cheer our heart—
We to them and Jesus go.

KNOWLEDGE AND IGNORANCE.

KNOWLEDGE is humble—Ignorance proud.
Knowledge talks lowly—Ignorance loud.
Knowledge is mild, and modest, and pure;
Ignorance boastful, conceited, and sure.

THE HEARER OF PRAYER.

HIS ears are open to the softest cry,
His grace descends to meet the lifted eye;
He reads the language of a falling tear,
And sighs are incense from a heart sincere.

SAYINGS OF SIN.

MAN-LIKE is it to fall into sin:
Fiend-like is it to dwell therein;
Christ-like is it for sin to grieve;
God-like is it all sin to leave.

A HAPPY DEATH.

No earthly clinging,
No lingering gaze,
No strife at parting,
No sore amaze;
But sweetly, gently,
He passed away,
From the world's dim twilight
To endless day!

The Children's Corner.

A CURIOUS DIRGE.

To the Memory of Miss Ellen Gee, of Kew, who is here supposed to have died from being stung in the eye by a bee.

PRETTY, yet hapless maid of Q, (*Kew*)
My lovely L N G, (*Ellen Gee*)
Never again shall I and U (*you*)
Together sip our T. (*tea*)

For ah! there came, I know not Y, (*why*)
Among the flowers a B, (*bee*)
Which somehow stung her in the I, (*eye*)
So that she could not C. (*see*)

E N exclaimed, "Thou spiteful B! (*Ellen—bee*)
If ever I catch U (*you*)
On either rose-bud, or sweet P, (*pea*)
I'll change your stinging Q. (*cue*)

I'll send you, like a lamb or U, (*ewe*)
Across the Atlantic C, (*sea*)
Or from our charming village Q, (*Kew*)
To distant O Y E. (*Owyhee*)

A stream runs from my wounded I, (*eye*)
Salt as the briny C, (*sea*)
As rapid as the X or Y, (*Ex* or *Wye*)
The O I O or D. (*Ohio* or *Dee*)

Then fare thee ill, thou naughty B! (*bee*)
Who stung, nor yet knew Y; (*why*)
Since not for wealthy Durham's C (*see*)
Would I have lost my I." (*eye*)

They bear with tears fair L N G, (*Ellen Gee*)
In funeral R A, (*array*)
A clay-cold corse now doom'd to B, (*be*)
Whilst I mourn her D K. (*decay*)

Ye girls of Q, then shun each B, (*Kew—bee*)
List to the reason Y! (*why*)
For should a B C U at T (*bee see you at tea*)
He'll surely sting your I. (*eye*)

Now in a grave-yard, deep in Q, (*Kew*)
She's cold as cold can B; (*be*)
Whilst robins sing upon A U (*a yew*)
Her dirge and L E G. (*elegy*)

TOM MYERS' CHRISTMAS EVE.

"O MOTHER, it is *really* Christmas," cried little Lucy Myers, as she skipped in at the door of her wretched home. "I have seen people buying such lots of things, and—" "Hold your tongue, you hussy," interrupted her mother, starting across the room and giving the child some smart slaps on her ill-clad shoulders. "There! that'll teach you to go off, leaving me to put the children to bed. Now, march up yourself!" And so, cold and hungry, poor Lucy crept up the narrow stairs leading to the cheerless room in which her two little brothers lay sleeping. Her father witnessed this outbreak of passion on the part of his wife without saying a word. He was used to such things, and oftentimes scolded and ill-used the children himself. Moreover, he was preparing to go out to spend the night with a few boon companions at the Black Lion, and it was not convenient for him to interfere and get up a scene just then. So the little girl, unheeded and uncared for, went shivering to bed, but she lay awake, tearful and miserable, thinking over what she had seen that evening. She had wandered away from the dirty little place where her parents lived, out into the brilliantly-lighted and busy thoroughfares of the town, and with childish curiosity had been watching the people as they bustled in and out of the grocers' shops, making and carrying off their purchases; had lingered, too, by the confectioners, forgetting both the cold and the hour in seeing joyous children making choice of cakes and buns that would have made many a poor little one's eyes shine at home. Many more things poor Lucy saw, about which her tongue would have prattled for an hour, but we have seen how she was silenced at the onset. They did not "keep Christmas" at Myers' house, at least not for the children. Beef and plum pudding were not to be got for nothing, and he could not afford it. Perhaps it never entered into Tom's mind that the money so freely left at the Black Lion would have spread his table with good cheer at this season of the year.

"Come, boys, and let us be jolly,"

was the noisy chorus that greeted his ears as he approached the said Black Lion, which was speedily changed on his appearance at the door of the room, for—

"Here comes a jolly good fellow,
Which no one can't deny!"

And amid the thumping of tables, and the clatter of jugs and glasses, Tom made his way to a snug corner reserved for him. There were some ten or twelve men sitting around, smoking and drinking; they had met together by appointment to celebrate Christmas Eve, and were evidently bent on making the most of their time; for although it was an early hour of the evening, one or two of them had already far advanced towards a state of intoxication. Pipes were refilled and lighted, and another hour passed quickly away. Yes, with its sixty golden minutes, gone for ever! And the record that it bore with it of the manner in which they had been spent by those immortal beings was fearful. Foolish, flippant conversation, interspersed with indecent oaths and wicked exclamations! Well might angels weep over time thus misspent by men made after the image of God! Still unheeded, time rolled on; and if these men had been less noisy in their revelries, they might have heard the pattering sound of dancing feet overhead, for Mrs. James, the hostess, was giving a Christmas party, and bright young beings were making merry in her best room upstairs. However, the men did not hear or know anything about it until Tom Myers was deputed to go to the bar for a fresh supply of drink. As he stood at the bar window, Mrs. James's little daughter flitted past him into the room where her mother was sitting, and throwing her arms around her neck, whispered an entreaty for some special favour. She was a pretty child, and on this important evening was clad in a snowy white dress, girdled with a rose-coloured sash, and her glossy curls were wreathed with shining holly leaves and their blushing berries. In truth she looked a very Christmas fairy; and perhaps Tom thought so, for his eyes rested on her for a moment or two, then he turned away thoughtfully, and a strange light gleamed in them. He was thinking of his own little Lucy, and the cruel reception she had met with at home that evening, and the pent-up spring of love and pity in the father's heart was struggling to break forth. He laid the silver coin down in payment for the wretched stuff he had ordered, where he had laid many a one before, and returned to the close and heated room. But how differently he felt! He did not attempt to relight his pipe, but put it in his pocket, and sat *moody* and silent. His altered manner did not escape the

notice of Joe Darnley, the man who was next to him, and who seemed to be a sort of leader in everything that was started amongst them. "Bless us, Tom," said he, "dont go drawing sich a face as that, ye looks for all the world like a saint, and of all critters I hates saints!" And Joe brought his fist down on the table with an emphatic thump that set the glasses tinkling all round, and then leant back and folded his arms. "I should think you'd better knock the house down while you are at it," said a little, lean, wiry man, sitting opposite, to which remark Joe made no reply, but winked and puffed away with that "wondrous wise" expression which a drunken man sometimes assumes, and which to sober eyes looks so ridiculous. It was evident that Tom Myers wanted to make his exit, but did not possess courage enough to do so. He shifted and fidgetted uneasily on the settle, and took no part in the conversation. Presently, making a desperate effort, he pushed his hands into his trousers pockets, and rose up, saying, "I must be off for a bit. Good night, lads!" And, without heeding the exclamations of surprise or entreaty, he hurried out of the place. Oh! how different was the pure frosty air from the stench of the den he had just quitted! Tom felt stupid and heavy, and his head burned and throbbed painfully. He raised his shabby hat to wipe his brow, and caught sight of the glowing stars twinkling aloft in the clear sky, and the musical sound of the Christmas bells floated on the quiet air. He could distinctly hear the sound of children's voices in the distance, singing sweet carols about the "Holy child Jesus;" just as Tom used to go about carol-singing when a happy boy, and—he could not help it—tears came into his eyes as he thought of those bygone days. Now he seemed to hear again the soft low accents of his dear mother's voice, as she taught him his simple prayer, and felt again the touch of the kind warm hand—now mouldering in the grave—which used to stroke his curly head so fondly. Tom never felt before as he did at that moment; somewhat like the poor prodigal, who, when he "came to himself," found out how very low he had fallen.

Tom at length reached home. He had to tap at the door, for the handle was broken away from the outside, and could only be opened from within. The sight of his door without a handle struck him painfully now, although he had had to knock in this way for admittance scores of times before; for when

things get out of order in a drunkard's house, they are not very speedily set right again.

His wife was greatly surprised to see him home so early; she did not expect to see him until past midnight; and on Christmas Eve, of all other "eves," to have him at home soon was a wonder. Very fond of gossip was Tom's wife, so, after pushing about for a while, setting things to rights with great animation, she managed to slip out into the house of a neighbour, whom she startled from her crouching position over the fire, by her sudden exclamation—"Would you believe? my man's come home! I dont know what's come over him, I'm sure. I hope he ain't goin to be bad, for I dont know how I should get along; I've got trouble enough with them children." And then she went on to enumerate her long string of cares and anxieties, all of which had been listened to by this same neighbour at least twenty times before. Tom, left alone, sat moodily looking into the fire; then, after a few minutes, rose, and taking the candle, he went up-stairs. Shading it with his hand, he approached the mean-looking bed where his three little ones were sleeping. Poor Lucy looked pale and cold, and traces of tears were yet on her cheeks. Her bits of clothes were lying on the ground just where she had shuffled them off when her mother sent her so roughly to bed; and Tom saw that the shoes were worn and thin, and burst out at the toes; and the flimsy cotton frock was more fit for the hottest day in summer than Christmas. The whole lot would not have been worth fourpence. He was not unmoved as he stood there and gazed at the slumbering forms of his neglected children. He thought of his own selfishness; of his disregard of their comfort and happiness; of his constant ill-treatment to his wife, which had gradually changed her from a loving and considerate "help-meet," to an indifferent and hardened scold. Many, many things he thought of, and before leaving that room he made firm resolves—and they were for the benefit of his family. Having stripped off his jacket and laid it gently over his children, he descended quietly again to the kitchen and awaited his wife's return. In about half an hour she came, and he had to open the door. She made no excuse for her long absence, neither did her husband allude to it. He stood with his back to the fire, watching her as she moved to and fro at her work. Presently he said, "Mary, what have you *got for supper?*"

"Oh! I dont know," she replied; "there's bread and a bit o' bacon, or something."

"Well, should you like to get a bit of cheese anywhere, or shall I go?"

"I can get it if you like; I'm goin' for my drop o' beer, and it ain't much further," replied she, half defiantly.

"Mary," said Tom, and his voice was low but earnest, "I'm determined I'll never touch a drop o' that drink again. I'm waked up, and I can see what it's done for me, and for all of us. Wont you say so too, Mary?"

Now at any other time Mary would doubtless have felt pleased to hear her husband talk so, but the truth was she had been having a glass of something "strong and warm" in her neighbour's house, and she was not herself just then; so she answered somewhat excitedly, "I should think so! I ain't goin' to be put about with any o' your fits and starts! I shall have what I always do, and that ain't much!" And she went on putting the shawl over her head, and took down an old cracked jug from the shelf. Tom laid a shilling down on the table for cheese, which she took up as she went out. When the door had closed behind her, Tom sat down, very discouraged. "Yet," said he, half aloud, "I couldn't expect anything else. I've been a bad husband to her. I'll hold on at any rate, and maybe she'll wave round after a bit."

When Charlie came home from work that night, he was both surprised and pleased to see his father at home, and sitting quietly with his mother. He did not know what to make of it, and when his father said kindly, "Come round by the fire, Charlie, it's a cold night," he felt that he would not go out again that evening, as he usually did, for anything; and the shrill, well-known whistling of his waiting "chums" outside did not move him in the least. He was a warm-hearted, bright-looking errand boy of thirteen years of age. He knew only enough of reading to enable him to spell out the names of the places where he had to leave parcels every day; but he was in a fair way of getting on, for he was attentive and obliging, and had a kind master.

Before the church clock sounded out the hour of twelve that night, the whole family were fast asleep. How strange Tom felt when he awoke next morning! The doings of the preceding evening seemed like a dream to him. However, he still felt strong in his resolution to have done for ever with the

drink. The little ones were astonished to see father stay a eat breakfast with them, and Lucy explained to little Jack, an undertone, that "p'raps it was because it was Christmas."

Of Tom's "New Year," and the new and happy life l afterwards led, we shall tell you another time.

Poetry.

THE NIGHT COMETH.

THOUGH the day be ere so long,
Night comes on!
Though alone or in a throng,
Night comes on!
Though no grief may now annoy;
Though no sadness clothe thy brow;
Though thy day be one of joy;
Night comes on!

Think of this at morning light,
Night comes on!
Think of this when all is bright,
Night comes on!
Think how soon that sun will set;
Think how darkness, black as jet
Will follow next, so dont forget,
Night comes on!

Let not thy day in sin be spent,
Night comes on!
Let not folly be thy bent,
Night comes on!
Let thy feet no longer stray;
Let them turn to wisdom's way;
Let thy work be done to-day;
Night comes on!

Thou must reap what thou hast sown,
Night comes on!
Thou must to the grave go down,
Night comes on!
Thou must soon return to dust;
Thou must in thy Saviour trust;
Believe me when I say thou must—
Now thou must, thou must, thou must,
Night comes on!

Oh! may it never come to thee,
But may thine eyes thy Saviour see
In realms of full felicity! AMEN!

Anecdotes and Selections.

"Old Rey."—Among the anecdotes illustrative of the good done by the circulation of the Scriptures, is one which I heard in Florence, in reference to a French soldier named Rey, who was captured during the Russian campaign of Napoleon, and sent into Siberia. He was one day about to light his pipe with a scrap of paper, when observing that it was printed, it occurred to him that possibly he might find in it some intelligence to relieve for a moment the tedium of a captivity in which nothing was furnished for the mind. To his surprise it was French; he read it, and knew it as a leaf from the Gospel of John. He kept it, and God blessed it to his conversion; and for long dreary years of Siberian exile did the light thus suddenly kindled burn steadily in his heart.

Hanging Over the Pit.—A wicked man is like one that hangs over a deep pit by a slender cord, which he holds with one hand and is cutting with the other. A gentleman much addicted to profane swearing accompanied a pious miner to see one of the mines in Cornwall. During his visit to the pit he distressed his companion by many profane and abominable expressions; and as they ascended together, finding it a long way, he flippantly said, "As it is so far down to your work, how far do you suppose it is to hell?" The miner promptly replied, "I do not know how far it is to hell, sir; but I believe that if the rope by which we are drawn up should break, you would be there in one minute."

The Temple of God.—Be diligent. Sometimes speak to God, at other times hear him speak to you. Let him regulate your soul. Whom he hath made rich, none shall make poor. There can be no penury with him whose heart has once been enriched with celestial bounty. Roofs arched with gold, and palaces adorned with marble, are vile in comparison with that house which the Lord has chosen to be his temple, in which the Holy Ghost dwells. Illuminate this house with the light of righteousness. Its ornaments shall never fade, and it shall dwell hereafter in spotless beauty and eternal majesty.

Go to God.—When perils overhang you; when disease and death threaten to dissolve your dearest ties; when disappointment blights your hopes; when the burdens of life press you; when trifles vex you—Go to God. When you think of your sins—when you feel the motion of your indwelling corruptions—when you fluctuate between hope and fear, touching the question of your spiritual adoption—Go to God. Go, and tell your troubles. Go: and cast your care upon him, for he careth for you.

MEETING GOD.—We hear men exhorting each other to 'prepare to die.' There is no such requisition as that in the Bible. The mandate is, 'Prepare to meet thy God!' This language comes with all the weight of divinity to every son and daughter of Adam. Will you obey it? What preparation must you make, do you ask? Seek for the righteousness of Jesus Christ, lest, appearing at God's bar naked and friendless, you be banished, not into nonentity, but into misery, in which just as long as the Eternal God lives will you live. Jesus Christ is your only hope. Embrace him by faith, and you can then meet your God in peace. Reject him, and you are lost for ever!

The Fireside.

WIFE AND MOTHER, are you tired and out of patience with your husband's and your children's demands upon your time and attention? Are you tempted to speak out angry feelings to that faithful, but, perhaps, sometimes heedless or exacting husband of yours? or to scold and fret at those dear little ones of yours? Do you grumble, and say, "What a fool I was to marry, and leave my father's house, where I lived at ease and in quiet?" Are you, by reason of the care and weariness of body which wifehood and motherhood must bring, forgetful of and ungrateful for their comforts and their joys? Oh, wife and mother, what if a stroke should smite your husband and lay him low? What if your children should be snatched from your arms and from your bosom? What if there were no true strong heart for you to lean upon? What if there were no little innocents to nestle in your arms, and to love you or receive your love? How would it be with you then? Be patient and kind, dear wife; be unwearying and long-suffering, dear mother; for you know not how long you may have with you your best and dearest treasures—you know not how long you may tarry with them. Let there be nothing for you to remember which will wring your heart with remorse, if they leave you alone; let there be nothing for them to remember but sweetness and love unutterable, if you are called to leave them by the way. Be patient, be pitiful, be tender of them all; for death will step, sooner or later, between them and you. And oh! what would you do if you should be doomed to sit solitary and forsaken through years and years? Be happy as you are, even with all your trials; for, believe it, thou wife of a loving and true husband, there is no lot in life so blessed as thine own.—*Georgiana Herbert.*

The Penny Post Box.

THE REFUGE OF REST.

THE writer of these lines says, "I cannot think you will slight me because I am poor. May my heavenly Father keep me from murmuring! Often have I been overloaded with family afflictions; and now, through badness of trade, it is hard work to struggle on." Should these lines meet the eye of any who are willing to give a little help to a case that is worthy of their sympathy, we shall be glad to receive a few postage stamps for his relief.

THROUGH this world of confusion, of care, and of strife,
There's a pathway to glory, the regions of life!
Where there's joy without sorrow, and rest without pain,
For happiness there holds perpetual reign.
Oh! that glorious world is the home of the blest,
For earth-toiling pilgrims a Refuge of Rest!

Though here tribulation is often our lot,
Yet still by the Saviour we are not forgot,
For He who while here had the storm at his will,
And could say to the winds and the waves, "Peace, be still;"
Oh! 'tis He who will calm every storm of our breast,
And conduct us safe home to the Refuge of Rest!

Though satan may tempt us and try to ensnare,
The weakest may foil him by faith and by prayer;
And no weapon against us can ever prevail,
Though the mighty may strive and all hell may assail.
Oh! the Saviour hath conquer'd, our wrongs are redrest,
And hath opened a way to the Refuge of Rest!

Then surely we never need faint by the way,
Since strength hath been promised enough for our day
By the Lord of all lords, and the King of all kings,
Whose rapturous praises the cherubim sings.
Though here by temptations we oft are distrest,
He will soon call us home to the Refuge of Rest.

Then oh! shall we ever give way to despair,
Since the Saviour submitted our trials to share;
For it pleased the Father to put Him to grief,
To teach us submission and bring us relief:
And for our advantage He knows what is best,
And will bring us at last to the Refuge of Rest!

But who can meet fearlessly death and the grave?—
Those who trust in His name who is mighty to save—
He who died on the cross to spoil death of his sting,
Rose again as our Saviour, Redeemer, and King.
Death and hell cannot hurt us, though they may molest,
We shall soon join our Lord in the Refuge of Rest!

Pattishall. S. S.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

THE POPEDOM AT HOME.

LET our English readers look at the following facts, and then they will not wonder that the people in the Papal States have risen and thrown off the yoke of tyranny under which they and their fathers have so long groaned.

"The judges of the land are appointed by the pope, and removable at his pleasure. The proceedings are open to the public, excepting in the case of trials for political offences, when the prisoner can only be defended by the official advocate, and is not allowed to see the witnesses against him, or even to know the nature of the evidence upon the refutation of which his liberty or life depends. Such is the infallible priest's idea of justice! Ecclesiastics can only be tried by ecclesiastical courts, which possess the power of imprisoning any person on the ground of immorality—a power in such hands terrible indeed.

The Papal States boast of two primary and six secondary universities. Episcopal towns have their schools for educating for the church. Some places have primary schools under the direction of the parish priest. Education, of course, is entirely in the hands of the clergy, and, as a natural consequence, the lower classes of the Papal States are, with the exception of the population of the Two Sicilies, the most ignorant of any in Italy. The priests are the curse of the land: within the limited area over which Pio Nono was called to reign, there are no less than nine archbishoprics and fifty-two bishoprics. Six hundred nunneries and 1800 monastries are spread over the states, which harbour 8000 nuns, 21,415 monks and friars, and 16,905 priests. Rome itself numbers 1800 nuns and 4,500 priests, monks, and friars, among its 178,500 inhabitants."

From these facts we see that there is no political freedom, not even common justice. And what is worse, no religious liberty. The very word of God is bound, and half the work of this great swarm of priests is to keep it from the people. And yet the people must maintain them all. No wonder they hate them, and are determined to be rid of them—

"Black, white, and gray, with all their trumpery."

Hints.

CHOICE OF A WIFE.—Do thou be wise, prefer a person before money—virtue before beauty—the mind before the body: then thou hast a friend, a companion, a second self—one that bears an equal share with thee in thy toils and troubles.

"FRIENDSHIP," said an ancient philosopher, "consists in having one soul in two bodies."

TIME.—The industrious man *makes* time. The idle man *kills* it.

BE MANLY.—Dont spend your days in bottling moonshine or chasing butterflies. Leave such fancies to children. Be a man.

"I CANNOT."—How often are these words in the mouths of some people. "I will try to do it," would be much better.

NEVER GIVE UP trying to secure a good object. For very likely you will succeed; and if you should not, the attempt will do you good.

SPEECH is only likely to do good when it is better than silence.

AMONG OUR MANY WANTS we want one thing which we often forget, and that is more thankfulness for what we have.

CONTENTMENT comes of thankfulness. It is its first-born child, and very fair to look upon.

IT COSTS SOME MEN more to make themselves and their families miserable, than it would to make them happy and contented. You need not go far to find them. They are yonder, in the "Black Lion."

Gems.

MORE SAYINGS OF AN OLD WRITER.

From a Broad Sheet in the British Museum.

We acknowledge this mercy, that God doth not take us out of the world; but we should desire this one mercy more, that he would take the world out of us.

It is our duty to know God; our safety to fear him; our glory to resemble him; our stability to trust him; our sincerity to love him; and our felicity to enjoy him.

Let us die to sin that lives in us; and live to Christ who died for us.

Let us choose to suffer rather than sin; for we may suffer without sin, but we cannot sin without suffering.

Shall Christ shed his blood for those sins which belonged to others, and shall not we shed tears for those sins which are our own?

Many men, in relation to outward things, complain of want; and yet in truth want nothing but thankful hearts for what they already have.

There are three main parts in our salvation: first, a true knowledge of our misery; secondly, the knowledge of our deliverance; thirdly, a life answerable.

Whenever we receive any good to our souls or to our bodies, whoever is the instrument, let us look to the Principal, and regard not so much the bringer as the Sender.

A sincere christian blushes for shame when he confesses his sins to God—(Ezra ix. 6). And yet he is not ashamed to confess the greatest sins of which he knows he is guilty—(Psa. li. 14.)

God sought us before we sought him; will he, then, refuse us when we seek him?

Desire God's presence and you shall not be denied; if you long for it, you shall not be long without it.

Those that are at peace in their own consciences will be peaceable towards others: a quarrelsome man has never felt the peace of God.

Poetic Selections.

"O MEET ME IN THE VALLEY."

O MEET me in the valley,
When heart and flesh shall fail;
And softly, safely lead me on
Until within the veil;
There faith shall change to gladness,
To find myself with Thee,
And trembling Hope shall realize
Her full felicity.

Angels shall gather round me,
And joyous welcome give,
To sinner brought from sinful earth,
With them to love and live.
But angels shall be silent,
While dearer spirits press
To mingle with my gushing joy,
Their calmer happiness.

And gently shall they bear me,
Thro' that bright company,
Towards the brighter throne of Him,
Who died to welcome me:—
No further guidance needing,
Together shall we bend
And bless the grace which, loving us,
Hath loved us to the end.

O meet me in the valley,
When heart and flesh shall fail;
And softly, safely lead me on
Until within the veil;
And Saviour, deal as kindly,
With these I leave behind,
Till all shall in our heavenly home
As sweet a welcome find.

The Children's Corner.

YOUNG HARRY.

HARRY was such a naughty boy,
  That he his mother grieved,
So many falsehoods did he tell
  That none his word believed.

His mother, though she threaten'd him,
  Her threats ne'er put in force,
Therefore as he in stature grew,
  His conduct grew still worse.

At length she placed him at a school;
  The master strict charge had
To punish him, whene'er he was
  A rude or naughty lad.

Still he in falsehood took delight,
  And sometimes he would swear,
Though often punish'd for his faults
  He did not seem to care.

One day when he had done great wrong,
  And said what was untrue,
His master ask'd the other boys
  What he should with him do.

One boy replied, "Let him all day
  Be in the dark hole kept;"
Another said, "He does deserve
  To be most soundly whipt."

Then said a third, and wisely too,
  "Let's try another way;
Don't punish him, but let us all
  For his conversion pray."

The master said, "The harden'd boy
  Has often punish'd been,
Severely too, yet after all
  No good result is seen.

Let us now pray," he therefore said,
  "God always will delight
To listen to the prayers of those,
  Who call on him aright."

So down they knelt, and master pray'd;
  That prayer was not in vain;
The wicked boy became subdued,
  And ne'er told lies again.

Children, who know and serve the Lord,
  For your companions pray,
That they may choose the better part,
  And walk in wisdom's way.

Newport, I. W. J. I

TOM MYERS' NEW YEAR.

You remember how Tom left those "jolly fellows" at the Black Lion, after he had seen the landlady's little daughter dressed out in her finery with some of the money he had spent there, while his little ones at home had scarcely clothes to wear, and poor Lucy had been sent supperless to bed. He thought, this wont do, and he went home and told his wife so.

Snow had fallen during the night, and Jack Frost, with his icy fingers, had traced out mimic rocks, and woods, and castles, and forests, on thousands of window panes.

After breakfast Tom buttoned up his warm jacket, and prepared to set out for a morning's walk. Right glad was he to get clear of the town without seeing any of his old companions. The fields and hedges were covered with pure white snow, and very beautiful everything looked. The bells of the various churches sounded faint and mellow in the distance, and the burden of the chimes was "Unto you is born this day a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men." Tom pursued his way indulging in reflections of a soothing character. Passing a neat-looking white house, he raised his eyes and saw the words "Licensed to sell," &c., brilliantly painted on a sign-board. It roused his slumbering animosity, "Curse the places!" he muttered, "for they've been a curse to me. I wish they were all shut up; they haunt one everywhere!"

It was half-past twelve o'clock when Tom reached the town again. Before proceeding home, however, he made his way to a clean and respectable eating-house. "Have you got a nice pudding done yet, ma'am?" said he to a woman busy at work receiving something from the hands of a girl, who was fishing it up from the bottom of a huge kettle.

"Yes, sir, yes," said the busy little mistress, "as many as you like. Here, Jane, bring one directly."

"Don't turn it out, please," said Myers, as he saw her about to slip a knife round the edge of the basin. "I'll leave sixpence on the basin till I send it back."

"Very good, very good," responded the obliging woman. And she wrapped it over so nicely that not one of all the folks that Myers met on his way home knew that he had a Christmas pudding under that brown paper. "Hurrah for dad!" shouted

little Jack, as his mother undid the parcel, and brought to view a glorious plum pudding.

"O father! where did you get it?" said poor Lucy, her eyes beaming with pleasure.

"Why, I saved it from the Black Lion last night, when I gev' up the drink," said he.

"And an't you going to have any more drink, father?" said Lucy, anxiously.

"No, child, God helping me," replied Myers.

"God helping me!" The words startled him as he uttered them. Ah! he had not sought that help, although he needed it so much. He almost dreaded going to work on the morrow, and meeting that Joe Darnley. Could he "stand fire?" Many times, when he had thought of one thing and another that morning, his heart misgave him. "What if I should fall again?" he had asked himself. "How could I bear it?" Now he felt that he had somewhere to go for strength, even to Him who was able to "keep him from falling." And the language of his heart was, "I will arise and go unto my Father, and ask him to help me."

There was much chattering going on at dinner time that day. The children felt happier than ever they did in their lives before. Tom now knew that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." Even his wife was smiling and cheerful for once. And what was more remarkable, she forgot to send for any beer for dinner!

That night, when the children were gone to bed, and Tom and his wife were alone in the kitchen, he told her all about how he had felt at the Black Lion last night, and how his heart felt ready to break when he saw the landlady's child dressed out and so joyous and happy, and thought of his poor half-fed ragged children, whom he was robbing of that which should have made them comfortable, and throwing it away for worse than nothing. "I'll tell ye what, Mary," said he, "it wasn't that I envied the poor child, for she can't help it—and she's a sweet tempered thing, I know—but it's them as sells it, sitting in their grand parlours with everything about them as they wants, whilst we poor wretches as toils, and toils, and gives 'em our hard earnings for their swipes—why they'd hardly touch one of us with a long pole! It's these little ones at home, as ain't afraid to put their arms round your neck and kiss you. *And may* God help me to look out for them in the time to come!"

Next day Tom thought to himself, "I have a good mind to go and sign that pledge. It is just the thing for a fellow like me. I dont care how awkward it is to go before them gentlemen. I'll do it." And so that evening he went towards the hall where the Temperance meeting was held. When he was nearing the door, his walk became much slower, and at last stopped altogether. "How now?" said he to himself, "goin' to turn coward, eh?" It was a blessed thing for Tom that he knew where to find help in his "time of need," and after a minute spent in prayer as he stood there, he walked bravely in.

At the close of the addresses, Tom stepped forward to sign his name. "Very glad to see you, Mr. Myers," said a gentleman, in a kind and respectful tone.

"Mr. Myers," indeed, thought Tom. Something different from "Drunken Tom," or "Our Tom," or "Old fellow," to which he had been accustomed so long. Unconsciously Tom drew himself up as he heard this title; it raised him in his own estimation.

Tom had to bear something from Joe Darnley and a few others in the workshop, but not so much as he expected. The anticipation is always worse than the reality, and he found it so this time.

One evening, in the first week of the new year, Mr. Myers was cleaning his boots preparatory to going to the Lecture Hall, and his wife was ironing. "I have been thinking, Tom," said she, "a good deal about that society, and I think I'll sign."

"Bravo!" said her husband, stepping up and giving her two or three approving claps on the back, "so you shall, Mary, this very night!"

"Oh! I don't know about that," said she; "how can I leave the place?"

"I'll wait for you till Charlie comes in," said Tom. "If we are late, it's no matter; they don't sign till the close."

And very proud and happy he was to escort his wife to the meeting. It was the first time they had walked out arm-in-arm since the year of their marriage. Mary felt ashamed of her old bonnet and shawl, but no one seemed to take any notice of what she had on.

Tom soon found how he could spend his evenings more profitably and happily than he did at the Black Lion, by getting books from the library and so acquiring useful knowledge.

Gradually, serviceable articles of furniture took the place of

the rickety, worn-out things which disgraced their house when Tom was esteemed a "jolly good fellow" at the Black Lion. And the children were dressed as neatly and respectably as any of those they met at the sabbath school and the house of prayer.

Tom soon got to love the Book that his mother had loved years before! It was worth something to hear him read it aloud to his wife and children. A portion that he often turned to was the 103rd Psalm; and when he came to the beautiful words, "He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities," or "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him," his voice grew thick and husky, and he could hardly go on.

When Christmas time came round again, and the frost and snow had set in, the feathery flakes rested on a snug little outhouse in the back yard, which Myers and his son had constructed during the summer, and which was well stocked with coal and wood for the winter. Many of the neighbours round followed Mary's example, in having nicely-washed windows, and white curtains to them; and not a few of Tom's fellow-workmen were inclined to believe that his course of conduct was the wisest they could pursue.

Joe Darnley was employed at the same workshop as Tom, in a large carriage manufactory. One day, as he was busily engaged in planing some wood, he said quietly, "I wish I was like you Tom." "How do you mean?" "Why, to have done with that drink, and be so comfortable like." "Well, why don't you try? Where there's a will there's a way, you know." "Yes, I know, but its so precious hard. Why, I tell ye, this morning, says I, I'll go straight to work without calling in for my drop. Well, I did pass the Lion, and I passed another place or two; but I'm bless'd if I didn't turn into one before I got to the shop. I should be all right if it wasn't for them publics; but, when I sees one, it seems as if I couldn't pass it. I can't think what we wants on 'em. I'm sure everybody is better off as don't have anything to do with 'em. I can tell that by seeing you." Joe passed his hand down the wood he was planing, and though he persisted in his dislike to "saints" in general, he admired and respected Tom with all his heart.

Tom hardly knew what to say next, but thinks he, it will be a poor tale if a sober man can't walk round one that is always *getting his brains* muddled with that drowsy drink.

Joe," said he, "I know just how you feel; the first few ks after I became sober, I had often to struggle hard, but, ık God, I got over it, and now I don't feel that hankering : it as I used to. Do try and give it up, Joe, and I'll tell what helped me a good deal—when I felt that craving for a ı o' beer, I just went as fast as I could and got a drink of l water. That's a good cure, Joe, and I'll tell you what ed me more—you know when we were little ones we used ɜarn to say 'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us ı evil.' Don't you remember that, Joe?" "Yes," said .n a low voice, "I remember." "Well, then," said Tom, yone as says that with all his heart, won't say it in vain. proved that, Joe."

Ve are not going to tell how Joe became sober too, or in t manner he got to alter his opinion about "saints."

wish that every workman would burst the bonds of drink-customs and be free! That this may prove a "happy new ·" to those of our working brothers who are yet slaves ıis tyrant, we would affectionately urge them to follow the nple of Thomas Myers. They will never regret doing so, ɜr! Beset with temptations they may be, but for the ıcial comfort of the tempted it is written, "God is faithful, will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; will with the temptation also make a way to escape that ye be able to bear it."

Poetry.

THE OLD MAN AND THE NEW.

The old man of sin, when he does begin,
Intends not the battle to give out;
But tries night and day, the new man to slay,
And put the good work to the rout.

The new man he tries, with tears in his eyes,
To resist him as well as he can;
But oft he is weak, scarcely able to speak,
And well nigh o'ercome by the old man.

This war does begin, betwixt grace and sin,
In every soul where they're found;
There is not a day but they have a fray,
And often a very sharp round.

I've long found it so, wherever I go,
No peace from the old man I have;
And thus it will be, I clearly can see,
Until I'm at rest in the grave.

With me my old foe no further can go;
At the grave I shall bid him farewell;
The conflict then o'er, the new man will soar
With his Saviour in glory to dwell.

Havant. W. W.

Anecdotes and Selections.

A Voice from Heaven.—Would you know where I am? I am at home in my Father's house, in the mansion prepared for me there. I am where I would be, where I have long and often desired to be; no longer on a stormy sea, but in a safe and quiet harbour. My working time is done, I am resting; my sowing time is done, I am reaping; my joy is as the joy of harvest. Would you know how it is with me? I am made perfect in holiness; grace is swallowed up in glory. Would you know what I am doing? I see my Saviour; I see him as he is; not as through a glass darkly, but face to face; and the sight is transforming, it makes me like him. I am in the sweet employment of my blessed Redeemer, whom my soul loved. I am here bathing myself at the spring-head of heavenly pleasures and joys unutterable, and, therefore, weep not for me. I am here keeping a perpetual sabbath; what that is, judge by your short sabbaths. I am here singing hallelujahs incessantly to Him who sits upon the throne, and rest not day nor night from praising him. Would you know what company I have? Blessed company! better than the best on earth—here are holy angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect. I am set down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of God, with blessed Paul and Peter, and James and John, and all the saints; and here I meet with many of my old acquaintance that I fasted and prayed with, who got before me hither. And, would you consider how long this is to continue? It is a garland that never withers; a crown of glory that fadeth not away; after millions of millions of ages it will be as fresh as it is now; and, therefore, weep not for me.

The Temples of God.—*Where* are they? *What* are they? are not the right questions; but *who* are they? For they are not buildings of stone and timber, but living men and women. Art thou a believer in Christ, then the Holy Spirit, having led thee to him, hath made thy body his temple, and as Cyprian said, "Roofs adorned with gold, and pillars of richest marble, are mean in comparison of the house which the Holy One has chosen for his dwelling place."

THE DEVIL'S SKIMMING-SPOON.—Cursing is the devilish gall of bitterness,—the foam cast up by a raging wicked heart. As a full pot when set on the fire foams and boils over, so the devil fills the evil heart with gall and poison; and cursing and swearing are the overflowings of such hearts as are thus set on fire of hell; and the tongue is used as the devil's skimming-spoon, to take up this unholy froth and to cast it on all around. What wonder were it if all blessings were to disappear from the world, leaving only curses behind, when such fearful swearing is so common as it is, and esteemed by so many to be but a small sin! Yet in this sin the mercy and grace of God in Christ are trodden under foot, and it does despite to the Spirit of grace. Where swearing and cursing are heard, the holy angels turn aside and weep; but the devils assemble and rejoice. How can the swearer wonder if his mercies are taken from him, if his prosperity vanishes, and his body is consumed by lingering sickness, when he remembers how often he has ate his food with curses and oaths. He may bitterly feel that "as he loved cursing, it has come to him; as he delighted not in blessing, it has gone far from him; as he clothed himself in cursing like as with a garment, so it may come into his bowels like water, and like oil into his bones."

THE TANGLED YARN.—A woman had put a skein of yarn on a reel, in order to wind it off into a ball; but as it was much tangled, and the thread would not run as she wished it to do, her patience soon tired out,—she tore at the yarn, and pulled it this way and that, and so made bad worse, for she broke so many ends that she could no longer find out which was the right one. I sat by silently watching her, and thinking within myself: By this example I see clearly how it is that quarrels so often arise between neighbours, and become more and more tangled and difficult to unravel,—because every one brings to the matter more intemperate zeal and selfish conceit than patient wisdom and sensible moderation. Thus many trifling matters become complicated and entangled which might be easily unravelled, if one only managed the business patiently. But they get worse, more obstinate, and more confused, if pulled too harshly the wrong way,—just like this yarn: weak they are, like the thread, and must therefore be patiently and gently handled. O my God, I must daily encounter many tangled yarns in my daily experience: grant me, I pray thee, a wise and gentle heart and a true judgment, so that I may deal with them quietly, prudently, as I ought to do.

THE KIND THING.—Do the *kind* thing; kind words, kind acts, kind manners, kind looks, are all cheap but effectual ways of doing good. If you have the means, *do the generous thing*. Rise to the occasion which God brings before you. Do it cheerfully and heartily. If you have not the power to be generous, you certainly have, if you are a christian at all, the ability to be *kind*, and also

to do *right*. Some persons are generous who neither act rightly nor kindly; and some act justly who are far from being generous. Some are both *upright* and *generous* who greatly lack *kindness*, and thus they neutralize their own efforts, if not cause "their good to be evil spoken of." Wealthy christian steward, aim to combine the three, and thou shalt "be blessed in thy deed." Let those who can only give a cup of cold water, present it with a loving smile and a kind word, and they shall in no wise lose their reward.

Felix Friendly.

The Fireside.

A MOTHER'S TEACHING.

No one can teach like a mother. Most of the greatest and best men that the world has ever seen were taught to fear God and love the bible by their mothers. A distinguished Frenchman, named Lamartine, when sending out a book of his travels in the holy land, said—

"My mother had received from her mother, on the bed of death, a beautiful copy of the bible of Royamont, in which she taught me to read when I was a little child. This bible had engravings on sacred subjects on every page. They depicted Sarah, Joseph, and Samuel; and above all those beautiful patriarchal scenes, in which the solemn and primitive nature of the East was blended with all the acts of the simple and wonderful lives of the fathers of mankind. When I had repeated my lesson well, and read with only a fault or two the half page of historical matter, my mother uncovered the engraving, and, holding the book open in her lap, showed and explained it to me as my recompense.

She was endowed by nature with a mind as pious as it was tender, and with the most sensitive and vivid imagination. All her thoughts were sentiments, and every sentiment was an image. Her beautiful, noble, and benign countenance, reflected in its radiant features all that glowed in her heart, and all that was painted in her thoughts; and the silvery, affectionate, solemn, and impassioned tone of her voice, added to all that she said an accent of strength, grace, and love, which still sounds in my ear, after many years of absence.

The sight of these engravings, the explanations, and the poetical commentaries of my mother, inspired me, from the most tender infancy with a taste and inclination for biblical knowledge.

From the love of the things themselves, to the desire of seeing the places where these things had occurred, there was but a step. I burned, therefore, from the age of eight years, with a desire to go and visit those mountains on which God descended; those deserts *where the* angel pointed out to Hagar the hidden spring, whence her

ıed child, dying with thirst, might derive refreshment; those which flowed from the terrestrial paradise; the spot in the nent at which the angels were seen ascending and descending 's ladder. The desire grew with my growth, and strengthened my strength. I was always dreaming of travelling in the I never ceased arranging in my mind a vast and religious e, of which these beautiful spots should be the principal "

The Penny Post Box.

WORKING FOR GOD.

:ING is the great law of the universe. The Great Creator lf is represented as perpetually working, and his holy angels l employed in working his will. Hell itself is at work, stirring ı and mischief. When the Son of God was in the world he d the works of him that sent him. It is only natural then, ose who admire and love the Saviour, to desire to work for /ho worked himself to death for them. E. C. B. says, "I often wished to write and tell you my thoughts, and now I 'e. When I think of the many blessings God has bestowed , and above all of his great mercy in Christ to my soul, I feel . must not only love him, but do all I can to make known his ırful goodness to others. And yet I feel, with shame, how ittle I have done or can do for my blessed Saviour, who has o much for me. I often wish the Lord would open my way nore good. The feeling of my heart is—

> Jesus! confirm my heart's desire
> To work, and speak, and think for thee;
> Still let me guard the holy fire,
> And still stir up thy gift in me."

would say to our young friend, it is well that it is in thy .o desire to work for God. But don't expect to do great things t. Begin with little things, and if God finds thee faithful he nploy thee to do greater things. Many make mistakes in this They want to do some great and wonderful thing. Go first ach yon poor children whose parents never tell them of Jesus. :hy Testament and go and read a few chapters to that aged ', or lonely old man. Or go to that young man or young ı whose life is wasting away by slow but sure consumption. lont forget to go and help that poor woman who with her :n are pining for want of food, while the unfeeling husband ther is swilling himself with beer at the alehouse fireside. In and other ways you may do much good. Jesus did such and if you try, you may too; and depend upon it he will see nd help you, and bless you.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

POPERY IN GREAT BRITAIN.

JUST at this time when the poor old Pope is only upheld on his throne by French bayonets, and who would soon be driven away from Rome by his own subjects, as he was before, if they were withdrawn, it may be well for us who are in Old England to look around us and see what his agents, aided by the Puseyites, are doing in our own country. These figures are taken from the reports of the papists themselves. It is a sad thing to notice that whilst his power is crumbling in Italy, it is growing stronger year by year in this land of bibles and gospel preaching.

Year.	Priests in Great Britain.	Chapels and Stations in Great Britain.
1829	477	449
1835	490	458
1839	610	513
1840	615	522
1841	642	540
1845	757	582
1846	776	602
1847	818	622
1848	826	630
1849	897	672
1851	972	694
1852	1,032	708
1853	1,039	781
1856	1,142	849
1857	1,115	894
1858	1,204	902
1859	1,222	926
1860	1,236	950
1861	1,342	993

Hints.

BEWARE, MOST OF ALL, of those vices which seem to come nearest to virtue. They are most likely to get hold of you and draw you into a wrong way.

COVETOUSNESS often pretends to prudence, when at heart it is sour selfishness, and, in the sight of God, rank idolatry.

THAT WE MAY DO EVIL that good may come of it, is one of the most impudent deceptions that ever was practised on our race.

TO HAVE A PORTION of this world's goods is a mercy, but to have it only, without hope of a portion in heaven, is a misery.

WE FIX A PRICE ON RICHES, but they cannot fix a price on us. We must answer for them if we have them, but they cannot answer for us.

SLANDER undermines peace, saps the foundations of friendship, rends charity into rags; and assumes to be a party, witness, judge, and executioner in its own cause.

YOU WILL BE WISE if you suspect a fussy stranger. Pirates rig their vessels like packets, dress their savage crews like ladies, and play music like merry passengers, until they get near enough to grapple their unsuspecting prize.

TO SHAKE OFF TROUBLE from thy own heart, get up and go out, and within a few doors of thine house thou mayst find some poor souls in greater trouble. Try to comfort them, and then thy own trouble will vanish too.

NEVER DESPAIR.—If you do you will only sink lower in the mud of despondency. Get up and do something; never mind what.

Gems.

A GLORIOUS GOSPEL is the
f man's salvation, in which
Son, and Holy Spirit all
accomplish the great work.
her loves us, and gives up
Son to die for us—the Son
our ransom with his own
ınd the Holy Spirit con-
s of sin and leads us to that
iour! Glorious Gospel!

ESS IS THE SAINT'S ELE-
ınd if for a while seduced
he struggles to get back
ke as a stranded fish tries
l back into the water, or a
l bird to rise into the air.

MAY MEASURE the heavens
nd the depths of oceans,
can measure the breadth
l the depths of the love of
Jesus Christ our Lord? It
r than the highest, deeper
deepest, and broader than
dest of all our thoughts.

ERCY TO US, we find that our
y Father often disappoints
s we had placed in man, in
at we may learn to trust in
ne.

T SINS.—To confess these
might do harm to others.
m to God, and ask him to
hem. He knows them, for
already in the light of his
ance.

G AND SERVING.—More
lf the misery of the world
f men loving to *rule* over
hence war and slavery.
who try by love to *serve*
less the world.

DS WILL COME; not only
uds, but clouds of tribula-
. In both cases we should
er that there is a sun above.
n pilgrim, walk on by faith.
n will shine again.

Poetic Selections.

A GERMAN EVEN-PSALM.

Now o'er the earth's wide breast
Each living thing doth rest,
Both man and beast; the very woods are calm;
But thou, my soul, awake,
The solemn silence break,
And praise thy Maker in a thankful psalm.

Sun, whither art thou fled?
Has Night thee banished?
Night, gloomy rival of the joyous day—
Then go; a sun more bright,
My Saviour, my delight,
Shines in my soul with purer, holier ray.

Darkens the evening air—
The golden stars are there,
Serenely walking in their home of years;
And shine like them shall I,
When to my home on high
My God shall call me from this world of tears.

Soil'd garments of the day,
I put ye all away,
Meet emblems of the spirit's mortal dress.
And when from death I wake,
My Lord shall bid me take
His spotless robe and crown of righteousness.

Head, hands, and weary feet,
Ye go to slumber sweet,
Rejoicing in your work-day labour past;
Thou too, my heart, rejoice,
Thou from earth's strife and noise
And sin's dark bondage shalt be free at last.

Ye toil-spent limbs lie still,
And thankful take your fill
Of needful rest, so tranquil and so deep,
Yet think the hour is nigh,
When calmly ye shall lie
In the cold earth, and there as soundly sleep.

LIVING WATERS.

THE fountain in its source
No drought of summer fears;
The further it pursues its course
The nobler it appears.

But shallow cisterns yield
A scanty, short supply;
The morning sees them amply fill'd,
The evening sees them dry.

The Children's Corner.

MY HAPPY SABBATH-SCHOOL.

C. J. H. says, "I am sixteen, and as you sometimes let boys of my age say what they think in the *Pioneer*, I have tried to put some of my thoughts about "My Happy Sabbath-school" into verse. I call it so, for it has been a happy place to me. I have here been taught that I am a sinner; and feeling this, I have sought and found the mercy of God in Jesus Christ to my soul. I have to thank you, too, for the many good things you tell us in your *Pioneer*, and I do what I can to get others to take it."

Should any ask me just to say,
Where I was taught to praise and pray,
And walk in wisdom's pleasant way?
My answer is, on God's good day,
AT SABBATH-SCHOOL.

When very young I did begin
To wander in the ways of sin,
And knew not I a crown might win,
Until at last I entered in
THE SABBATH-SCHOOL.

My teacher taught me Jesus died
For me when he was crucified;
And will that crown of life provide,
If I in faith and love abide.
OH, HAPPY SABBATH-SCHOOL!

Saviour! to thee alone I fly,
Oh! to me be thou ever nigh;
From thy rich grace my wants supply,
And I will praise thee till I die,
FOR HAPPY SABBATH-SCHOOL.

Father of mercies, God of love!
Send thy good Spirit from above,
To guard and guide me by his power,
And I will praise Thee evermore,
FOR MY HAPPY SABBATH-SCHOOL.

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW.

A HIGHLAND widow left her home early one morning, in order to reach, before evening, the residence of a kinsman who had promised to assist her to pay her rent. She carried on her back her only child, a boy two years old. The journey was a long one. I was following the same wild and lonely path when I first heard the story I am going to tell you. The mountain-track, after leaving the small village by the sea-shore where the widow lived, passes through a green valley, watered by a peaceful stream which flows from a neighbouring lake; it then winds along the margin of the solitary lake, until, near its further end, it suddenly turns into an extensive copse-wood of oak and birch. From this it emerges half-way up a rugged mountain-side; and, entering a large glen through which a torrent rushes amidst great masses of granite, it at last conducts the traveller, by a zig-zag ascent , to a narrow gorge, which is hemmed in upon every side by giant precipices; overhead is a strip of blue sky, while all below is dark and gloomy. From this mountain-pass the widow's dwelling was ten miles off, and no human habitation was nearer than her own. She had undertaken a long journey indeed! But the rent was due some weeks before, and the sub-factor threatened to dispossess her, as the village in which she lived, and in which her family had lived for two generations, was about to be swept away, in order to enlarge a sheep-farm. Indeed, along the margin of the quiet stream which watered the green valley, and along the shore of the lake, might even then be traced the ruins of many a hamlet, where happy and contented people once lived, but where no sound is now heard except the bleat of a solitary sheep, or the scream of the eagle, as he wheels his flight among the dizzy precipices.

The morning when the widow left her home, gave promise of a lovely day. But, before noon, a sudden change took place in the weather. Northward, the sky became black and lowering. Masses of clouds rested upon the hills. Sudden gusts of wind began to whistle among the rocks, and to ruffle, with black squalls, the surface of the lake. The wind was succeeded by rain, and the rain by sleet, and sleet by a heavy fall of snow. It was the month of May—for that storm is yet remembered as the "great May storm." The wildest day of winter never

beheld flakes of snow falling heavier or faster, or whirling with more fury through the mountain-pass, filling every hollow and whitening every rock! Weary, and wet, and cold, the widow reached that pass with her child. She knew that a mile beyond it there was a mountain shieling which could give shelter; but the moment she attempted to face the storm of snow which was rushing through the gorge, all hope failed of proceeding in that direction. To turn home was equally impossible. She must find shelter. The wild cat's or fox's den would be welcome. After wandering for some time among the huge fragments of granite which skirted the base of the overhanging precipices, she at last found a more sheltered nook. She crouched beneath a projecting hedge of rock, and pressed her child to her trembling bosom. The storm continued to rage. The snow was accumulating overhead. Hour after hour passed. It became bitterly cold. The evening approached. The widow's heart was sick with fear and anxiety. Her child—her only child—was all she thought of. She wrapt him in her shawl. But the poor thing had been scantily clad, and the shawl was thin and worn. The widow was poor, and her clothing could hardly defend herself from the piercing cold of such a night as this. But whatever was to become of herself, her child must be preserved. The snow, in whirling eddies, entered the recess, which afforded them at best but miserable shelter. The night came on. The wretched mother stripped off some of her own clothing and wrapped it round her child, whom, at last, in despair, she put into a deep crevice of the rock, among some dried heather and fern. And now she resolves at all hazards to brave the storm, and return home, in order to get assistance for her babe, or to perish in the attempt! Clasping her infant to her heart, and covering his face with tears and kisses, she laid him softly down in sleep, and rushed into the snowy drift.

That night of storm was succeeded by a peaceful morning. The sun shone from a clear blue sky, and wreaths of mist hung along the mountain-tops, while numerous waterfalls poured down their sides. Dark figures, made visible at a distance on the white ground, might be seen with long poles, examining every hollow near the mountain path. They are people from the village, who are searching for the widow and her son. They have reached the pass. A cry is heard by one of the shepherds, as he sees a bit of a tartan cloak among the snow.

They have found the widow—dead! her arms stretched forth as if imploring for assistance. Before noon, they discovered her child by his cries. He was safe in the crevice of the rock. The story of that woman's affection for her child was soon read in language which all understood. Her scanty clothing revealed her love for her babe.

Many a tear was shed, many an exclamation expressive of admiration and affection were uttered, from enthusiastic sorrowing Highland hearts, when on that evening the aged pastor gathered the villagers in the deserted house of mourning, and, by prayer and fatherly exhortation, sought to improve for their soul's good an event so sorrowful.

More than half a century passed away! That aged and faithful pastor was long dead, though his memory still lingers in many a retired glen among the children's children of parents he taught the way of life. His son, whose locks where white with age, was preaching to a congregation of Highlanders in one of our great cities. It was on a communion sabbath. The subject of his discourse was the love of Christ. In illustrating the self-sacrificing nature of that "love which seeketh not her own," he narrated the above story of the highland widow, whom he had himself known in his boyhood. And he asked, "If that child is now alive, what would you think of his heart if it did not cherish an affection for his mother's memory, and if the sight of her poor tattered shawl, which she had wrapped round him, in order to save his life at the cost of her own, did not fill him with gratitude and love too deep for words? Yet what hearts have you, my hearers, if, over these memorials of your Saviour's sacrifice of himself, you do not feel them glow with deeper love, and with adoring gratitude?" A few days after this a message was sent by a dying man requesting to see this clergyman. The request was speedily complied with. The sick man seized the minister by the hand, and, gazing intently in his face, said, "You do not, you cannot recognise me. But I know you, and knew your father before you. I have been a wanderer in many lands. I have visited every quarter of the globe, and fought and bled for my king and country. I came to this town a few weeks ago in bad health. Last sabbath I entered your church—the church of my countrymen—where I could once more hear, in the language of my youth and of my heart, the gospel preached. I heard you tell the story of the widow and her son—here the voice of the old soldier

faltered, his emotion almost choked his utterance; but recovering himself for a moment, he cried, "I am that son!" and burst into a flood of tears. "Yes," he continued, "I am that son! Never, never, did I forget my mother's love. Well might you ask what a heart should mine have been if she had been forgotten by me! Though I never saw her, dear to me is her memory, and my only desire now is, to lay my bones beside her's in the old graveyard among the hills. But, sir, what breaks my heart, and covers me with shame, is this—until now I never saw, with the eyes of the soul, the love of my Saviour in giving himself for me—a poor, lost, hell-deserving sinner. I confess it! I confess it!" he cried, looking up to heaven, his eyes streaming with tears; and pressing the minister's hand close to his breast, he added, "It was God made you tell that story. Praise be to his holy name, that my dear mother has not died in vain, and that the prayers which I was told she used to offer for me, have been at last answered; for the love of my mother has been blessed by the Holy Spirit for making me see, as I never saw before, the love of the Saviour. I see it, I believe it; I have found deliverance in old age where I found it in my childhood—in the cleft of the rock; but it is the Rock of Ages!"

Poetry.

DESIRING TO LOVE CHRIST.

O Love Divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
  All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
  The love of Christ to me.

Stronger his love than death or hell,
Its riches are unsearchable;
  The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
  The length, the breadth, the height.

God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
  In this poor stony heart!

For love I sigh, for love I pine,
This only portion, Lord, be mine!
  Be mine this better part!

O that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
  Be this my happy choice!
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
  To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

O that, with humble Peter, I
Could weep, believe, and thrice reply,
  My faithfulness to prove!
Thou know'st—for all to thee is known—
Thou know'st, O Lord, and thou alone,
  Thou know'st that thee I love.

O that I could, with favour'd John,
Recline my weary head upon
  The dear Redeemer's breast!
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
  My everlasting rest!

Thy only love do I require,
Nothing in earth beneath desire,
  Nothing in heaven above:
Let earth, and heaven, and all things go,
Give me thy only love to know,
  Give me thy only love. *Charles Wesley.*

Anecdotes and Selections.

An Old Workman.—When Mr. Whitefield was last in America, he one day dined with Mr. Tennent and other ministers, at a gentleman's house. After dinner, Mr. Whitefield adverted to the difficulties attending the gospel ministry; lamented that all their zeal availed but little; said that he was weary with the burdens of the day; declared his great consolation that in a short time his work would be done, when he should depart and be with Christ: he then appealed to the ministers if it was not their great comfort that they should go to rest. They generally assented except Mr. Tennent, who sat next to Mr. Whitefield in silence, and by his countenance discovered but little pleasure in the conversation. On

which Mr. Whitefield, tapping him on the knee, said, "Well, brother Tennent, you are the oldest man among us, do you not rejoice to think that your time is so near at hand, when you will be called home?" Mr. Tennent bluntly answered, "I have no wish about it." Mr. Whitefield pressed him again; Mr. Tennent again answered, "No, sir, it is no pleasure to me at all; and if you knew your duty, it would be none to you. I have nothing to do with death; my business is to live as long as I can—as well as I can—and serve my master as faithfully as I can, until he shall think proper to call me home." Mr. Whitefield still urged for an explicit answer to his question, in case the time of death were left to his own choice. Mr. Tennent replied, "I have no choice about it; I am God's servant, and have engaged to do his business as long as he pleases to continue me therein. But now, brother, let me ask you a question. What do you think I would say, if I was to send my man into the field to plough; and if at noon I should go to the field, and find him lounging under a tree, and complaining, what would I say? why, that he was a lazy fellow, that it was his business to do the work that I had appointed him, until I should think fit to call him home."

Rowland Hill's Coachman.—On one occasion, the late Rowland Hill preached a funeral sermon on the death of his servant-man. In the course of that sermon he said:—"Many persons present were acquainted with the deceased, and have had it in their power to observe his character and conduct. They can bear witness, that for a considerable number of years he proved himself a perfectly honest, sober, industrious, and religious man, faithfully performing, as far as lay in his power, the duties of his station in life, and serving God with constancy and zeal. Yet this very man was once a robber on the highway. More than thirty years ago, he stopped me on the public road and demanded my money. Not at all intimidated, I argued with him; I asked him what could induce him to pursue so iniquitous and dangerous a course of life? 'I have been a coachman,' said he; 'I am out of place, and I cannot get a character. I am unable to get any employment, and am therefore obliged to resort to this means of gaining a substance." I desired him to call on me. He promised me he would, and he kept his word. I talked further with him, and offered to take him into my own service. He consented, and ever since that period he has served me faithfully, and not me only, but has faithfully served his God. Instead of finishing his life in a public and ignominious manner, with a depraved and hardened mind, as he probably would have done, he died in peace, and, we trust, prepared for the society of just men made perfect. Till this the extraordinary circumstance I have related has been confined to his breast and mine. I have never mentioned it before to my dearest friend."

A Word in Season.—A minister sailing up the Hudson river in a sloop, some forty years since, was pained by the profaneness of a young man. Seeking a favourable opportunity, he told him he had wounded his feelings by speaking against his best Friend—the Saviour. The young man showed no relentings, and at one of the landings left the boat. The minister was pained, and feared that his labours were in vain. Seven years after, as this minister went to the General Assembly at Philadelphia, a young man accosted him, saying, he thought he remembered his countenance, and asked him if he was not on board a sloop on the Hudson river seven years before with a profane young man. At length the circumstances were called to mind. "I," said he "am that young man. After I left the sloop, I thought I had injured both you and your Saviour. I was led to him for mercy, and felt that I must preach his love to others. I am now in the ministry, and have come as a representative to this Assembly."

Hanging over the Pit.—"A wicked man is like one that hangs over a deep pit by a slender cord, which he holds with one hand and is cutting it with the other." A gentleman much addicted to profane swearing accompanied a pious miner to see one of the mines in Cornwall. During his visit to the pit he distressed his companion by many profane and abominable expressions; and as they ascended together, finding it a long way, he flippantly said, "As it is so far down to your work, how far do you suppose it is to hell?" The miner promptly replied, "I do not know how far it is to hell, sir; but I believe that, if the rope by which we are drawn up should break, you would be there in one minute."

Rest to the Weary.—If the storm-beaten, benighted, and weary traveller, instead of tramping along a miry road on foot, travelled in a coach and six on the turnpike road, and had every comfort around him, do you think that he would so fully enjoy the friendly hearth and the happy home at the end of his journey? O no! It is the wind and the rain, the rough path, the cold, the darkness, and the toil, that makes his fireside brighter, and the comforts of his habitation doubly sweet to him. Pilgrim to Zion think of this! Earthly trials and afflictions are not joyous, but grievous, yet what a value do they give to our heavenly expectations? While called to bear the cross, let it remind us of the crown!

Only Two.—There are only two classes in the world. To which do you belong—the righteous or the wicked?

There are only two masters. Which is your's—God or the devil?

There are but two ways. In which are you walking—to heaven or to hell?

Put these solemn questions to yourself, and let your conscience help you to give an honest answer.

The Fireside.

ON TEACHING CHILDREN HOW TO WORK.

INDUSTRY is recommended as an essential qualification in the working man's wife. As a mother it is equally her duty to cultivate similar habits in her children. As soon as they can lay hold on any thing she will try to give them a notion of doing something useful; and as they will see her always employed, they will be likely to wish to imitate her. It is well worth making it a matter of study to furnish children with employment suited to their age, and, if possible, with employment that will be of some use. There is no greater evil than for children, or grown up people either, to have nothing to do. A lively child who is not furnished with proper employment, will be sure to get into mischief; and a dull child will become more and more dull, indolent, and unhappy. In future years, instead of cheerfully labouring to get his own living, and to support those dependent on him, he will be a burden to society, a useless, lumbering, cumberer of the ground.

If you use a little boy to pick up a few sticks, and then let him see that they are used for lighting the fire; if children in the country are employed to glean in the cornfields, and are reminded, when they partake of the loaf, that it is the produce of their own gleaning; if they knit socks for themselves or their little baby brother or sister, and wear them, or see them worn, with comfort—by all these things they are taught that labour is the source of property, and that, in proportion as they are diligent and persevering, they may hope to obtain the comforts of life. It is a great matter to teach them to begin early to depend on themselves; and, at the same time, to be helpful to others.

Some very industrious mothers need a caution against engrossing all the work themselves, and letting their children be idle, even when they are old enough really to help them—according to the saying, "A light-heeled mother makes a heavy-heeled daughter." Some mothers do this from a foolishly indulgent motive; as if it would be a hardship "to make the poor little things work." Others, from the mere habit of doing things themselves. To them, it would be a real sacrifice to give up what they have been accustomed to do. They say, very truly, "Nobody can do it to please me so well as myself; and it is twice the trouble to make a child do it, that it is to do it myself." Now, each of these parents acts so as to injure her children by depriving them of the benefit of being early trained to habits of industry, and taught to do things in a proper manner. What a hardship will it be to such children when they must either work or starve, and have everything to find out for themselves!

Surely they will be disposed to reproach their mother for having failed in her duty in not teaching them to practise industry when they were young. Besides, if proper pains are taken to teach children, though they may be awkward at first, they will soon improve, and, in time, will become really helpful, and more than requite the labour of teaching them.

The Penny Post Box.

THE BANK OF HEAVEN.

J. W. B. has sent us a printed copy of some verses which he thinks suitable for the *Pioneer*. We give as many of them as we can find room for, a little altered—

I have a never-failing Bank,
A more than golden store;
No earthly bank is half so rich,
How can I then be poor?

'Tis when my stock is spent and gone,
And I without a groat,
I'm glad to hasten to my Bank,
And beg a little note.

Sometimes my Banker smiling says,
"Why dont you oft'ner come?
You always draw a little note;
Why not a larger sum?

Why live so meanly and so poor,
The Bank containeth plenty;
Why come and take a one-pound note
When you might have a twenty?"

Since then my Banker is so rich,
I have no cause to borrow;
I live upon my cash to-day,
And go again to-morrow.

I've been a many times before,
And never was rejected;
Sometimes my Banker gives me more
Than ask'd for or expected.

Sometimes I've felt a little proud,
I've managed things so clever;
But ah! before the day is gone
I've felt as poor as ever.

Should all the banks of Britain break,
The Bank of England smash;
Mine is a never failing Bank,
I always get my cash.

But forged notes will be refused,
False promises rejected;
There's not a single note will pass
That is not well accepted.

To make it plain what 'tis I mean,
God is my Banker gracious;
Whose promises to pay are good,
And never prove fallacious.

The Leper had a sore complaint,
"Lord, if thou wilt, thou can"—
The Saviour cash'd his little note
And heal'd the sickly man.

We read of one young man indeed,
Whose riches did abound,
But in the bank-book kept in heaven,
His name was never found.

But yon poor wretched dying thief
Hung by the Saviour's side;
He cried, "Dear Lord, remember me"
He got his cash and died!

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

SAVINGS BANKS.

It is a well-known and very painful fact that many of our working men and women seem to have no idea of saving anything for a "rainy day." Their wages are spent week by week as fast as they are earned, and sometimes they are pledged beforehand. And many seem to have forgotten that

"Many littles make a mickle."

Saving littles is to them a hard lesson to learn, and especially if they are their own bankers. Hence the formation of Savings Banks, of which there are now about 600 in this country, and many "Penny Saving Banks" for the very poor and for children. These banks pay interest for the money put in; but the security has not always been good, and so these banks have in some places got into a bad name. Government has long been trying to make them more secure, and now they have proposed a plan. It is this. There are, spread over all the country, 2,500 money order post offices. It is proposed to make these into offices for savings also, giving government security for the money put in. This will be a great benefit to the working population, if they will only have the good sense to make use of it.

Children should also be encouraged to save their little earnings. They would then better know the value of money. Not that they may thus learn to be miserly and covetous, but taught not to waste anything. We might then hope to see them grow up in habits of carefulness and frugality.

Hints.

Nothing is more easy to some people than to do mischief. If they can do nothing else well, they can do that cleverly.

Jesting is not convenient, and often very mischievous. None are more unwilling to receive a jest than those who are most ready to give one.

Take Counsel of thine own conscience, for unless thou hast already become deaf to its admonitions, it will be a faithful monitor.

The Lowroad to servility and meanness is idleness. But the highroad to self-respect and independence is industry.

Many a Young Man has been ruined by having a fortune left him; but he who works for one himself knows best how to keep it.

Quacks live upon Fools.—They calculate upon always finding one in a hundred, and sometimes more; and so they get fat on the folly of others.

Truth and Beauty are twins. Truth is beauty, and beauty is truth. You cannot separate them. Falsehood and ugliness are also inseparable twins.

The Proud Man who oppresses the humble, is on the way to be humbled himself, for what a man sows he must expect to reap.

Bad Children may make bad parents, but bad parents are almost sure to make bad children. Which are most to blame?

Real Friendship, like the English Oak, is a plant of slow but sure growth, outliving storms or sunshine, and striking its roots deeper when the winds blow hardest.

Gems.

IT IS MORE EASY for some to be patrons of religion before men, than penitent for sin before God.

DO RIGHT, as in the sight of God, and leave the consequences with him. He will manage *them*.

GRATITUDE TO GOD is like a microscope: it can discover thousands of blessings where an unthankful eye cannot see any.

SIN, says an old writer, first puts hell into the soul, and then the soul into hell.

NOTHING WORTH HAVING was ever got by sin; and nothing worth keeping was ever lost by holiness.

IF A MAN TRADES with the devil in the wares of sin, he is sure to be cheated, and will have all to pay himself at last.

HE WHO COMMITS SMALL SINS, will soon learn to commit great ones. Keep off the edge of the precipice.

REPENTANCE is a leap into the life-boat of salvation. But if a man will not so leap he must sink.

WORLDLY JOY often ends in deep sorrow; but spiritual sorrow always ends in high joy.

GOD HAS PROMISED pardon on repentance, but he has not promised that we shall live till we do repent.

SINCERE REPENTANCE can scarcely see the cross of Christ for tears, but faith wipes them all away, and then with joy the believer exclaims, "He loved me, and gave himself for me!"

THE LOVE OF CHRIST to man in dying for him was such a display of grace and mercy as no angel could have conceived. It was a wonder even in heaven.

HOW MUCH CHRIST LOVED US we shall never fully know even in heaven itself. That love was infinite. We shall always be knowing more of it, but shall never be able to measure all its heights and depths, and breadths and lengths; for it passeth knowledge.

Poetic Selections.

NEVER CONTENT.

"He heapeth up riches and knoweth not who shall gather them."

(At Twenty.)

Now I am grown to be a man,
I'll be no longer poor;
But set to work as best I can,
To increase my little store.

(At Thirty.)

Five hundred dollars I have saved—
A rather moderate store—
No matter; I shall be content
When I've a little more.

(At Forty.)

Well, I can count a thousand now—
That's better than before;
And I may well be satisfied
When I've a little more.

(At Fifty.)

Some fifty thousand—pretty well—
But I have earned it sore;
However, I shall not complain
When I've a little more.

(At Sixty.)

One hundred thousand—sick and old—
Ah! life is half a bore!
Yet I can be content to live
When I've a little more!

(At Seventy.)

He dies—and to his greedy heirs
He leaves a countless store;
His wealth hath purchased him a grave—
But not a little more.

ALWAYS CONTENT.

"I have learned in whatsoever state I am to be content."

I AM not rich or great,
And yet I am content;
For house and raiment God provides,
And daily food is sent.

Were I as rich as some,
I might forget my God;
Or were I very poor, I might
Murmur beneath the rod.

If God should give me more,
I'll take what he may give
With thankfulness, and praise his name
Long as on earth I live.

But should he not bestow
On me a plenteous store,
I'll be content with what he gives,
And daily trust for more.

Content while here below,
Whatever be my state;
Content till Christ, my Lord, shall come
To make my bliss complete.

The Children's Corner.

A MOTHER'S LAST LESSON.

"WILL you please teach me my verse, mother, and then kiss me, and bid me good night?" said little Roger Lane, as he opened the door and peeped cautiously into the chamber of his sick mother.

Mrs. Lane was very ill; indeed her attendants believed her to be dying. She sat propped up with pillows, and struggling for breath; her lips were white; her eyes were growing dull and glazed; and her purple blood was settling under the nails of the thin cold fingers. She was a widow, and little Roger was her only—her darling child. Every night he had been in the habit of coming into her room, and sitting on her lap, or kneeling by her side, whilst she repeated passages from God's holy word, or related to him stories of the wise and good men spoken of in its pages. She had been in delicate health for many years, but never too ill to hear little Roger's verses and prayers.

"Hush! hush!" said a friend who was watching beside her couch. "Your dear mother is too ill to hear you to-night!" As she said this, she came forward, and laid her hand gently upon his arm, as if she would lead him from the room. Roger began to sob as if his little heart would break. "I cannot go to bed without saying my prayers; indeed, I cannot."

The ear of the dying mother caught the sound. Although she had been insensible to everything transpiring around her, the sobs of her child roused her from her stupor, and turning to her friend, she desired her to bring her little son, and lay him in her bosom. Her request was granted, and the child's rosy cheek and golden head nestled beside the pale cold face of his dying mother. Alas, poor fellow! how little did he realize then the irreparable loss which he soon was to sustain!

"Roger, my dear child," said the dying mother, "repeat this verse after me, and never, never forget it:—'When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.'" The child repeated it two or three times distinctly, and said his little prayer. Then he kissed his dying mother, and went quietly to his little couch. The next morning he sought his mother as usual, but she was stiff and cold—a corpse wrapped in the winding-sheet, and ready for the grave.

This was her last lesson. He has never forgotten it—he probably never will. He has grown up to be a man—a good man, and now occupies a post of honour and usefulness. I never could look upon him without thinking about the faith so beautifully exhibited by his dying mother. It was not misplaced; the Lord fulfilled his own word of promise in this as in many other similar cases, when he said, "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive."

DREADFUL WRECK OF A STEAMER.

IE British Islands being surrounded with sea waters, those o dwell on the coasts, or at our ports, often witness sad asters. About ten years ago one of these distressing specles was witnessed by many of the inhabitants of Aberdeen, Scotland. A gentleman thus describes the scene. It was ›ut five o'clock in the afternoon. The "Duke of Suther-d" steamer, with goods and passengers from London, had t hove in sight off the Girdleness, and, as the flag was not sted at the point of the pier, her commander found it expent to make a short circuit off the harbour mouth. The sea s running very "cross" at the time, and the vessel appeared roll much, and to ship a good deal of water, which we often v issuing in white streams through the scuppers and over covering boards. About half-past five the signal of ›ugh water on the bar was hoisted, and presently the amer was observed to be heading in for the harbour. Rising jestically on the crests of the wave as she came along, we pected a noble scene as she would enter the narrow harbour uth, and steer slowly but steadily up to her destination, and isequently we quickened our pace until we reached the flag tion, having met the harbour-master walking up the pier, l apparently anticipating no danger. It now rained very d, and blew so fiercely that the two or three persons that nained at the flag station could scarce keep on their hats. nong these persons I observed two gentlemen who evidently l more than ordinary interest in the steamer, from the iiety they were evincing for her safety, as she appeared to getting out of the fair way of the harbour, owing probably the opposing power of the waves.

As the ship approached the pier head, and was about to :er, a single wave carried her so far to leeward, that, with the :ceeding one, she struck upon the pier, and after one or two imps her bow stuck fast upon the rocks, and the sea began move her stern to leeward into the deep water. Previous her striking, I observed that the engines were reversed, h the view of backing out. By this time our numbers on point had increased to ten persons, and in spite of the h sea that was *sweeping clean* over it, several unsuccessful *empts were made to seize* a rope, which the seamen on the

ship's forecastle, were endeavouring to send within our reach. In these attempts one poor fellow lost his footing on the slippery rocks, and his hold of the chain, and was swept away, but fortunately he held the end of a small line by which he was saved. It was now about six o'clock. The sea was rising with increasing rage, and the waves were making a clean breach over the vessel, about midships. The seamen were on the forecastle, and the passengers were on the poop, clinging to the nettings of the rails and the stanchions as the ship rolled from side to side, and often threatened to go completely over to seaward, in which case not a soul, I believe, would have been saved. About this time the first crash, caused by the breaking of the foremast, was heard. The commander, standing on the bridge, was coolly giving orders for getting out the starboard-wheel life-boat, and the seamen were as faithfully and coolly performing their duty. While watching the poor fellows lowering their boat into the water, we heard a tremendous crash, and in a moment the fore part of the ship parted from the other about the foremast; but, fortunately, the seamen had all previously withdrawn from this part owing to the violence of the sea, and the awfully destructive swinging about of the foremast, spars, and rigging. The stern settled down into the deep water, and now a scene was beheld too sickening and too appalling to describe. The ladies were clinging to the crashing spars, and almost every sea was carrying them out of the very arms of their protectors. Several were observed to leap, in a frantic state, from the high poop into the boat, which, by this time, the seamen had succeeded in getting into the water, and in these attempts they were severely hurt, and not a few perished by falling into the sea. The boat struggled long to get a rope from the ship to the pier, but in this they did not succeed, and, after falling to leeward, she put in at the back of the pier, where her small share of the survivors, I think six or eight persons, effected a landing. Between six and seven o'clock Manby's apparatus arrived. Owing to the heavy rain, and the surf that often swept over us, at least twenty attempts to "fire" the rocket were unsuccessful. A little presence of mind, however, revealed the cause of this failure, which was owing to the powder having escaped by some accident out of the lower part of the rocket. A shout of joy and of gratitude conveyed to the vast crowds the glad news that the rocket, blazing mid-air,

had carried the line right across the ship about the funnel. Our attention was now again drawn to the wreck. The life-boat had succeeded in pushing off from the shore, and she was now taking in the passengers from the poop. Many of them leaped into the water, some with, and others without life-buoys, but whichever way, a large number must have perished, while their frantic relations recognised them as the sea was closing over them. The life-boat was as full as it would hold, so full, indeed, that there was not room to use the oars, and those who had time to look at her were often appalled as she rose on the white foam with her precious cargo, and again sunk out of sight in the yawning trough, as if to be swallowed up in an instant. How she effected a landing I know not. She never succeeded in returning to the ship, although she made the attempt. But two or three salmon fishermen hurriedly got off with a coble, and about seven o'clock this frail boat reached the ship. Their object was to effect a communication with the pier by means of a line. In this they failed, and after picking up two or three persons whom a single wave had swept from the poop, they were carried to leeward, and as a person at my side informed me, an awful sea passed right over them, after which not a soul of them was seen. It turned out, however, that one, if not two, was saved. The quarter-deck of the ship was now completely deserted, with the exception of one female, who still clung tenaciously to a fragment of the rail. My heart sickens when I contemplate her lifeless form entangled in the stanchions, while the waves often hid her from our eyes, which we dared not turn away. One of the seamen ran aft to rescue her, but he was too late, for a wave took her away, and buried him so much that we feared he had perished in his bold and praiseworthy attempt. The attention of all was now directed to the warp we had succeeded in sending on board by means of the line. The commander was, up to this time, on the bridges, but as he had to take an active part in securing the warp, he got in among the seamen and passengers, who were all assembled at the after part of the starboard paddle-box, and after this I lost sight of him; subsequently, however, a person at my side exclaimed, "Oh, the captain is gone!" After the warp was secured, some of the seamen attempted to come ashore on it without the assistance of a sling, and in this way two or three dropped off after coming half-way. How truly awful! For a few moments their

brawny arms clung fast; but they must yield, and their exhausted frames dropped into the sea to perish. At the time that the warp was fairly secured, and we had begun to work the lines, the ship parted aft the funnel, which was still standing, the two after masts having both gone some time previously. This was rather a favourable occurrence, for the midships part, containing the engines, we expected would hold out longer, and from this we might hope to get off all the survivors, although sometimes we had reason to fear that the awful destruction which this part of the vessel was suffering in front would annihilate the whole of it before the last person came off. Seven or eight females, and at least fourteen men, were taken off in this way, but of the exact number I am not certain, although each passed me as we relieved them from the ropes. The females were not the first to come off. This, however, was not owing to the men stepping in before them. Three females were taken off at one time, and now only as many men remained. One of the small lines became entangled while the females were half-way in, and, owing to this accident, it was feared for a moment that the line would break, and that, consequently, the remaining three would perish. Happily, however, that suspense was only momentary. The females, although much exhausted, were safely landed and conveyed away. In a few minutes the three men arranged the ropes, and one of them, the chief steward of the vessel, who was the last to leave the wreck, and to whose presence of mind in working the lines on board the ship is due the saving of upwards of twenty of his fellow creatures, gave the signal, and in two or three minutes more they were in the hands of their friends on the pier. It was now twenty minutes to eight.

The crew of the steamer consisted of captain, mate, second mate, boatswain, carpenter, eight seamen, eleven engineers and firemen, three stewards, one stewardess—in all, with passengers, fifty-two souls were on board.

A seaman performed a very daring feat in jumping from the pier to save the life of a poor fellow who was clinging to the salmon stake-nets. He succeeded in getting hold of the body, but life was extinct, and he was forced to let the body go in order to save himself. The chief steward, Duncan Christie, stuck to the vessel to the last moment, and, with death staring him in the face, made almost superhuman exertions for the safety of others.

t may be mentioned, as an instance of the admirable cool-
s and self-possession of Christie, that as one of the lines
wing the slings along the warp was always getting en-
gled, and thereby almost thwarting the efforts of the parties
shore, after he had placed the last person on the slip in the
g, he fixed himself in it, and, opening his knife, placed it
veen his teeth, prepared to cut the rope should it again
ome entangled. Fortunately it did not, and the noble
ow was drawn ashore and up the rocks holding the knife
is mouth. His conduct was the subject of general praise.
'he number of lives lost was considerably below that at
feared. Sixteen in all perished, including Captain How-
. Two ladies belonged to Aberdeen; and a very melan-
y interest is attached to one, from the circumstance that
was on the eve of being married, and was returning home
1 London with the bridecake in her possession, which was
nded to have graced her wedding. An emigrant, also,
belonged to Aberdeen, was on his way home from the
l diggings, where he had been for some time. £49 11s.
found on his person. Portions of the cargo continued to
cast ashore. Part of it consisted of the usual monthly
lications for April; and leaves of books and periodicals
e scattered along the beach.
'he Duke of Sutherland was an iron vessel, built in 1847,
valued at £20,000—£12,000 of which was covered by
rance. The cargo, valued at £20,000 was not insured.
Vhat a distressing scene this wreck must have presented
he spectators. But to those on board how dreadful the
ger. How precious in such moments the hope, beyond
hly hope, which the Gospel gives!

Poetry.

THOU GOD SEEST ME!

"Whither shall I go from thy presence?"

If up to heaven I should ascend,
Or to the depths of hell descend,
Or fly to earth's remotest end,
Thou would'st lead me;
Upheld and guided by thy hand
I still should be.

I'm ever present in thy sight,
E'en in the deepest shades of night,
As well as when the sun shines bright
In yonder sky;
The darkest night no more than light
Hides from thine eye.

In desert, wood, or cave unknown,
E'en where the sun has never shone,
I know I should not be alone,
Thou would'st be there;
With thee there is no place unknown,
Thou everywhere.

Thou fillest heaven, and earth, and sea;
Then let the thought remembered be,
I cannot from thy presence flee;
Thus may I fear
Sin to commit, since unto me
Thou always near.

When penitents for pardon cry,
And unto thee for refuge fly,
To all such thou art ever nigh.
Thy smiling face,
With mercy beaming in thine eye,
Gives the soul peace.

Newport, I. W. J. P.

Anecdotes and Selections.

FROM GOTTHOLD'S GERMAN EMBLEMS.

THE DIAMOND.—Gotthold was one day watching a goldsmith at his work. He was preparing to set a fine diamond, and he placed a dark foil behind it in the setting. When Gotthold inquired his reason for doing this, the goldsmith replied, that the dark foil made the stone appear more clear and brilliant. Gotthold examined it well, and found this to be true. O my God, said he, then herein I have an image of thy mercy, which shines with clearer and lovelier radiance when contrasted with the dark foil of our exceeding sin and misery,—when seen covering the black darkness of our heinous sins! It is wonderful, and worthy of all adoring praise, that the beams of thy mercy should shine on sinful man at all.

WEEP WITH THEM THAT WEEP.—A pious woman had such a sympathizing spirit, that when she heard of suffering or sorrow she could not refrain from tears. She sought to conceal them, and if any one observed her weeping it brought a blush to her cheek. On one such occasion Gotthold said to her: consider it a special blessing from God, that he has given you a heart to feel for others and to weep with those that weep. The tears which flow from your eyes

show that the sufferings of your brethren in Christ have touched your heart. As gold, the most precious of all metals, is at the same time one of the most pliable, so among men the tenderest natures are often the noblest. Believe me that He who has promised that a cup of cold water given in his name shall in no wise lose its reward, will not despise the tears which christian love and sympathy cause you to shed.

Retiring to Rest.—One evening when Gotthold was preparing to lie down to rest, he thus meditated: O thou gracious and ever merciful God, let me never forget to thank thee for this quiet couch of rest. It is in one sense a holy place; for here often my wearied limbs have found the repose they needed, while my wearied spirit has at the same time found its true repose in thee. From this couch have I sent up to thee many secret sighs and earnest prayers. How often here, when sleep fled from my eye-lids, have I rejoiced in thee, my light in the darkness! Here has thy mercy often surrounded me, and covered me, and I have slept safe under the shadow of thy wings. Around this my bed have thy holy angels often kept watch, so that the roaring lion, which goeth about seeking whom he may devour, dared not even approach. I thank thee and praise thee, O my God, for these and all other benefits which thou hast so freely bestowed upon me.

The Snow-Ball.—In the cold winter-time, some boys at play had made a snow-ball, and had rolled it over and over so long that at length it was too heavy for them to move. Here, said Gotthold, as he passed by, is a true emblem of human cares. At first they are often light and trifling, as small as this snow-ball at its beginning; but in impatience and unbelief we roll them about, magnify them, and turn them over, till they oppress our hearts with an intolerable load, which we are no longer able to bear. These boys have laboured hard, and all they have for their pains is that some who pass will say, "Boys have been at play here:" and so also all we gain by turning over and over our cares is a weary head and a heavy heart. We will not go to God, though he graciously invites us to cast our care on him, the Omnipotent. O my God, hast thou formed the eye, and dost thou not see? — hast thou planted the ear, and dost thou not hear? — hast thou created the heart, and dost thou not care for it? For my part I have resolved that I will roll my heavy burden of care no farther than to thy feet; and if I have not strength to bear it so far, then I will pray thee to come into my heart,—that heart which thou hast made; and then I will point to my heavy load of sin and care and suffering, which is too heavy for me to bear; and I will say to thee, Thou knowest all things, and thou canst do all things,—thou hast invited me to come weary and heavy laden as I am, and thou hast promised to give me rest. I pray thee to remove the heavy burden, which I cannot even lift; for though I am weak, thou art Almighty.

The Fireside.

TO YOUNG MOTHERS.

A WISE and good mother knows that it is necessary to the present and future well-being of her child, that it should be early brought into subjection to her authority; and next, that it is desirable to effect that subjection in the most agreeable manner, so as to make it easy and pleasant for the child to obey; and she sets about the work steadily, yet tenderly. If the child begins to cry, she does not at all desist from what she is doing; but she tries to soothe and amuse it into compliance, and is very careful in taking hold of it, or turning it round, that she does not hurt or startle it, and so give it real cause of vexation. After a few trials of this kind, the child finds resistance vain, and so takes the matter patiently, and even plays and gambols while it is being done. The washing and dressing, instead of being dreaded, becomes a matter of pleasure both to the mother and child; and the husband, too, is spared the annoyance (which some men make the excuse for spending their leisure away from home) of being distracted by a squalling child. These matters are not trifles; but it is a still more important advantage of properly managing a child while very young, that it learns to know its proper place. From early experience and habit, even before the child is capable of reasoning on the duty of obedience, it is a settled point that the parents are to govern, and the child to submit. Oh, how many a painful struggle is thus spared, and how much is done in fitting the child for future obedience and self-control in the various relations of life!

As the child becomes old enough to be pleased at getting hold of anything, it must be taught that it cannot have every thing it sees and desires, but only such as can be safely and properly given to it. There are many things which *we* at times desire, and think would make us happy; but our heavenly Father does not see fit to bestow them upon us. He knows better than we, and our real happiness consists in bending our wills to his will. He has also made it the duty of earthly parents, in governing their children, to act by them as he acts by us, kindly granting what is proper, and withholding or removing what is dangerous or unfit; and the discipline of our earliest years is one means of teaching us humbly to submit to the will of God in his future dealings with us. One who has never been restrained in childhood, when he comes under the discipline of affliction or privation, rebels against God, and is "as a wild bull in a net," instead of submitting and "quieting himself like a weaned child."

I need not tell you how much of your future happiness and the happiness of your child, depends upon your teaching it this great lesson of obedience to you in all things.

The Penny Post Box.

THE PARISH PARSON'S PRIVATE THOUGHTS.

I AM not going to pretend to tell you and your readers any secrets. For though they were his "private thoughts," the parson wrote them down himself in his diary in the course of thirty years, and afterwards published them. The book from the end of which I take them is an old favourite of mine.* The writer was Thomas Adam, rector of Wintringham, on the banks of the Humber, for nearly sixty years. He was born in 1701, and died in 1784. The few sentences I select are from Chapter XIV., on "The Pastoral Office."

"I must, I must incur the hatred of my parish and hearers, in love to them, and for Christ's sake; but let me be infamous, so I may but do good.

A clergyman, if in truth he is a follower of Christ, must not expect to have any friends in his parish but his converts; the rest will despise, envy, and traduce him, more than they do other men.

There is but one right way of preaching, which is to speak the plain truth of the gospel plainly. But then, this way is the hardest of all others, for it supposes conversion in the preacher.

How can those preachers be supposed to bring others to Christ who never came to him themselves?

How criminal is a minister of the gospel, who thinks himself entrusted with an infallible medicine for all the disorders of the soul, if he adulterates it, or is unfaithful and inactive in applying it?

'But we will give ourselves unto prayer, and the ministry of the word.' Remember this, O my soul, it is for eternity.

A poor country parson fighting against the devil in his parish has nobler ideas than Alexander had.

As a minister of the gospel I must either be despised or hated. I choose the latter.

Am I a minister of Jesus, with his bowels for souls? called? willing to be spent? regardless of worldly preferment? owned of God? hated of men? happy in myself?

Dreamed that J. M. and S. E. were under soul-concern. I interpreted it as a call to go and speak with them. But what shall I say to them for not speaking more to them and to all others without a dream?"

To relinquish or intermit my labours because they are not attended with success would be terribly inexcusable. Labour on: commit the matter to God; wait patiently, and die praying, "Lord, pity the people."

* Adam's Private Thoughts on Religion.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

ABOUT COAL.

THE Coal mentioned in scripture was charcoal, as there is no coal in Palestine or Arabia.

Coal is a Saxon word. The first mention of it in English records was in 852.

Henry III., in 1259, granted a charter to the people at Newcastle to get coal.

Edward I., in 1306, issued a proclamation forbidding its use, because of the outcry against it.

In the same century the proclamation was repealed, and more was got and used.

In the reign of Charles I. coal was generally used, where the people could get it.

In 1670 about 250,000 chaldrens were consumed; in 1770 more than double that quantity.

The average quantity now consumed in Great Britain is about sixty millions of tons.

Our consumption of coal is three times greater than of all the coal-fields in the world.

Coal may be found as deep as 10,000 feet. But the difficulty is in ventilating the pits with fresh air at a lower depth than 4,000 feet, so that the men may work with comfort or safety.

The great question is—how long will our coal last? Many answers have been given; but the nearest to the fact appears to be, that at the present rate of consumption it will last 1000 years. But it may be that more new coal-fields may yet be discovered in our islands.

Hints.

REST IS MEDICINE.—The hard-working man does not want telling how sweet and refreshing rest is; but men who eat too much should let their stomachs rest; and men of business and scholars should let their brains rest.

THE SABBATH-DAY, or one day in seven for rest, to say nothing of religion, is a better institution for man and beast than the wit of man ever devised.

AN INFIDEL told a christian that he always spent the sabbath in settling his accounts. Do you, was the reply, the day of judgment will be spent in that way.

RECREATION.—He that spends all his time in amusements is soon satiated. He is like a man dining on currant jelly, without the leg of mutton, bread, potatoes, or salt.

LET YOUR RECREATIONS be moderate, seasonable, and lawful. They will then refresh you for new labour, and sweeten its toils.

REFORMATION, like charity, must always begin at home; and then, like charity, it will soon travel abroad and do its own good work to others.

RESIGNATION is a comforting cordial to the soul. When any sad thing happens to us, it teaches us to say, this might have been worse. When Fenelon saw his valuable library on fire, he said, "I thank God that it is not a poor man's cottage."

"HOW CAN YOU BEAR IT?" was once asked of one who had been called to endure a painful affliction. "It lightens the stroke," was his reply, "by thinking of Him who handles the rod."

Gems.

ON REPENTANCE.

ITANCE is man's first step
. way back to his heavenly
'. Except he repent he must
.

PENTANCE, to be true and
ne, must not be so much from
ı fear of the Judge, as from
love of the Father we have
d.

'ENTANCE is the opposite and
ntrast of pride. Pride puffeth
ut Repentance humbles a man
dust before God.

ENTANCE, when it works aright,
ı makes a man willing to know
ry worst of himself.

'ENTANCE not only sets the
· to work in searching his own
but it leads him to say,
'ch me, O God, and try me."

'ENTANCE soon dies out in
art of a man if it be of that
nly which arises from dread
ıishment.

'ENTANCE is kept alive in the
ɔy a constant contemplation
cross of Christ It is there
ɜt learn why we should repent.

'ENTANCE is a gift from Christ
ı power of the Spirit. He is
d in heaven as a Prince and a
ır to bestow it.

'ENTANCE will always be re-
l of us so long as we are im-
t. So long as we commit
n we must repent of it.

PENTANCE is a preservative
sin. That is a spurious re-
ıce which sins again and
that the grace of forgiveness
bound.

'ENTANCE sheds tears, but they
ore precious than rubies, for
ıuts them in his bottle. They
ıore lasting than diamonds,
nore lovely than pearls, for
ɪill form gems in the crown of
at fadeth not away.

Poetic Selections.

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

A DREADFUL storm a barque assailed,
The waves roll'd mountains high,
The stoutest hearts then quaked with fear
On seeing danger nigh.

But there was one who stood composed
Amidst the raging storm,
While his dear wife and little ones
Were trembling with alarm.

Sadly distress'd his wife at length
Thus to her husband said,—
"I am surprised in this dread storm
That you are not dismay'd."

Then from its sheath he drew his sword,
And held the glitt'ring blade
Near his wife's breast, and said to her,
"Are you not now afraid?"

"Oh, no," she instantly replied;
"Why not, my dear," said he;
"Because that sword is held by one
Who ne'er will injure me."

Then to his wife did he reply,
"What need have I to fear?
My heavenly Father's gracious hand
I feel assured is near.

He who controls the stormy winds,
And holds the raging sea
Within the hollow of his hand,
Will still take care of me."

Ye troubled souls, dismiss your fears,
Let faith's discerning eye
Pierce through the cloud, and rest assured
Your Father's arm is nigh.

When clouds and darkness hide his face,
He is your Father still;
There's not a promise he has given
But he will well fulfil.

Though dark and dreary be the way,
And loud the tempests' roar,
He'll be your guide till landed safe
On Canaan's peaceful shore.

Newport, I. W. J. D.

The Children's Corner.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

The interesting memoir of the Rev. Samuel Kilpin, late of Exeter, contains the following beautiful tale:—

"In the school were two boys, Paul and James, brothers, from eleven to twelve years old. One of them had, after repeated admonition, manifested a determined obstinacy and sulky resistance. Mr. Kilpin told him, that the result of such conduct would be a chastisement not easily to be forgotten. He was preparing to inflict it on the still hardened child, when his brother Paul came forward, and entreated that he might bear the punishment in the place of his brother. Mr. Kilpin remarked, 'My dear Paul, you are one of my best boys, you have never needed chastisement; your mind is tender; I could not be so unjust as to give you pain, my precious child.' The dear lad said, 'I shall endure more pain to witness his disgrace, than anything you can inflict on me; he is a little boy, and younger and weaker than I am; pray, sir, allow me to take all the punishment; I will bear anything from you; O do, do, sir, take me in exchange for my naughty brother!' 'Well James, what say you to this noble offer of Paul's?' He looked at his brother, but made no reply. Mr. Kilpin stood silent. Paul still entreated for the punishment, that it might be finished, and wept. Mr. K. said, 'Did you ever hear of any one who bore stripes and insults to shield offenders, Paul?' 'O yes, sir, the Lord Jesus Christ gave his back to the smiters, and his cheeks to them that plucked off the hair. O, sir, pardon James for my sake, and let me endure the pain. I can bear it.' 'But your brother does not seek pardon for himself, why should you feel this anxiety, my dear Paul; does not he deserve correction?' 'O yes, sir, he has broken the rules of the school, after repeated warnings. You have said he must suffer; therefore, as I know you would not speak an untruth, and the laws must be kept, and he is sullen and will not repent, what can be done, sir? Please to take me, because I am stronger than he.' The boy then threw his arms round his brother's neck, and wetted his sulky, hardened face with tears of tenderness. This was rather more than poor James could stand. His tears began to flow, his heart melted, he sought forgiveness, and embraced his brother! Mr. Kilpin clasped both the boys in his arms, and prayed for a blessing upon them from Him, of whom it is said, 'He was wounded for our transgressions.'"

THE VIRGINIAN MILLWRIGHT.

F. WAYLAND, of Providence, Rhode Island, America, in ›rk on Religious "Principles and Practices," advocates the ›uragement of plain pious men in teaching and preaching ıs Christ according to their ability and opportunity; and tions one very pleasing instance. The narrative reminds ›f the "Normanton Blacksmith" in Leicestershire, one dred years ago. We love to hear of such humble attempts o good. Working men, after all, are the best preachers to ting men; and JOHN WESLEY never did a better thing when he set converted bricklayers, and carpenters, and makers, and tailors, to such work as this. It seems that millwright was a Baptist; but was brought to the know- e of Christ under a sermon by a Presbyterian minister. give the narrative as Dr. W. relates it, and should have › the same had the millwright been a Wesleyan, or Inde- lent, or a Churchman; our object in giving it not being arian, but the encouragement of plain pious men of every ›mination who love the Saviour, to do what they can to g others to HIM.

r. W., after pleading for working preachers, says:—

do not know that I can close this paper better than by rting a passage in the life of the late Dr. Alexander, of ceton, one of the most learned and able teachers of theology, one of the most eloquent preachers that this country has uced.

Mr. Yarborough took occasion to inform us that there was ıptist preacher in his employment as a millwright, who d be at the house as soon as his work was finished. ›rdingly, about the dusk of the evening, an old man in se garb, with leathern apron, and laden with tools, entered ıouse and took his seat on the stairs. Neither Mr. Grigsby I had ever been acquainted with uneducated preachers, we were struck with astonishment that this carpenter ld pretend to preach. When we retired, Mr. Shelburne, was his name, was put into the same room with us. I ı desire to question him respecting his call to the ministry, ıg it for granted that the old man was ignorant. I there- began by asking him what he considered to be a call to the stry? Mr. Shelburne perceived the drift of my question, instead of giving a general answer, proceeded to a narra-

tive of his own experience, and to state the circumstances which led him to suppose that God had called him to be a preacher. The substance of his story was as follows:—

'I was born in one of the lower counties of Virginia, and when young was put to learn the carpenter's trade. Until I was a man grown and had a family, I never heard any preaching but from ministers of one denomination, and did not even know that there were any others. About this time came into the neighbourhood a Presbyterian minister, by the name of Martin, whom I went to hear; and before he was done, I was convinced that I was in a lost and undone condition. He made no stay, and I heard no more of him for some time. But a wound had been left in my conscience which I knew not how to get healed, and no one about me could give any good advice as to a cure. I went from day to day under a heavy burden, bewailing my miserable state, till at length my distress became so great, that I could neither eat nor sleep with any peace or comfort. My neighbours said I was falling into melancholy, or going mad, but not one of them had any knowledge, from experience, of the nature of my distress. Thus I continued, mourning over my miserable case, for weeks and months. I was led, however, to read constantly in the Bible; but this rather increased than lessened my distress; until one sabbath evening I saw, as clearly as I ever saw anything, how I could be saved through the death of Christ. I was filled with comfort, and yet sorrow for my sins flowed more copiously than ever. I praised God aloud, and immediately told my wife that I had found salvation; and when any of my neighbours came to see me, I told them of the goodness of God, and what he had done for my soul, and how he had pardoned all my sins. As I spoke freely of the wonderful change I had experienced, it was soon noised abroad, and many came to see me, and to hear an account of the matter from my own mouth.

On sabbath evenings my house would be crowded, and when I had finished my narrative, I was accustomed to give them a word of exhortation. And as I could be better heard when standing, I stood and addressed my neighbours without any thought of preaching. After proceeding for some time in this way, I found that several others began to be awakened by what they heard from me, and appeared to be brought through the new birth much as I had been. This greatly encouraged me to proceed in my work, and God was pleased to bless my

humble labours to the conversion of many. All this time I did no more than relate my own experience, and then exhort my neighbours to seek unto the Lord for mercy.

Thus was I led on from step to step, until at length I actually became a preacher, without intending it. Inquirers would frequently come to me for counsel, as I had been the first among them to experience the grace of God; and that I might be able to answer their questions I was induced to study the Bible continually; and often, while at work, particular passages would be opened to my mind; which encouraged me to hope that the Lord had called me to instruct those that were more ignorant than myself; and when the people would collect at my house, I explained to them those passages which had been opened to my mind. All this time I had no instruction in spiritual matters from any man, except the sermons which I heard now and then from Mr. Martin. But after a few years there came a baptist preacher into our neighbourhood, and I found that his doctrine agreed with my experience, and with what I had learned out of the Bible. I travelled about with him, and was encouraged by him to go on in the exercise of my gift of public speaking; but was told by him that there was one duty which I was required to perform, which was, that I should be baptized according to the command of Christ. And, as we rode along, we came to a certain water, and I said, See, here is water, what doth hinder me to be baptized? Upon which we both went down into the water, and he baptized me by immersion, into the names of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. From that time I have continued until this day, testifying to small and great, to white and black, repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ; and not without the pleasure of seeing many sinners forsaking their sins, and turning unto God.

Now,' said he 'you have heard the reasons which induce me to believe that God has called me to preach the gospel to the poor and ignorant. I never consider myself qualified to instruct men of education and learning. I have always felt badly when such have come to hear me. But as for people of my own class, I believed that I could teach them many things which they needed to know; and in regard to such as had become pious, I was able, by study of the Bible and meditation, to go before them, so that to them also I could be in some measure a guide. I lament my want of learning, and

am deeply convinced that it is useful to the ministry of the gospel; but it seems so me that there are different gifts now as of old, and one man may be suited to one part of the Lord's work, and another to another part. And I do not know but that poor and ignorant people can understand my coarse and familiar language better than the discourses of the most learned and eloquent men. I know their method of thinking and reasoning, and how to make things plain by illustrations and comparisons adapted to their capacities and their habits.'

When the old millwright had finished his narrative, I felt much more inclined to doubt my own call to the ministry, than that of James Shelburne. Much of the night was spent in this conversation, while my companion was enjoying his usual repose. We talked freely about the doctrines of religion, and were mutually gratified at finding how exactly our views tallied. From this night James Shelburne became an object of my high regard, and he gave abundant testimony of his esteem for me. Whenever I visited that part of the country, he was wont to ride many miles to hear me preach, and was pleased to declare that he had never heard any of the ministers of his own denomination with whose opinions he could so fully agree, as with mine. I had the opportunity of hearing him preach several times, and was pleased not only with the soundness of his doctrine, but the unaffected simplicity of his manner. His discourses consisted of a series of judicious remarks, expressed in the plainest language, and in a conversational tone, until he became, by degrees, warmed by his subject, when he fell into a singing tone, but nothing like what was common with almost all baptist preachers of the country at that time. As he followed his trade from day to day, I once asked him how he found time to study his sermons? to which he replied, that he could study better at his work, on his legs, with his hammer in his hand, than if sitting shut up and surrounded with books. When he passed the seventieth year of his age, he gave up work, and devoted himself entirely to preaching. Being a man of firm health, he travelled to a considerable distance, and preached nearly every day. On one of these tours, after I was settled in Charlotte county, I saw him for the last time. The old man appeared to be full of zeal and love, and brought the spirit of the gospel into every family which he visited. He was evidently ripening for heaven; and, accordingly, not long after, he finished his course with joy."

Poetry.

"GOD KEEP ME."

"God keep me!" When the fiery waves
  Of human passions roll,
Like the dread tempest's wasting breath,
  Across my sin-tossed soul;
When human strength is all in vain
  To stay the surges high,
Then from the troubled depths, my heart
  "God keep me," still shall cry.

When sorrow presses to my lips
  The cup of bitter grief,
And from its desolate despair
  My heart finds no relief;
When foes oppress and friends forsake,
  And clouds fill all the sky,
In sorrow, suffering, and despair,
  "God keep me," still I'll cry.

And when upon life's farthest verge
  My trembling soul shall stand,
Fearful yet longing for the rest
  Of the bright Promised Land;
O! then, as fails my mortal breath,
  And fades my weary eye,
In fervent hope, and trusting faith,
  "God keep me" I will cry.

S. S. S.

Anecdotes and Selections.

OBLE ANSWER OF A MARTYR.—"Do you love your wife and children, and will you not recant for all these?" said an isitor, in the time of the Netherlands persecution, to a poor ol-master, who had been arrested for Bible reading. "God vs," answered the poor school-master, "that were the earth a of gold, and the stars all pearls, and they my own, I would them all to have my wife and children with me, though I must on bread and water, and in bondage; yet neither for life, nor nor earth, nor stars, can I renounce Jesus, my Redeemer." the heart of the inquisitor moved? No! He only racked his m till he died.

Rejoice Alway.—A gloomy christian! is such a thing possible?—is it ever true? Unhappily, we must say that there are some gloomy christians. But is it christianity that makes them gloomy? No, no. It is not their religion that makes them sad; it is the want of religion. If any one should be happy and cheerful, it is the christian. For is he not a son of God, a joint heir with Christ to an heavenly inheritance? Is not Christ his elder brother, shepherd, and Saviour? Surely there is no sadness in any of these things. Then why, when the prospect is so glorious, be depressed, as if there were not a Sun of Righteousness? Fellow-christian, when you pass your life sad and downcast, do you know what your depression implies? It implies *doubt* and *unbelief*—doubting of God's goodness and his ability and willingness to save; disbelief in his promise to save to the uttermost all who come unto him by Jesus. Gloomy christian, you are very guilty. Does your religion make you gloomy? Be assured, then, that yours is not the religion of the gospel; it is something else wholly different. Peace in believing, and joy in the Holy Ghost, is what true religion brings. If you are sad, christian, sin is the cause of your sadness. If there is a load on your conscience, it is sin. If there is a cloud between you and the mercy-seat, sin has raised it. Then fellow christian, delay not, but find out the sin, and have it washed away in that fountain opened for just such a sinner as you are, so that you may joy and rejoice in the God of your salvation.

The Lonely Cottager.—A pious cottager, residing in the centre of a wide and dreary heath, being asked by a christian visitor, "Are you not sometimes afraid in your lonely situation, especially in winter?" "O no, sir, for faith shuts the door at night, and mercy opens it in the morning." Cottagers, what are your feelings on retiring to rest, and as you arise in the morning? Do they afford similar confidence to this poor believer, and with her do you also say,

"I lay my body down to rest,
Since thou wilt not remove,
And in the morning let me rise,
Rejoicing in thy love."

And if so, you will surely exclaim, "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

Believers in Birds.—The old Romans, and other heathen nations were great believers in birds, and to this day there are some stupidly ignorant people in England, who would sooner believe in a magpie than the Bible. We have read of a man who when told he must not go a journey because one of these ill-omened birds was flying about close by, went for his gun and shot it. "There!" said he, "how could that bird predict my destiny, when it did not know its own."

A Tale for the Times.—"Old Jonathan" tells a tale, which for well-known reasons, will do for these times. This is it. Bishop Thomas, of Salisbury, used to tell with much glee that when he was chaplain of the British factory at Hamburg, a gentleman of the factory being ill, was ordered into the country for the benefit of the air; accordingly he went to a village about ten miles distant, but after some time died there; upon this, application was made to the parson of the parish, for leave to bury him in the churchyard. The parson inquired what his religion was, and was told that he was a Calvinist. "No," says he, "there are none but Lutherans in my churchyard, and there shall be no other." "This," says Dr. Thomas, "was told me, and I wondered that any man of learning or understanding should have any such ideas. I resolved to take my horse, and go and argue the matter with him, but found him inflexible; at length I told him he made me think of a circumstance which once happened to myself, when I was curate of a church in Thames Street: I was burying a corpse, and a woman came, and pulled me by the sleeve in the midst of the service—'Sir, sir, I want to speak to you.'—'Pr'ythee,' says I, 'woman, wait till I have done.'—'No, sir, I must speak to you immediately.'—'Why, then, what is the matter?'—'Why, sir,' says she, 'you are burying a man who died of the small-pox next my poor husband, who never had it.' This story had the desired effect, and the curate permitted the bones of the poor Calvinist to be laid in his churchyard."

Palissy, the Potter.—Palissy, a celebrated French potter, who was a Protestant, was condemned, along with two females, to be burnt to death. King Henry III. of France, urged him to give up his religion and turn Papist; otherwise he said, "*I shall be compelled* to send you to the stake." Palissy replied, "Your majesty has said several times that you felt pity for me; but it is I who pity you, who have said, '*I am compelled.*' That is not speaking like a king! These girls and I, who have part in the kingdom of heaven, will teach you to talk royally. Your guards, your people, and yourself, cannot compel a poor potter to bow down to an image of clay! That is talking royally."

A Neglected Treasure.—A very singular tale has appeared lately in one of our newspapers. A nobleman gave a celebrated actress a Bible, telling her there was a "treasure" in it. She thinking he meant religion, laid the Bible aside. She died, and all she had was sold. The person who bought the Bible, on turning over its leaves, found a £500 note in it; and now the lawyers are setting their wits to work to discover who is the rightful owner of the money. Poor creature! had she read that book she might not only have found the note, but "one pearl of great price."

THE KING AND THE BISHOP.—A Bishop well known to I George III. introduced a clever young clergyman to preach be his Majesty. The bishop, who thought his young friend had well, said to the King, "Does not your majesty think that young man is likely to make a good clergyman?" The King, i own short quick way at once said, "It may have been a very sermon, my lord; but I consider no sermon good that has not of Christ in it."

The Fireside.

MY WIFE.

WRITTEN BY AN INVALID.

I HEARD her, O, how cautiously,
  Open my bedroom door;
I heard her step as noiselessly,
  To my couch across the floor;
I felt her hand my temples press,
  Her lips just touching mine;
And in my anguish and distress,
  'T were sinful to repine.
Our pilgrimage is nearly through—
  We've passed life's mountain brow;
I thought I loved her years ago—
  I know I love her now.

Her face was bending over mine,
  Her warm tears on my cheek;
Her whispered prayer of thought divine,
  Rose fervently but meek.
Her bosom rested on my arm,
  I felt its tremulous throe;
I knew the cause of its alarm,
  And felt its source of woe.
And then the blood my system through
  Came pressing on my brow—
I thought I loved her years ago—
  I know I love her now.

Thus watched that tried and patient one,
  By night as well as day,
In sadness and almost alone,
  Till weeks had passed away.
Bereft of sleep—deprived of rest—
  Oppressed—borne down with care,
Till, O, her labours have been blest,
  For God has heard her prayer.
Her cheek resumes its wonted glow,
  And placid is her brow—
I thought I loved her years ago—
  I know I love her now.

The Penny Post Box.

A POETIC EPISTLE,

ON HERE AND HEREAFTER.

By a Working-man.

HERE man is born to trouble, as sparks will upward fly;
His life will like a bubble burst, for all are born to die;
And often 'tis a conflict sore with poverty and pain—
Thank God there is a rest above if we are "born again."

Hereafter in that better land no trouble shall annoy,
But all will be light, life, and love, and everlasting joy;
There shall the blood-washed gather, and all the ransom'd meet,
To sing one endless song of praise around the Saviour's seat.

Here foes beset us all around to tempt our feet astray;
Here we have need of daily grace to keep us in the way;
Here we must wage a deadly war with flesh, the world, and sin,
And fight, and fight, and never tire till we the victory win.

Hereafter in that better world one foe shall ne'er be found,
But every one shall be a friend o'er all that heavenly ground;
No inward fighting shall we know, nor any such like thing,
But songs of joy and victory we shall for every sing.

Here loving friends together join with willing hand and heart;
But oh! how soon, alas! how soon, they may be called to part!
Death strikes the fairest of them all, and robs them of their bloom,
And loving friends are borne away into the silent tomb.

Hereafter, in that better world, on that immortal shore,
We hope to meet, and when we meet shall meet to part no more;
There no disease will e'er invade, or pestilential breath
Bring down our strength, and better still, there will be no more death.

Here we but know in little part the glories of that land
Where seraphim, and cherubim, and blood-bought sinners stand;
Here faith at times grows very weak, and darkening clouds arise,
But trusting in the Strong for strength we press towards the prize.

Then cheer up, mortal pilgrim, for thy journey soon will end,
And hope in heaven with Jesus Christ eternal life to spend.
Go on and never weary, but heavenly things pursue,
Till faith shall all be turned to sight, and heaven appears in view.

Birmingham. R. C.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

Name.	State.	Date.
George Washington..	Vir. ..	1789
John Adams.....	Mas...	1797
Thomas Jefferson....	Vir. ..	1801
James Madison	Vir. ..	1809
James Monroe	Vir. ..	1817
John Quincy Adams..	Mas...	1825
Andrew Jackson	Ten...	1829
Martin Van Buren ..	N.Y...	1837
William H. Harrison	Ohio ..	1841
John Tyler	Vir. ..	1841
James Knox Polk....	Ten...	1845
Zachary Taylor.....	Lou...	1849
Millard Fillmore	N.Y...	1850
Franklin Pierce	N.H...	1853
James Buchanan	Pen...	1857
Abraham Lincoln....	Ken...	1861

Of the first seven Presidents, five were re-elected to office, while not one of the subsequent eight held office beyond the term of four years. In two cases the President died, and the Vice-President succeeded to office for the remainder of the term, according to the provision of the Constitution.

Hints.

ON SLANDER.

Samuel Haynes, a coloured American preacher, would never repeat a slander against any one. He used to say, "let the devil carry his own mail, and bear his own expense."

There is much wisdom in this remark, and it is capable of a variety of applications. When assaults are made upon any one, in points where he is sustained by a consciousness of right, in a vast majority of cases silence is the most effective defence. For, to formally refute slander, he must first extend the publication of it; that is, must sustain the expense of carrying the devil's mail, and convey to many the information which they would not otherwise have had, that he has been subjected to imputations of wrong. And, as, "a lie will travel from Maine to Georgia while truth is putting on its boots," there is little encouragement to run down a falsehood by an earnest refutation. And yet, with rare exceptions, it is not needful; a little faith and patience will serve one quite as well as laboured vindications. Habitual integrity is the best defence. Let a foul breath be breathed upon a diamond, and it will soon regain its wonted lustre.

Mr. Haynes once practised on this principle as follows:—An unprincipled man overtook him in the road, and said, "Mr. Haynes, have you heard the scandalous reports that are abroad about you?" He calmly replied, "I have heard nothing." The man proceeded, in profane and abusive language, to give the details, and allege that they were true; and that they would ruin his character. Mr. Haynes walked on in silence till he reached his own house, when he turned to the slanderer and said, "Well, Mr. ———, you see what disgrace my conduct has brought upon me, according to your own account. I want you to take warning from me, to forsake your evil course, and save your character from disgrace." They parted. But the next day, the man came with an humble acknowledgment, asking forgiveness. Thus did assaults give new lustre to this patient man's character.

Gems.

ON PRAYER.

as we know, prayer forms a
every system of religion on

who declines prayer in the
prosperity, will not find it
the day of adversity.
er not offered in the name of
is unavailing. The reason is
alone is worthy.
ime, nor place, nor form, nor
, is displeasing to God, if the
right. If the heart is wrong,
rong.
nily that never prays covets
, and courts wrath. Better
d than no prayer.
e who would pray aright must
to Christ and say, "Lord,
s to pray."
ayer that has no faith in it,
a human body without a soul
It is dead and loathsome.
petitions in prayer are not for-
, but only "vain repetitions."
er heard of a dying man com-
g that he had wasted any part
life in hearty prayer.
e wants nothing but believ-
ayer to turn every promise
performance.
gift of prayer may have
with men; but it is the grace
er that has power with God.
ere was more prayer, there
be more converts and fewer
more penitents and fewer
s in all our churches.
can pray if we say nothing.
pray at any time and any-
For prayer is wishing, and
an pray when we are at work.
ust pray more. The great
of my life has been in not
as often and as fervently as
d. I would pray always with
yer. Revive me, O Lord!
hou my mouth. Put a live
my lips.

Poetic Selections.

A MIDNIGHT MEDITATION.

At my door I stand and gaze
Up to yonder starry maze,
In the firmament on high
Of the blue ethereal sky;
Whilst the ruler of the night
Shines most beautiful and bright;
And, as I gaze upon the scene,
I think what time will intervene
Ere I reach yon world above;
For I hope I'm on the way
Leading to the realms of day;
And we have this promise sure,
That if we for Christ endure,
We shall find eternal rest.
Oh, the pleasures of the blest!
Oh! how rich and full they are;
Purer than the evening star.
Clothed with radiance divine,
We shall in his glory shine.
Though yon glorious orbs above,
Display Almighty power and love,
Yet they cannot speak and tell
Of the hand that guides them well.
Have ye measured heaven's height?
Tell me, silvery rays of light.
Have ye seen the eternal throne?
Tell me, winds that sigh and moan,
Have you seen this Burne great,
Sitting on his throne of state?
No; nor can we ever know
Till we leave this world below,
And rise to that exalted state,
How wise he is, how good, how great.
But, though we cannot Him conceive,
Yet it does our mind relieve
When we think of Him who came—
Blessed be his glorious name!—
From his Father's throne above,
To reveal his grace and love.
Jesus, I can look at thee,
And in thy face thy Father see,
Full of pity and of grace,
For the sons of mortal race.
Now, by thy good Spirit show
I am thine while here below;
Then, if faithful to thy grace,
I shall soon behold thy face;
And in full felicity,
Spend eternal life with thee;
All that power and glory know,
Which I could not here below!

Lambeth. W. C.

The Children's Corner.

THE WONDER OF WONDERS.

"And what is the greatest wonder?" says my young reader. "I have heard of many wonders. Wonders in heaven, and wonders on earth; of wonderful buildings, wonderful men, and wonderful exploits done by them; but what is the greatest wonder of all?" The greatest wonder of all, my young friend, the wonder of wonders, a wonder at which the greatest and best of men have been astonished; and what is more, angels, high in glory, regard with the utmost wonder and astonishment, is, that the divine Son of God should leave heaven and become man for man to die.

On the cross he conquered death, and him that had the power of death, even the devil. He died, but

He conquer'd when he fell,
'Tis finish'd said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.

He rose again from the dead—he ascended to glory—he is now exalted as a Prince and a Saviour at the right hand of God; and to him every knee shall bow, of things in heaven, and things on earth, and things under the earth, and every tongue confess that he is Lord to the glory of God the Father. Yes, my young reader, his name shall be remembered when the names of Alexander, Cæsar, Buonaparte, and Wellington shall be forgotten. All men shall be blessed in him, all call him blessed; in every land his name shall be known, his praises sung.—

For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And princes throng to crown His head;
While infant voices shall proclaim,
Their early blessings on his Name.

The victory he obtained on Calvary over satan, death, and hell, shall never be forgotten. For then he spoiled principalities and powers, and finished the salvation of deathless millions of the human race. Blessed Jesus!—

Thy victories and thy deathless fame,
Through the wide world shall run!
And endless ages shall proclaim,
The triumphs thou hast won!

Young Reader, learn to form a proper estimate of the glory and honour of the matchless Saviour. Let your bosom glow with the warmest admiration of his character, and above all give him your heart; submit to his authority, and sing

My heart, thy throne
Blest Jesus see,
Bows low to thee,
To thee alone!

A REVIVAL IN A SHIP.

'HE American Ship "Forbes" left Boston in June, 1860. On oard were some Missionaries to Burmah. From their letters he following pleasing facts are selected. One says:—

"This is our seventy-ninth day from Boston; and as this eautiful little clipper ship always makes rapid passages, I uppose you are thinking of us, as being already far up in the Bay of Bengal, near to our destined port. But we have met with calms and light and baffling winds, so that although we ave sailed past every vessel we overtook, we are only three days rom the island of St. Paul's. A strong breeze is now speeding is on towards Rangoon, which port we hope to gain in three weeks more.

I write to you these few lines to send direct from that place, as I know that all our dear christian friends at home will be anxious to hear from us. But where shall I begin, or what shall I say, of all the goodness and mercy that have followed us? It is little to say that our voyage thus far has been pleasant, that we have received every kindness and attention from the gentlemanly captain and officers of this ship, and that as passengers we have been a united and happy band. Tell all our dear friends, and especially those who accompanied us to the ship, and there publicly commended us to God, that their prayers have been answered. The holy influence that encircled us, as they sent us off with prayer and the song of praise, has followed us out upon these restless waters. God has visited us in great mercy, and poured salvation upon us. We are sent with a message of mercy to poor idolators; but we have found delightful work on our way to them. Souls on board this ship have wept for sin, and bowed to the sceptre of mercy. Our ship's company, twenty in all, is composed of Americans, English, Scotch, Germans, Norwegians, French and Spanish. All have appeared uniformly respectful and ready for conversation and books, of which, I am happy to say, there is a ship's library. We have usully had preaching on deck every sabbath morning, attended by all. At 7 P.M., we held a short service with the men, forward, and closed up every day with social worship in the cabin, which is attended by the officers not on duty.

The interest and solemnity steadily increased from the first, which called forth earnest prayer that God would show Himself among us. A few days ago, we proposed to spend an hour

of the 'dog watch' daily with the men. It was only among boxes and barrels and coils of rope that a place could be found; and there we daily met, every one forgetting the place, awed by the presence of God's Spirit, and sensible that Jesus of Nazareth was passing by, ready to bless them even there. Yesterday was a day we shall never forget. At the close of the morning service on the deck, the question was asked whether we should assemble for a second service at 3 P. M. Every hand was raised for it. At afternoon worship we could see that some were rejoicing; others were burdened and weeping for sin. We went forward to meet the men as usual at evening, and the Spirit of God came down with mighty power. The men prayed, and sobbed, and wept aloud. One, a Norwegian, arose with that determined air that showed what a struggle it was for him to break from the grasp of the devil, who would close his lips in silence, and said, 'I must speak in my own language,' and then in broken English and Danish, told us that he was sunk deep in the slough of sin; he had long wished to be a christian, but knew not the way. Another and another spoke of their perishing condition; day and night they found no peace. One had been a sabbath school scholar and teacher, had a pious mother in Scotland, who three years ago had written him, asking him to promise her that he would read a portion of scripture every day: but he had not complied; he had gone deep into sin, and so had not written her at all, and yet said he with sobs, 'That dear mother has all the time been praying for me.' One interesting lad came up and said, 'I cannot forget what you said to-day about the Bible; that it was God's letter of love, sent all the way from heaven to counsel and direct us. How happy we are when we receive a letter from home in some distant port. I have lost my father and mother; but I am going to take God for my father, give my heart to Him and obey his word.' Some of our number are in the deepest agony of soul. They evidently know what it is to feel that they are 'in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity.' Among these are our dear captain and his first officer. Our prayers and deepest sympathies go out to God for them.

Monday evening.—My heart is full to overflowing. The commander of our ship, both his officers, and several of the men, are hoping in Christ. Angels must have beheld the scenes of this evening with joy. We went forward at the

usual hour of prayer with the men. At the conclusion of the introductory exercises, the first mate arose, and addressed the men very touchingly and knelt down and prayed for them. Next arose our dear captain, and in most touching and appropriate language, told us what God had done for him. The whole crew, composed of hardy sailors, unaccustomed to weep amid scenes of peril and danger and death, whose hearts had been hardened by long years of sin in every port, now literally bowed their heads and wept like children. He then offered a most fervent and appropriate prayer for them; and never shall I forget how he invoked the blessing of God on us his passengers, and on our work. Several of the men followed, giving utterance to the deep emotions of their souls in broken accents and 'diverse tongues.' O, may He who is stronger than the strong man armed, liberate every soul on board this ship, and fold them in His loving arms.

I often wonder that christians on the land do not feel more interest for seamen. How greatly are landsmen indebted to them!—What a life of danger, privation, and separation from friends, home, and home influences is theirs! No class of people are more open to kind christian labour. None need Christ and the comforts of religion more, and no class can do more good than converted seamen; for with Christ in their hearts, they are missionaries to witness for God in every foreign land they visit.

I wish to speak a word of encouragement to christian mothers, and to all who have loved ones far away on the sea, perhaps they know not where. I have seen the mighty influences of prayer concentrate from widely different points on this ship. One says, I have a praying mother in Scotland. Says a second, 'Far away in Norway dear friends pray for me, and write nothing but christian letters.' 'Yes,' says a third, 'I have a dear pious sister there.' Yes, the wayward, prodigal sailor boy may be reached by the power of prayer, when all other efforts are put forth in vain.

But I must close. Unite with us in praise and thanksgiving to God. Pray for us, that all this goodness of the Lord that has passed before us, may strengthen and encourage our hearts, and prepare us in his name and strength to carry Immanuel's war into the strongest holds of satan in these lands of idolatry which we are rapidly nearing, and to God be given all the glory!"

Another writes:—"Before we had been two weeks out Boston, we lost a man overboard; and we found afterwards th he was the only one of all the men prepared for such a sudd death. There was no indication observable that this startli and solemn event was sanctified to any of the crew, unless was in the growing attention to the preaching, and gener eagerness to read religious books and tracts.

But within the last month, our ship has been turned into Bethel for prayer. All of a sudden it was found that ma strong men were bowed as before a storm, and wrestling wi themselves and their God. I never saw such distress of min in some instances bordering on despair. Men stood at t wheel weeping, the captain rising up early in the morning, h eyes red and swollen with whole nights of weeping and praye We trembled at these displays of God's power; and with o accord besieged the throne of grace in their behalf; and felt that God permitted us to come very near to Him, givi us assurance that our petitions would be granted. One aft another began to express a hope in Jesus, until we have be permitted to see the captain, both mates, the ship's carpente the cook, and some ten or more of the crew declaring, at o evening meetings, their trust in Christ, and their peace of mi in Him.

It is not often that such a sight is beheld as that of captai officers, and crew, all meeting together evening after evenin praying, exhorting, and encouraging each other, in such sin plicity, love, and humbleness of mind. I wish some of o sceptical men could have witnessed these displays of Divi grace. I have seen a strong, athletic man, bowed over a c of ropes, refusing or unable to rise, trembling from head foot, weeping and sobbing, till his strength was exhausted, a he had to be helped up and led away; and such an one, aft a day or two, expressing his faith in Jesus and his peace mind. We have been reminded of the Pentecost, of the co version of Saul, of the jailor, and of Bunyan. We have h men of different tongues, praying, each in his own languag but in them all we could distinctly hear the all-prevailing na of Jesus. Some of the sailors have had dreadful struggles overcome, and dreadful sins to lament. Some strong men, w have been accustomed on the land to put their earnings in the hands infernal men, and then to drink, carouse, and figh *with bloody* face and 'wounds without cause,' until their mon

was gone, have here struggled forth from their filth and darkness, and now seem to sit 'at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in their right mind.' 'This is the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes.'

And now need I say more? God is with us. And will not the same God be with us in our work among the heathen? This, I trust, will prove a precious preparation for our work. It only sharpens our appetite for still greater things, and sends our hearts back in intense yearnings after the conversion of friends in our native land. And also we hope that God will cause these converted men to be useful to many more in our own and other lands."

Another says:—I hardly know how a voyage could be more pleasant than this has been. Our ship and accommodations are all that could be wished. The captain and officers have done everything in their power to promote our comfort and happiness, and the men, too, by their cheerful looks and quiet manner, have contributed their part; while we passengers, having so many points of common experience, all having laboured in the foreign field, and all leaving behind dear children, feel strong bonds of mutual and christian sympathy.

But what has knit all our hearts together, that we feel like one family, is that God has been among us and so manifested his grace, that we hope nearly every one on board now belongs to the 'household of faith,' and our own hearts have been filled with wonder, love, and praise. Many, many nights of earnest prayer, with hearts bowed down, our 'tears being our meat day and night,' and our cry, 'I cannot let Thee go except Thou bless me,' preceded the work of conversion. I never before so realized the beautiful plan of the gospel in leading christians to desire, and to struggle for souls; for then we were prepared to enter into the joy of the young convert. It was almost like living again our early christian experience; and has taught us new lessons of the blessedness of the gospel of Christ. The work commenced with the captain. He had a high respect for religion, and wished to possess it, but how to obtain it he knew not. When God began to teach him, he set himself earnestly to work. At the first he had no deep convictions or strong feelings in any way upon the subject, but wished to be a christian, and saw that he had something to do as well as to receive; and he set himself about it; as an earnest man would in a matter of business which he saw desirable and determined to accomplish.

He laid aside everything else, and spent the time not required in necessary care of the ship, in prayer and reading the Bible. Thus was he an earnest seeker for many days before he could be said to be much impressed, only he resolved to persevere. So it seems to me every candid man, who believes the truths of religion and will set himself thus to 'seek,' determined not to turn back, will certainly 'find.' Then God began to answer his prayers. His heart was made contrite, he wept on account of his sins and alienation of heart from God, and it was his tears and earnestness that so impressed others that they began to pray and weep; and the cloud big with mercy descended upon all our hearts. Clearer evidence of a genuine work of grace, than in the case of our captain, I think I have never before known. Our ship is a Bethel indeed. You will not wonder that we are grateful and happy in view of what God has done. To Him be all glory!"

Poetry.

THE CHRISTIAN'S VOYAGE.

JESUS, at thy command,
I launch into the deep;
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep:
For thee I would the world resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.

Thou art my pilot wise;
My compass thy word:
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord!
I trust thy faithfulness and power
To save me in the trying hour.

Though rocks and quicksands deep
Through all my passage lie;
Yet Christ will safely keep,
And guide me with his eye;
My anchor hope shall firm abide,
And I each boisterous storm outride.

By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest:
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast!
O may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more!

Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And storms forbear to toss;
Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh,
Lest I should suffer loss:
For more the treacherous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

Come, Holy Ghost, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace;
Waft me from all below,
To heaven, my destined place!
Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

Anecdotes and Selections.

CHRIST ALL, AND IN ALL.—No man can make too much of Christ. Paul says he *is all, and in all.* He says *we are complete in him.* The Scriptures agree in this view. The titles they give to Christ teach as much. He is called the Saviour, Redeemer, Deliverer, Mediator, Advocate, Intercessor, Prophet, Priest, King, Captain, Shepherd, Governor, Prince, Ransom, Sacrifice, Physician, Friend, Brother, the Way, the Truth, the Life, the Door, the true Bread, the Wonderful, the Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father. But the Scriptures expressly say, that he "of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." To be in him, is salvation begun. To be with him, is salvation completed. To be like him, is to have a sure pledge of endless bliss. It is better to suffer with him than to reign with any other. His name is as ointment poured forth. He is the bright and morning star, which arising in the soul dispels all darkness. He sometimes shows mercy to kings, but more commonly visits the poor. He is the Lord our righteousness. He is all our salvation. He dispenses all blessings in all worlds. He is Head over all things to the Church. He is the Sun of righteousness, whose light keeps earth visible, else it had long since been in the blackness of darkness.

THE MYSTERY OF THE CROSS.—O how full of mystery is the death of Christ! Why must the only-begotten Son of God, the brightness of his glory, the express image of his person, become incarnate, suffer, and die? O mystery of mysteries! An incarnate God, a suffering Christ and Saviour! How fearful and terrible must the divine law be, since the assumption of its penalty involved such sufferings—filling heaven and earth with darkness! How sad sin must be, since it could only be removed by such a sacrifice! The cross not only points up to the mysterious heights of divine love, but down to the mysterious depths of sin in the human heart. It stands forth equally the exponent of a mysteriously gracious Deity, and of a mysteriously depraved and lost humanity.

ONE DAY BEFORE DEATH.—Rabbi Eliezer said, "Turn to God one day before death." His disciples said, "How can a man know the day of his death?" He answered them, "Therefore turn to God to-day. Perhaps you may die to-morrow; thus every day will be employed in turning."

"BETTER LATE THAN NEVER!" True; but not better *too late* than never. With heaven or hell before a man, it is a fearful risk to tamper with a single hour. *Now* is late enough; next hour may be too late.

The Fireside.

HANNAH'S COTTAGE.

HANNAH'S was a lone cottage, four miles from the town, and nearly a quarter of a mile from the farm on which her husband was employed, and the occupants of which were their nearest neighbours. It was a rough, uncouth-looking building, with brick floors, large beams across the rooms, narrow casement windows scarcely made to open, and no ceilings to the upper chamber. When Hannah went to see the place, she thought it rather desolate and dreary. She half sighed for the neat papered rooms, sash windows, and boarded floors of the home of her parents and sisters; and she thought of the inconvenience of having so far to go to market, especially in winter time; and she feared she should find it sadly dull, for the woman who lived there before, told her that she had sometimes gone a week together without seeing a single passenger; that it was quite an event to hear the wheels of a carriage passing the end of the lane; and that she had laid out many a penny with the hawkers who passed by, just for the sake of having a bit of chat with them. A gloomy cloud overspread the usually cheerful countenance of Hannah as these depressing pictures of lonesomeness passed before her; but she soon corrected herself, and recollected that there was a bright side to the scene as well as a gloomy one—"If the old unfurnished house does look dull now, it will look better when it is nicely whitewashed and neatly furnished: and brother North has kindly offered to give us two or three evenings work to make the windows right. Then we have plenty of room, both within doors and without; a garden large enough to yield all the vegetables we want, and some for sale besides, and every convenience for washing and drying if I should be for taking in a little. And then the rent is so low; about as many shillings as brother Newman pays pounds, though he has not half as much room: but that is the difference between town and country. When I am busy at work, what does it signify to me whether many people pass by or few? The fewer, the less likely for me to be hindered by them. I shall have the more time to get all things in order against my husband comes home from work, and then it will be so cheerful and pleasant to sit and talk together by the fireside or in the shady arbour. And when I go to town on market days, it will be a treat to call and see my mothers and sisters; and in summer time, it will be a pleasant walk for them to come over and see me. So what we do not have one way we shall have another; and if we do but live in love, and have the favour of God with us, we may be quite as happy in this lonely cottage as in the gayest house in the town. *Ah! I have seen* those who, with every thing around them that

heart could wish, were not happy, because they were far from God, 'but it is good for me to draw near to God,' and if, by being much alone, I should be led to more communion with God, and find my meditation of him to be sweet, I shall not be disposed to pine for want of society."

The Penny Post Box.

PLAIN PREACHERS.

I was very much pleased with that tale you told us about the "Virginian Millwright." I wish we had more such plain preaching. Indeed, I think many of us might "teach and preach Jesus Christ" in some way or other if we tried; and we dont know till we do try. However, I shall say no more about that now, for I want to tell two more tales about plain preaching.

I recollect listening, when a boy, to a conversation between two ministers, the one an uneducated but a ready speaker; the other an educated man, and a writer of beautiful, clear, and logical sermons, but notorious for the hesitancy which he manifested whenever he attempted to preach "without notes." How is it, Brother L——," said the latter, "that you, without education, are able to get up, at a moment's warning, and speak so well, while I just as certainly fail as I attempt it?" "Well, Brother S——, I'll tell you. You're just like a rich farmer, who goes into his tool-house to get a hoe, and finds so many there that it is likely as not, after all, he goes off in a hurry with a poor one; while I am just like one of his men whom he hires out by the day, and who comes in the morning to the cornfield, all ready for work, *with his old hoe on his shoulder.*" The educated man very often fails from the mere excess of thought and good taste; while a man without education "goes off" in a steady stream of words, as if he were a rain-spout in a thunder-storm. "Many a full barrel," once said a witty friend of mine, "runs slower than a nearly empty one, which runs all the faster when so nearly out that it has to be propped up behind."

An aged minister, when preaching in New England some few years since, raising his voice with each succeeding word, and bringing down his clenched hand with amazing force upon the Bible at the last word of the sentence, exclaimed—"A deceitful, wicked man is not fit to serve either God, man, or devil!" Then, after a pause, he added, "And I'll tell you why. He is not fit to serve God, because he's unholy; he's not fit to serve man, because he's deceitful; and he's not fit to serve the devil, because he's not content with his wages. No," said the old man, "*he's not content with his wages.* No, no, my friends, the sinner is not satisfied with the wages which the devil gives, and he never will be—'for *the wages of sin is death.*' Sinners! sinners! strike for higher wages." A Plain Man.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

A FEW FACTS AND FIGURES OF TAXATION.

SOME 72 Millions of Pounds Sterling of taxation are now raised every year to defray the public expenditure of this kingdom. Of this sum about eighteen millions are raised from real property, while trade and commerce contribute about fifty-four millions. The effect of this enormous taxation is greatly to raise the price of the commodity taxed—which occasions the burden to fall at last upon the *consumer*. Were it not for this heavy taxation, good tea might be retailed at from 1s. 6d. to 2s. per lb. Low priced teas now pay a tax from 100 to 150 per cent., whilst the higher priced teas pay only from 15 to 20 per cent. The poor man pays a far larger proportionate share of taxation than the rich man—the poor man, it is calculated, pays from 35 to 45 per cent. of his income in taxation, whilst the rich man pays but from 7 to 10 per cent.

The [illegible]nual revenue from the Excise [illegible] appears to be upwards of forty [illegible] millions. Of this sum the [illegible]lass appears to pay about [illegible],000; the middle class, £15,00[illegible]; whilst the labouring class [illegible] 18,000,000. (The more is the [illegible] the chief of it is for spirits.

Now [illegible] what [illegible] represents [illegible] other, [illegible] path [illegible] and [illegible] 154,285 cwts., and would cover a similar footpath *with silver* for 742 miles. To move this sum with a horse and cart at the rate of 20 cwts. of shillings and sixpences each day, for six days in each week, would require twenty-four years thirty-seven weeks and four and three-quarter days.

Hints.

A WISE MAN, when asked how he got so much knowledge, replied, "By not being too proud to ask questions when I was ignorant."

LIFE IS SPENDING.—We have [illegible] but we always *lose* it; we have [illegible] *use* of it, but are always [illegible]

GOVERN YOUR PASSIONS.—[illegible] would not let them break out [illegible] fore a king or a prince, [illegible] before any one?

THE BEST TEACH[illegible] are those who teach [illegible] for they speak [illegible] words.

THAT [illegible] HEART is [illegible] mouth, [illegible] folly.

A [illegible] like a [illegible] he [illegible] p[illegible] [illegible]

same

Gems.

JESUS CHRIST, the holy par[illegible] of human nature, that man [illegible] unholy, might be made a par[illegible] of the divine nature.

OUR LOVE TO CHRIST both [illegible] and separates; it unites us t[illegible] and it separates us from the wor[illegible]

DIVINE LOVE is a loadstone wa[illegible] though it may make the nee[illegible] our souls tremble with fear, alw[illegible] fixes it at last on the Star of Be[illegible]lehem.

GOD HAS NO DUMB CHILDREN.—When born again in Christ Jesu[illegible] they have all the gift of speech, an[illegible] the first words they learn are "Abba Father."

THE PITH OF TRUE PIETY is [illegible] love the Saviour. Our hearts shou[illegible] beat with emotion when we think, [illegible] write, or talk of him; of all he has done, and all he will do for us.

COME TO CHRIST; and come just as you are. Wait not to look over either your good deeds or your [illegible] deeds. Forget them all for [illegible] moment, and come to him for [illegible]tion.

CHRIST WILL RECEIVE YOU! [illegible] says he will not? [illegible] says he will not, be he [illegible]

[illegible]r mind, man; never [illegible] "Christ hath said, [illegible] into me I will [illegible] That is enough [illegible] OOD OF CHRIS[illegible] as infinite [illegible]ever, wi[illegible] [illegible]ow our [illegible]ing

[illegible]rs.
[illegible]hey
[illegible]k by
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The impression
[illegible] recur still to my
[illegible] in the deep." It
[illegible]ief; but on Monday
[illegible]ession returned, and
[illegible]nce, "What can this
[illegible]iberation, the Mission-
[illegible]ard the "Maria" mail-
[illegible]26, they took an early
[illegible]eal on earth to all of them
[illegible] rose very high in the night,
[illegible]he party went to sleep.
[illegible]was stormy, and the wind right
[illegible]ock there was a cry of "Land!
[illegible]ctation was now revived and raised.
[illegible]asing incident that Mr. White's little
[illegible], opened the hymn-book, and gave out
[illegible]t of the children joined in singing; that
sense far above his years, to relate the
[illegible]rophet Jonas, and other Bible histories; and
[illegible]phasis and seriousness which pow[illegible] called
[illegible] time, he gave out the verse whic[illegible]

"Though waves and storms go o'er my head."

The Children's Corner.

THE SHEPHERD BOY'S SONG.

ONCE more I quit my humble bower,
  And pleased I haste away,
For sweet content crowns every hour,
  And brightens all the day.

Onward I trip, with cheerful speed,
  To yonder smiling plain;
And whistling with my tuneful reed,
  I call my fleecy train.

My little dog, how willing he
  Runs all the wide field o'er,
Performs his duty faithfully,
  And then trips on before.

Soon as the cheering sun is up,
  The tuneful lark begins;
Well pleased to hear I gladly stop
  To listen while she sings.

All creatures as with one accord
  Some grateful tribute pay,
And fain would I adore the Lord,
  And louder sing than they.

Oft am I filled with peace and joy;
  How good is God to me!
Lord bless a humble shepherd boy,
  Who wants to sing to thee.

Where'er I turn my wondering eyes,
  How charming is the scene,
Mountains uprising to the skies,
  And vallies clothed in green.

Thou feedest all my numerous flock—
  Extend thy care to me;
They drink the cooling water brook—
  Lord give me drink from thee.

Then shall my humble voice resound;
  To Thee my strains belong;
So shall the vallies catch the sound,
  And echo back the song.

And oft as this is my employ,
  JESUS shall be my theme;
He died to save a shepherd boy,
  And I will sing of him.

LOSS OF THE "MARIA" MAIL BOAT.

's now thirty-five years ago; but we remember it well, and universal sympathy it excited for the sufferers. Dr. Han-, in the "Wesleyan Magazine" for March, 1861, in a noir of the only survivor, who died April 17th, 1859, gives ıe thrilling details of that awful event.

The Mission-party returning to Antigua were the Revds lliam White, Thomas Truscott, Daniel Hillier, William Oke, omas Jones; with Mrs. White, and three children; Mrs. ıscott, and one child; Mrs. Jones; and two nurses. They ched Montserrat; but, sailing thence, were driven back by violence of the weather, and spent Sunday, the 26th, on island. Mr. Hillier read the prayers and lessons for the , the second lesson being 2 Cor. xi. "During the reading he account of St. Paul's sufferings," says Mrs. Jones, "my ıd was deeply affected. At the words, 'A night and a day ıave been in the deep,' the horrors of shipwreck were ldenly presented to my view so forcibly, that I said to my-; 'I could suffer anything but shipwreck.' The impression ıained; and during the service it would recur still to my ughts, 'A night and a day have I been in the deep." It ı not until evening that she obtained relief; but on Monday rning, while at prayer, the same impression returned, and could not but ask herself in silence, "What can this an?" After much prayer and deliberation, the Mission-ty, anxious to return, went on board the "Maria" mail-t. On Monday, Feb. 27th, 1826, they took an early ner at Montserrat,—the last meal on earth to all of them one,—and set sail. The wind rose very high in the night, l the sea became rough; but the party went to sleep.

The morning of Tuesday was stormy, and the wind right ad. But about four o'clock there was a cry of "Land! tigua in sight!" Expectation was now revived and raised. s. Jones relates the pleasing incident that Mr. White's little , William by name, opened the hymn-book, and gave out ymn, which the rest of the children joined in singing; that proceeded, with sense far above his years, to relate the ount of the prophet Jonas, and other Bible histories; and t, with an emphasis and seriousness which powerfully called ıntion at the time, he gave out the verse which begins,—

"Though waves and storms go o'er my head."

Mrs. Jones's own mind now became suddenly disturbed. The feeling, she says, was one which she had never experienced before,—for she was a stranger to fear at sea. She attempted to pray, but for the moment could not. At length she cried, "Lord! Lord! help me." Scarcely had she uttered the words, when she became composed. She then sang,—

> "When passing through the watery deep,
> I ask in faith His promised aid,
> The waves an awful distance keep,
> And shrink from my devoted head:
> Fearless their violence I dare;
> They cannot harm, for God is there!"

Her mind then remained calmly stayed on God, though an oppressive apprehension of evil hung over her.

About this time, the steward brought down a light in a lantern. The sea began to be very rough. Mr. and Mrs. Truscott were alarmed, and thought the vessel would be upset. But little William still said to his mother, "Mamma! don't be afraid! no danger! Mamma must not be frightened: we shall soon be on shore." Quickly after the steward came down in great haste. His countenance told that something was amiss. He snatched up the lantern, and, when Mrs. White asked him what was the matter, made no reply. On this, all the mission-party jumped out of their berths, (the children and nurses were on the floor,) and, the vessel turning on her beam-ends, all were tumbled together. The sea was breaking over them, and washing down into the cabin. They got out with great exertion: the mothers and nurses pushed up the children, each parent claiming his own. Mr. White gave his baby to Mrs. Jones, while he was helping up the others; and Mr. Jones laid hold of her, assisting her to the side of the vessel which was highest out of the water. She asked him what was the matter. He said, "There is danger! Let us pray! The vessel has struck on the reefs, and there is no hope of being saved!" Mrs. Jones continued to hold to the vessel's side, with the baby in her arms, until the sea came so strongly upon them that she gave it to its mother. "I kissed the dear creature," she writes, "as I parted with it, and almost felt a mother's feelings." The Captain was very much alarmed, and cried out, "O my vessel! what will become of us?"—and the sailors appeared panic-struck. As the sea came rushing upon the wreck, it washed away the boat, with a Negro in it, who had been struck by the *boom*, and thrown into it in a senseless state. The Mate,

seeing the boat thus launched, jumped after it into the water, intending to bring it to the rescue of the passengers and crew; but, as the sea ran high, it was carried down with the current. No hope of deliverance now appeared. The Captain looked eagerly after the boat, but it was soon out of sight; and, in a fit of despair, he cried, "O, my men are gone! the boat is upset!" The cries of the sailors were piercing, and the missionaries exhorted them to pray. They clung about these servants of Christ, and eagerly caught all they said. Orders were subsequently given by the captain that the mast and rigging should be cut away, himself assisting. The passengers clung to the bulwarks, and all were engaged in prayer to God.

The fury of the sea continued, and suddenly broke up the vessel. At that time, the Captain and four sailors, with Messrs. Hillier, Oke, and Jones, were clinging to the bows; while Mrs. Jones, Mr. White and family, Mr. Truscott, wife, and child, two nurses, one gentleman passenger, and several of the sailors, who were holding by the bulwarks on the quarter-deck, at once went down with that part of the vessel to which they had trusted themselves. When the wave had passed over, Mr. Jones called out to his wife. She heard him, and cried out, "I am going!" But her feet were entangled in the rigging, and this was the cause she was not washed away with the rest. Finding by her voice that she was not far off, Mr. Jones said, "Put out your hand." She reached it out above the water, when he caught it, and brought her up from a watery grave. But she now heard the heart-rending shrieks of the children. Their cry was, "O mamma! I am drowning. O papa! save me! save me!"—"The little baby's cries," she adds, "were distressingly distinct." One of the nurses had two children of her own on shore. She cried, "O, what will become of my children? They will become fatherless and motherless!" She then began to pray. Mr. Jones perceived her clinging to a part of the floating wreck in the water; but there was no possibility of helping her. He called out to her, "My sister, pray! O, pray to God to receive your soul. He will provide for your children: leave them to Him." "Yes," she said,—then added, "Lord, receive my soul—take me to Thyself,"—and calmly resigned her spirit to God. The other nurse cried out, "Farewell, aunt! farewell, sisters! we shall never meet on earth again. O, may we meet in heaven!' "I trust," says the survivor, "Eliza's prayer when drowning will be fully answered." She

then said, "Farewell, Mrs. Jones! we shall meet in heaven,"—and received in answer the one word, "Farewell!"

When the Captain saw that Mrs. Jones was rescued, he directed that she should be brought to the bowsprit, and said, "Let us cling to this part of the vessel, as it is the firmest, and will remain the longest together." He inquired if she was safe; to which she answered, "Yes." But she thought she should soon be exhausted, being extremely cold through sitting in the water with her head only just above the surface. She had no bonnet on; and the pieces of wreck, which came dashing against her, soon tore up her dress,—so that she had nothing to keep her warm. Mr. Jones pressed her to take his coat; but to this she could not consent. The Captain, however, brought her an old jacket, which she thankfully received in this time of extreme necessity. As they sat on the deck, the cries of the drowning sufferers, who appear to have been supported for a short time by the floating rigging and wreck, reached them from all parts: the brethren and sisters, with broken accents, still commending their souls to God. "Nothing," writes Mrs. Jones, "but the full assurance that their sufferings would shortly be ended, and that they would soon be admitted into glory, could have enabled us to sustain these awful moments; which also continually reminded us of what we must expect at length to be our own lot." "Every wave that came," she adds, "appeared like a mountain, and threatened us with destruction. O, what a scene of horror presented itself!—no moon,—no stars,—the sky totally dark,—the wind bursting in gusts upon us,—the sea roaring upon the rocks,—nothing to be seen but the lights in the harbour." Twice she lost her hold, in consequence of a large dog that had been on board attempting to get on the wreck. The poor animal, seeing her head out of water, came and put his feet upon it; and she was very near being drowned before the brethren perceived her danger. The cries and groans of the sufferers had, by this time, ceased; upon which Mr. Jones remarked, "Now our brethren's sufferings are over." Mr. Hillier often spoke of his dear wife and children. The promises being named, that God would be a Husband to the widow. and a Father to the fatherless, he answered, "Yes;" and calmly resigned them to God. Very little was said, except to the Captain and sailors, who often inquired what they must do to *be saved.* The missionaries pointed them to Jesus, as the

Friend of sinners. "O, how they died at last," adds Mrs. Jones, "preaching Jesus to the poor men!" As that part of the ship on which the survivors sat still remained together, the Captain said there was hope, if they could hold on till morning. And so this day of sorrows closed.

The night following appeared very long; and toward the morning of Wednesday, March 1st, every eye was directed to the sky, anxiously looking for daybreak. At length the sky cleared, and the sea became much more calm. Next, the tops of the hills were seen, and then the sun burst forth. Mr. Hillier clasped his hands together, and said, "Bless God! we see the light of another day. Now, my sister, we shall soon have help!" The Captain said that, if they had something with which they could make a signal, it would be discerned. Mr. Oke and Mr. Jones took off their cravats, tied them to a piece of wood, and hoisted it. The brethren often named the beloved people of their charge in Antigua, saying, "If they knew our situation, we should soon have help. O, how many would come to our rescue!" Pointing to an estate opposite, Mr. Oke said, "That is Mr. Byam's estate; it is not more than three miles distant: perhaps they may see us and come." The house stood on a high hill, and commanded a view of the sea. Objects could be seen from it with a telescope much farther than the reefs on which the mail-boat was wrecked. But Mrs. Byam afterwards informed Mrs. Jones that though, in general, scarcely a day passed without some one's looking out with a glass, yet, during the three days the sufferers were on the wreck, no one had ever thought of using it.

The bodies of some of those who had been drowned were now seen floating with the rigging, full in view. "Our feelings at this sight," we quote again, "cannot be described. It made me shrink from a watery grave, and long to die on shore. My mind was, however, led to contemplate the bliss of which they were then partaking; and I had great comfort from this consideration." The Captain, who was very kind, and administered all the encouragement in his power, ordered the sailors to cut the rigging adrift. But this was so much entangled with the wreck, that the dead bodies could not float away. Vessels now began to appear in sight. The wasted party saw a brig which had come very near to them enter the harbour. As it passed, they could distinguish the sailors on board, and the Captain even said, "They are coming now;" The wished-

for moment of deliverance was anxiously anticipated. A schooner was at length seen coming toward them. Mr. Hillier said, while joy beamed in his countenance, "Now, sister Jones, help is coming!" and tears ran down his face, as he exclaimed, "I shall see my children again!" But the schooner tacked about, and was soon out of sight. Despair now filled the minds of the sailors. They often wondered that the man at Goat-Hill Battery did not see them. "He cannot be looking out," said the Captain. The fact was, that the man in question had left his post of duty, and gone to the other side of the island. He was afterwards discharged.

"Mutual inquiries were now made," the narrative proceeds, "into the state of our minds; and it fully appeared, by what was said, that we were all kept in peace. The missionaries throughout were perfectly calm; and, as to myself, the lines of the hymn, before mentioned,—'Jesus protects; my fears be gone!' &c.,—were constantly dwelling on my mind. Mr. Jones said how thankful he was to see me bear my calamity so well, and hoped I was still resigned to die. I replied, 'Yes, I am so; but sometimes I think I shall be saved. I see, indeed, such power in God, and my faith in Him is so strong, that I can scarcely think of anything else. But still my mind is comfortably willing for God to do with me as He sees good.'"

Two of the sailors were now so exhausted that at times the waves washed them from their seats, and the other seamen frequently recovered them; but all was in vain. The sea broke over the wreck, and washed the cook away. The steward was next carried off; and while drowning, as he clung to the frame of the wreck, he was heard praying for mercy. "He was close by us," adds the sympathizing witness, "when struggling with death: and when the sea washed him away, he was still calling upon God." Hunger now accompanied other sufferings. Mr. Hillier complained of this the most, appearing greatly to want food. Boats and schooners were still scudding along; yet none approached the wreck. Two sailors only remained; and they continued earnestly inquiring, "What must we do to be saved?" They clung to the brethren, and would not be satisfied but when they were talking to them about salvation. "O, how eagerly did they receive every word of comfort and instruction! One poor black man often cried out, 'Massa! Massa! my Great Massa! have mercy! have mercy!'" *Night was* fast approaching; and, as no help had arrived, the

who yet remained concluded it would be the last that they ld see. The sun set, the wind rose, the sea swelled, and vaves came with greater violence. Mrs. Jones recalled to l the horrors of the preceding night, and trembled at the ght of passing another in like circumstances. The party seized with cold, and sat shivering, clinging to each other eep themselves warm. "This night was nearly as the eding; but truly it was a night of prayer. If ever I felt eal value of religion, it was then. How foolish, how empty, everything besides! how valuable was the little which I in this time of affliction!"

The remainder of this sad narrative will be given.]

Poetry.

"COME UNTO ME."

stress is to be laid on the 'Come,' *as if* it were a difficult thing to do. It simply 'This way, this way, to Me!"

HARK! 'tis a voice from Calvary,
"This way, this way, unto Me!
Sinner, thy tears can nought avail;
Thy prayers and vows alike must fail
To bring relief to the troubled breast,
Or give to the guilty conscience rest.
Nay, dry thy tears, and chase thy gloom;
For thee in the Saviour's heart there's room.
Believe on Me; yea, look and live;
Healing thus shalt thou receive:
For help is laid on the Mighty One,
His blood doth for thy sins atone.
Hark to the voice from Calvary.
'This way, this way, unto Me!'"

M. B.

Anecdotes and Selections.

BATH THE GATE OF GLORY.—Consider that dying is appointed e way, and the only way, to glory; there is no way to enter promised land, but by crossing the Jordan of death. And ld not a stranger desire to be at home with his friends, though ith a rough way and a stormy sea to pass? Is there any home heaven, where your incomparable friend Christ is? Oh, what

a happiness is it to be with Christ, and to see him as he is. How happy do you think Peter, James, and John were, in being taken up to Mount Tabor, to be eye-witnesses of their Saviour's transfiguration? but oh, believer, death will open to your view Jesus in his glory!

"Hold on, Mother."—Such was the exhortation of a sailor to his widowed mother. She had several children, for whom "she prayed day and night exceedingly." Manifestly in answer to her prayers, one after another was awakened by the Spirit of God, convinced of sin, and brought into a state of reconciliation through Christ. One of her sons followed the seas for eleven years. Much had she prayed for her "poor sailor boy," and many a letter had she written him, rich with maternal counsel and solicitude. At length a letter came from him, in which he said at the close, "Hold on mother, your prayers will yet be answered for us all."

"None of His."—"If any man have not the spirit of Christ"—oh, what an *if*! How it tries the hopes of the christian? Oh, what terrible words, brief, simple, but on that account most terrible—"none of his!" Better sink into annihilation than live unreconciled, unrenewed, out of the covenant of grace, while death is so busy, and the grave yawns under every footstep. It is not enough to have a name on the church records,—a seat in the sanctuary,—a fair reputation among our fellow-christians. All these give no assurance of safety. Am I Christ's? The spirit, the spirit of Christ, this alone determines the great issue. He who has this, will know it, and will manifest it.

The Fear of Death.—"Many fear death, much less than the operation of dying. People form the most singular conception of the last struggle, the separation of the soul from the body, and the like. But this is all void of foundation. No man ever certainly felt what death is; and as insensibly as we enter into life, equally insensibly do we leave it. The beginning and the end are here united. But,

> Jesus can make a dying bed
> Feel soft as downy pillows are;
> While on his breast I lean my head,
> And breathe my life out sweetly there.

The Fireside.

MY MOTHER'S RELIGION.

It was of the wife of a working man that her son said, "My mother was a pious woman. She loved the Bible, and the sabbath, and the house of prayer; and she sometimes called upon me to join her *when* I would rather have read any other book, or employed the

›d hours in seeking my own pleasure, but I dared not refuse to mpany her, because I saw she was sincere. Her religion was a mere form or show; it was the religion of the heart. She › home comfortable amidst many opposing circumstances; she tained a meek and quiet spirit in the midst of provocations; vas contented and cheerful under privations; and she bore up r overwhelming difficulties and trials. She said that religion everything to her, and I could trace her excellences to no other ›e. Her lovely and consistent character lodged in my mind a ›ction that the only way to be good and happy is to be religious. ! I did not choose the good I admired. I wandered far into yet the precepts, the example, the prayers of my mother, r ceased to follow me, and at length, through God's mercy, prevailed to turn me from the error of my ways. I returned, weeping and supplication, to my mother's God, and I found ready to forgive, through the redemption that is in Christ ›. Never can I cease to bless God for a pious mother; and I desire to consecrate the remainder of my days to his service ›onour." This young man became a devoted missionary, and ›he means of turning many from the power of darkness to the lom of God's dear Son; and how much of his subsequent and ›sive usefulness might be traced back to the consistent piety of ›other, a working man's wife! And, be it remembered, that ›ferred not only to her pious instructions, but also—perhaps particularly—to the humble, quiet consistency of her daily ·tment. It was this that convinced him of the reality and lence of religion.

The Penny Post Box.

UNHAPPY OUTCASTS.

NT to say a few words, and tell an old tale about one of these. who are they? They are unhappy women. Woman was as an "helpmeet for the man," and a virtuous woman is yet ›lace, joy, and crown. Woe to the wretch who betrays her, ›ad the misfortunes that ruin her! How glad I am that, ›ing our Lord himself, many christians are now doing all they › reclaim and restore these outcasts, without stopping to ask ›nd why they entered this wretched path to perdition.

re is the tale. It happened one hundred years ago in London. ll-known satirical poet was returning at midnight, half drunk, › own house, when he was accosted by a girl of elegant form ›ale and faded beauty. "What are you doing here? Go ! Go home!" he exclaimed, as he thrust a guinea into her She fell at his feet in tears, and told a piteous tale of hunger

and wretchedness. "Good God! can this be true!" he cried, and raising her up, took her to an inn, and ordered refreshments. Then thrusting two bottles of wine into his pockets, and loading her with as much food as she could carry, he went with her home, where he found as she had said, her father, mother, and infant brother perishing for want. He spread his bounty before them, and slept not, until, next morning, he had found them better lodgings, and provided for their comfort. Was he or not the "Good Samaritan" to them? Who now will, in such a case, "Go and do likewise."

ANTI-PHARISEE.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

THE INVENTIONS OF POPERY,

With the dates of their adoption.

	A.D.
Invocation of saints . . .	375
Prayers for the dead . . .	400
Worship in an unknown tongue	600
Supremacy of the Pope . .	606
Worship of images and relics	787
Celibacy of the clergy . . .	1000
Canonization of saints . .	1000
Infallibility of the church .	1076
Chaplets	1090
Sacrifice of the mass . . .	1100
Seven sacraments	1160
Transubstantiation	1215
Confession	1215
Elevation of the Host . . .	1220
Ringing of a bell at the mass	1227
Corpus Christi day	1264
Procession of the sacrament .	1336
Refusing the cup to the laity	1415
Purgatory	1438
Tradition	1546
Apocryphal books	1547
Priestly intention	1547
Venial sins	1563
Sale of indulgences . . .	1563
Twelve new articles of faith .	1564

And, a few years ago, the Immaculate Conception.

Read 1 Tim. iv. 1—3. 2 Thess. ii. 3—12, and see if these things *were not foretold.*

Hints.

LOVE OF TRUTH.—It is one thing to wish the truth to be on our side, and another to wish to be on the side of truth. Our love of the truth may thus be tested.

THERE IS DANGER in saying that all truths are not of the same importance. Once allow a small violation of truth, and soon a large violation will be called a little one.

WHAT IS LYING LIKE?—It is like darkness, which only exists until morning comes. So lying retires before the light of truth.

THAT IS NOT A BAD MEMORY which does not remember an injury. Some people are too fond of remembering one. They nurse their wrath to keep it warm.

IMPLACABLE ANGER is a heavy burden. It fills some mens pockets with stones, which they will carry for years that they may find an opportunity for pelting them.

PASSENGERS by land or water usually try to be friendly, that they may make their journey agreeable. We are all on a journey to eternity; why cannot we always try to make it as pleasant as possible?

OUR PRESENT KNOWLEDGE is only like a little rivulet running on to the great ocean of truth, which, at present, is beyond our view.

Gems.

: FIRST LIE the devil told
'thou shalt not surely die;"
is last is, "thou shalt not
live." Dont help the devil
ing any man Christ did not
him; for it is a GREAT LIE.
GET A FRIEND and you are
eful to him. Forget your
r, and you are unmerciful to
lf.

NG AND DYING.—If now we
an awful thing to live, we
ot, Christ being with us, feel
an awfu thing to die.

E CARE that you never make
t Christ has done for you a
:e for doing nothing yourself
ust be like him if you would
him.

CANNOT ENJOY GOD except
e him; and we cannot know
.t by Christ; nor Christ fully
the Spirit shows him to us.

ING TO CHRIST with thy
only, or with thy hands full
own good works, wont do.
ly wants thy heart, and he
ve that or nothing.

CHRISTIAN'S PRAYER should
aviour, bind me to thy cross,
ve with thy love, give me the
ter, and at last take me home
elf."

IST WAS CRUCIFIED, and in
ise every one of his followers
For no man can come to
him except his will be cruci-
So Paul was crucified with

AN CAN know all that Jesus
m until he sees the King in
nty in the land that is very
Then only will he know
l all the riches and fulness
grace.

MADE US FOR ETERNITY.—
ry out this great design he
s Son. The aim of our life
be to attain it; our prayer,
: God for eternity."

Poetic Selections.

THE CLOCK OF LIFE.

MY pulse is the clock of my life;
It shows me my moments are flying;
It marks the departure of time,
And tells me how fast I am dying.

PARENTS, BEWARE!

As polish'd steel receives a stain
From drops at random flung,
So does the child, when words profane
Fall from a parent's tongue.

NEVER DESPAIR.

LET none despair, for brighter hours
Will surely come at last
And many yet will hail the day
When the dark night is past.

THE PEARL IN THE CUP.

A PRECIOUS pearl in sorrow's cup,
Unmelted at the bottom lies,
To shine again, when, all drunk up,
The bitterness of sorrow dies.

MISSPENT TIME.

HARK! a voice cries "Time misspent
Returneth never!"
Hark! thy conscience echo back
"Never! Never!"

PEACE.

THE hand of peace is frank and warm,
And soft as a ringdoves wing;
And he who quells an angry thought
Is greater than a king.

HUMILITY.

THE saint that wears the brightest crown,
In deepest adoration bends
Nearest the Throne must ever be
The footstool of humility.

GENTLENESS ABOVE GREATNESS.

O LET us daily learn to love
The simple child of worth
For not the eagle, but the dove,
Brought peace again to earth.

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

IT lived, to make each tender passion,
And delightful hopes inspire;
Died, to try our resignation,
And direct our wishes higher.

ANOTHER.

HE took the cup of life to sip—
Too bitter 'twas to drain:
He put it gently from his lip,
Then fell asleep again.

The Children's Corner.

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

My mother's voice! I hear it now,
I feel her hand upon my brow
  As when, in heartfelt joy,
She raised her evening hymn of praise,
And called down blessings on the days
  Of her loved boy.

My mother's voice! I hear it now,
Her hand is on my burning brow
  As in that early hour,
When fever throbbed through all my veins,
And that kind hand first soothed my pains,
  With healing power.

My mother's voice! It sounds as when
She read to me of holy men—
  The patriarchs of old;
And gazing downwards in my face,
She seemed each infant thought to trace,
  My young eyes told.

It comes—when thoughts unhallowed throng,
Woven in sweet deceptive song—
  And whispers round my heart,
As when, at eve, it rose on high;
I hear, and think that she is nigh,
  And they depart.

Though round my heart, all, all beside—
The voice of friendship, love, had died—
  That voice would linger there,
As when, soft pillow'd on her breast,
Its tones first lull'd my infant rest,
  Or rose in prayer.

LOSS OF THE "MARIA" MAIL BOAT.

SECOND NOTICE.

vessel was wrecked on rocks near Antigua early on Tues-
orning, February 28th, 1826. Several Wesleyan mis-
.es with their wives and children were on board. During
ıy and night, and the next day and night, the sea broke
hem, and several were swept away.
'light at last re-appeared on Thursday, March 2. Hope
ɔw nearly ready to expire. But, as the bright sun burst
ıe small party revived, and again hoisted their signal;
ıe sea not running quite so high as before, the Captain
f it were not for the current, one might swim as far as
Island, which was but a mile and a half distant. Some-
the sailors would exclaim, "A schooner is coming!" All
ıt so, and were ready to plunge into the water to meet it;
eir hopes were again deceived. Towards noon, the sea
e very much calmer. Mr. Hillier expressed his inten-
) swim, if he could, to the shore. He attempted, but
the sea swept him back past the wreck. Mrs. Jones
'He gave us a farewell look, and closed his eyes."
ɔther attempt was made to float ashore on the mast, but
iled also. They suffered much from want of food and
having tasted nothing since Monday, as well as from
nd pieces of the wreck striking them. During part of
y, the sun greatly scorched Mrs. Jones; for, as she had
ınet, her face was blistered, as well as her hands. After-
the skin and finger-nails came off. Well might she
s her astonishment that, after all, she still lived, and
sed the use of all her limbs and faculties.
sels were still passing near, the men upon them quite
ıable. The sufferers often said to each other, "They
ee us!" On the beach of Goat-Hill they could see
walking; and also the negroes at work on an estate oppo-
This was felt to be more trying than if they had seen
. Night again came on,—expected, as before, to be the
Nature was now almost exhausted. The swell was not
ıt, and the survivors were able to get a few moments
. One kept watch while the others slept. While Mrs.
slept she dreamed, and thought she heard a voice saying,
: courage; to-day deliverance will come." The voice

was repeated, and her attention seemed to be directed to a boat that came rowing down,—exactly like the one which afterwards brought her relief. She immediately awoke, and said, "To-day we shall be saved!" But of this there did not appear to be a ray of hope.

Toward the morning of Friday, March 3rd, she was so faint with violent pain that she could not support herself. When the sun broke out, the faintness increased, and she thought she was dying. She told her husband so; who said he saw she was much altered. To revive her, he bade her remember her dream. "Perhaps to-day," said he, "help may come. For my sake, do not give up." She remained very ill until the sun became powerful, when she gradually revived. The day was much clearer than before, and the party were severely burnt by the scorching rays. Mr. Oke was so weak that he scarcely moved his hand; and the Captain and sailors appeared ready to yield, frequently remarking it was strange that the fishermen did not set out a fishing, as there were fish-pots placed all around. A small boat was seen in the course of the morning not far from the wreck, and was hailed; but there was no answer. Yet, as Mrs. Jones was afterwards informed, it was through a fisherman naming that he had seen a wreck about eleven o'clock, that assistance was at length sent out.

The Captain gave them small pieces of lead to chew, in order to assuage their intolerable thirst. Mr. Oke and a seaman now attempted to escape, but they were both drowned.

Three only were now left. Mr. Jones could scarcely speak distinctly. Sometimes he would say, "Let me go, for I am dying!"—and sometimes he would ask what could be the matter with him. Every wave that came threatened to carry him away. He had no power to help himself; and one wave at length bore him off—so that his wife had hold only of his coat collar. She called to the Captain, "Mr. Jones is drowning! O, if you can help me, do! Do not let him drown; for he is dying! Raise him, and let him die in my arms!" The Captain turned round, and attempted to render help, but could not. He was not able even to take part in lifting his foot over the bowsprit, but said, "It is all over! I am almost dead myself. I cannot, I cannot assist you!" Mrs. Jones then, by a last effort, got his head upon her shoulder; but how she collected strength for this exertion she could not tell. She continued to *hold him* in her arms, but frequently thought she must yield

him up. Then again she thought, "O, if I can but save him until death has ended his sufferings, I shall be satisfied!" He spoke after this; but she could not answer him for weeping, and she now felt as though her heart would break. Mr. Jones then, with a struggle, cried aloud, "Come, Lord Jesus!" This he repeated three times, and then exclaimed, "Glory! glory! glory!" His faithful guardian held him several minutes; but he neither moved nor spoke afterwards. She spoke to him, and begged him, if still alive, to move his hand. But life had fled.

At the time, as she well remembered afterwards, she felt thankful, amidst all her sorrows, that she had been able so to help him as to keep him from drowning, and that he had not to struggle with death in the water. She had also the fullest assurance of his being admitted into heaven; which afforded her indescribable consolation. When she heard his exclamation, "Glory!" it sounded to her as his last triumph; and, instead of dread, she "felt it," to use her own expression, "like heaven." Though exhausted, she could not yield him to the waves. Her heart seemed to say, "Stop awhile, before I let him go." But a wave at length washed him away, and he floated at her feet. The Captain, to whom she called, was not able to speak, or even to stir, being then almost dead.* Her feelings now quite overwhelmed her. Her heart heaved and swelled with strange emotions; her eyes grew dim; and she lapsed into a state of insensibility. Her last faint sight was her husband's body lying by her knee,—kept from being washed away by a piece of the bowsprit; and the last thing she could remember was her saying, "Farewell! I shall soon be with you."

Time now passed unnoted. But it could not have been long before two gentlemen, Mr. Kentish and Mr. Ashford, reached the wreck; the sea still washing over it, and approach to it dangerous. They were surprised to see Mrs. Jones

* The Captain, whose kindness Mrs. Jones loved to record, was soon numbered with the other departed ones. He had told his fellow-sufferers that he had a wife and four children, probably by that time five, in the island of Barbadoes. Mr. Kentish despatched a small vessel to that island, after as little delay as possible, with a letter to a friend, begging him to break the mournful tidings by degrees to the Captain's widow But he was too late. The Captain's young son was playing, when a little black boy came up to him, and said, "Ah, Massa, you no know, or you no play there." "Why?" asked the Captain's son. The other replied, "Your father drowned, and all on board." The poor little fellow ran into the hall, and was met by his aunt, whom he clasped round the knees. On hearing the sad intelligence, she fell down dead; and the mother, who had been confined but a few days, sank into unconsciousness. Whether she recovered or not, cannot now be stated.

sitting there, and not holding herself, her face resting on her hand, her eyes fixed on the water. The first gentleman who touched her said she inquired what it was he wanted. He replied, that he was come to her assistance. She then asked for water, and said, "Bring Mr. Jones! He is there!"—meaning the place upon which her eyes had been fixed. They asked her name, and she told them, "Mrs. Jones, of Parham." They conveyed her, with great care, from the wreck into the boat, and gave her some cordials. But she could remember nothing except her importunity in urging them to bring Mr. Jones. She pointed out a body to them, which had been for some time near her feet, and was not then quite cold. When she penned her own touching narrative, she believed this to have been the body of the Captain; but she afterwards saw good reason to conclude that it really was Mr. Jones's, who had one of the Captain's jackets on at the time of his death. The body was taken on shore, and received christian interment; and it yielded her some consolation, in subsequent years, to think that one so precious had a quiet resting-place on land. As for herself, by the time that she and her deliverers arrived at the beach, she was scarcely alive; her pulse had all but ceased its beating, and consciousness had fled.

In this exhausted and nearly inanimate condition, she was landed. An immense crowd of people waited on the beach to receive and welcome the survivors. "It was well for me," she writes, "that I was unconscious of their congratulations lavished upon one solitary being." Many of the spectators inquired who she was; and one of the Wesleyan friends, who did not know her, told her afterwards that she was a frightful object to behold, on account of the distortion of her features. Her complexion also was the colour of soot. She was carried to the house of Joshua Kentish, Esq., with very little hope of recovery. But to the attention of Dr. Peddie, with Mr. and Mrs. Kentish's kind care, under the blessing of God, she attributed her spared life; and never, to her latest days, did she cease to feel the grateful obligations which she thus owed. After some time, pulsation was restored; she sighed, and spoke. Her name was again asked; and she replied again, "Mrs. Jones, of Parham." In answer to another question, she gave her father's name and address: but immediately added, "If you write to my father, say that I have never regretted engaging in the mission-work." Mrs. M'Kie, one of

her most intimate and valued friends, entered, hoping to see Mrs. Jones; but she turned away in disappointment, for she could trace no likeness. As she was quitting the apartment, however, she stepped back, and desired to see the lady's left hand. "It is she!" cried the faithful friend, agitated with deepest emotions, "it is she!" Some time before, Mrs. M'Kie had given her a guard-ring, and that ring was still there!

Consciousness was more fully restored on the evening of Sunday, March 5th. Yet Mrs. Jones could not persuade herself, for some time, that her husband would never return. She fancied that he had floated down on a plank, and would eventually arrive at Antigua. Afterwards she regarded it as a mercy that the awful reality did not burst upon her at first. It did burst upon her at last. "But I was dumb," she says, "and my mind was hushed."

Mrs. Jones slowly recovered, but was advised to return to England because of a bleeding wound on an artery of the temple, and she arrived in safety. For six years Mrs. Jones was a lonely widow; but on the 13th of July, 1832, she was united in marriage to Thomas C. Hincksman, Esq., of Preston; and, for nearly twenty-seven years she approved herself as deserving of all esteem and affection. Her course through life was now bright and pleasant, save as occasionally darkened and troubled by domestic bereavements. "The Lord granted her that she found rest in the house of her husband." She was a pattern of every domestic, conjugal, and maternal grace, still faithfully discharging the allotted duties of time, but looking above and beyond them all to the bliss of eternity.

The indefatigable care which she bestowed in training the children whom God gave her, deserves particular mention. It would not be easy to describe her constant solicitude to instil into their minds lessons of truthfulness, patience, order, godliness, and mutual affection,—all of which she recommended by her own example. She was remarkable, in all her family-concerns, for diligence and economy; rising early, and suffering no moment to pass unemployed; a determined enemy to indolence and extravagance. But the even kindness of her manner, and her unruffled temper, shed an influence upon the whole household.

The remainder of her days on earth were spent in the discharge of christian duties, and the exhibition of christian graces and charities. She died in peace and hope, April 17th, 1859.

Poetry.

GOD SEEN IN HIS WORKS.

BY A WORKING-MAN.

Look yonder on the mighty deep,
Where fish and reptiles swim and creep,
Whose swelling waters as they roar,
Proclaim the God whom we adore.

Then look upon the varied flowers
That grace the gardens and the bowers;
These, as they bloom o'er every sod,
Display the workmanship of God.

The lofty mountain, and the hill,
The valley with the rippling rill,
Speak forth their glorious Maker's name,
Who reigns through endless years the same.

Then upward look and raise your eye
To view the shining spangled sky;
In every star, with skill profound,
His wondrous handy-work is found.

The feathered tribe, with grateful song,
Their Great Creator's praise prolong;
In notes of joy their anthems rise,
To him who made the earth and skies.

Each blade of grass, each mighty tree,
And every living thing we see,
Proclaim this one great truth abroad,
There is a wise and living God.

The lightning with its vivid flash;
The thunder with its heavy crash;
Speaks with a solemn voice and loud
The power and majesty of God.

"But in the grace that rescued man,
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here on the Cross 'tis fairest drawn,
In precious blood and crimson lines."

Birmingham. R.

Anecdotes and Selections.

Catching Crows.—Wilson, in his "American Ornithology," says, that crows have been employed to catch crows by the following stratagem:—A live crow is pinned by the wings down to the ground on his back, by means of two sharp forked sticks. Thus situated, his cries are loud and incessant, particularly if any other crows are in view. These sweeping down about him are instantly grappled and held fast by the prostrate prisoner with the same irresistible impulse that urges a drowning man to grasp at everything within his reach. The game being disengaged from his clutches the trap is again ready; and by pinning down each captive successively, in a short time there will probably be a large flock screaming in the air in concert with the prisoners below. Does not that cunning fowler, the devil, use this artifice full well? See yonder brawling drunkard or blaspheming infidel, fast bound himself; he is clamouring to others, whom he will soon hold fast in his evil power, and these again shall ensnare others, till the streets shall be black with sinners. What a grip does one sinner give another, and how ready is the tempted one to become a tempter!

A Lion changed into a Lamb.—A soldier in the East Indies, a stout, lion-looking, and lion-hearted man, had been a noted prize fighter, and a terror to those who knew him. With one blow he could level a strong man to the ground. That man sauntered into a mission chapel, heard the gospel, and was alarmed. He returned again and again, and at last light broke in upon his mind, and he became a new creature. The change in his character was marked and decided. The lion was changed into a lamb. Two months afterwards, in the mess-room, some of those who had been afraid of him before, began to ridicule him. One of them said, "Ill put it to the test whether he is a christian or not;" and taking a basin of hot soup, he threw it into his bosom. The whole company gazed in breathless silence, expecting that the lion would start up and murder him on the spot. But after he had opened his waistcoat, and wiped his scalded breast, he calmly turned round and said, "This is what I must expect. If I become a christian, I must suffer persecution." His comrades were filled with astonishment. This was overcoming evil with good.

Lending Money.—Dr. Franklin was once requested to lend a small sum of money. He thought the matter over, and then wrote the following letter. He was at the time in Paris, and the letter is dated, April 22, 1784. "I send you herewith a bill for ten Louis-d'or; I do not pretend to *give* such a sum, I only *lend* it to you. When you shall return to your country you cannot fail of getting into *some business that will in time* enable you to pay all your

debts. In that case when you meet with another honest man in similar distress, you must *pay me* by lending this sum to him, enjoining him to discharge the debt by a like operation when he shall be able, and shall meet with such another opportunity. I hope it may thus go through many hands before it meets with a *knave* to stop its progress. This is a trick of mine for doing a deal of good with a little money. I am not rich enough to afford *much* in good work, and so am obliged to be earning and make the most of a little."

How to Kill an Enemy.—There is but one way given under heaven by which one can kill an enemy, and that is by putting coals of fire upon his head,—that does the business for him at once. Lie in wait for him, and when you catch him in trouble, faint from hunger or thirst, or shivering with cold, spring upon him like a good Samaritan, with your hands, eyes, tongue, and heart, full of good gifts. Feed him, give him drink, and warm him with clothing and words of kindness, and he is done for! You have killed an enemy, and made a friend, at one shot.

The Fireside.

WHAT IS EDUCATION.

We hear much about education now a days, and we are glad of it. But what is it? Parents often make a great mistake about what they suppose education to be; when they hear the word, they think of schools, books, slates, and tasks—but this is but a small, nay, the least part of education. Persons often imagine, too, that a certain age must be obtained before the work of education can commence; this is another error, and a source of great evil. The word education is derived from the Latin, and literally means leading, or drawing out: teaching is only a part of education. When we teach a child to read, or write, or work, we have accomplished very little towards its real education. Every action a child performs, everything it sees around it, contributes to its education. Does an unwise father or mother use improper language in the presence of a child? This is a part of his education. Does a playfellow show it how to torture a fly, or induce it to disobey its parents? This is education. On the other hand, does a child see his mother relieve a poor man with a crust, or a drink of milk? It forms part of his education. In fact, at all times, and in every passing action, impressions are being made, either for good or evil—this constitutes what is really and truly education. And education, to be complete, should exercise and improve every part of the child—the hand, the head, the heart. If we improve the mental powers, and instil not the holy precepts of religion, we do next

to nothing towards the education of the child. A powerful intellect in the world, without religion, is like a ship without a rudder in a stormy sea. Who, then, educate children? All with whom they come in contact—parents, brothers, sisters, visitors, playfellows—all these help to educate the child, more than all the lessons he learns at school. Not that we speak lightly of school, far from it; many a child has been brought to know God by means of a pious teacher, and has had his mind drawn forth and wisely directed into a right channel. How careful then, should parents be to place a good example before their children, who are always learning—showing that in all things they take the Bible as their guide. If they do not, they truly stand between their children and the kingdom of heaven.

The Penny Post Box.

VICTIMS OF FASHION.

I do not know whether what I wish to say a few words about will be adapted to the pages of the *Pioneer* or not, but I will venture to give some of my thoughts, and my readers can then judge for themselves.

But perhaps some may wonder what I mean by victims of fashion. Let them read on, and then, I think, they will find that we have as good reasons for calling some of our country-women victims of fashion, as we had to call the widows of India, who some years ago were burned alive with their dead husbands, the victims of superstition. Does any one say the Indian women were infatuated; I say our countrywomen are too.

I remember, when young, laughing right out at some pictures of English women representing the dresses worn by them one hundred years before. Well: I thought, what fools they were, with skirts sticking out as big as a hogshead; we shall never see the like again! But we have, and worse. For not only have we the hoops, but the muslin dress which covers them is like tinder, and so made up in flounces at the arms and skirts, that every night it is almost a miracle if one of them escapes being made a victim to this foolish and wicked fashion—I call it wicked, for it is wrong, and they know it is.

What a dreadful list of victims might be given, who have sacrificed themselves at this shrine of fashion within the past ten years, and yet the infatuation continues. Only this week the wife of a surgeon in London was sacrificed. She screamed out; he and three servants ran to her, but they could not put out the fire for the *steel hoops!* Another lady, *coming* down stairs, slipped and fell, *pierced by a broken steel hoop!* And some put little girls in

steel hoops—little girls who ought to be free to run, and romp, and tumble about—poor little creatures! I pity all of them who have such vain and thoughtless mothers!

Does any young woman who reads this say, "But I don't wear *steel springs*." Don't you? but you may take fire, as many servant girls have, if yours are only made of cane. I write this for such as you. Ladies with *steel springs* are not likely to see it. I wish young women in humble life would not ape this wicked fashion of the rich, but set them a better example. DORCAS.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

ABOUT NEWSPAPERS.

NEWSPAPERS in England have now become with many a necessary of every day life. There are few of any class, especially in towns, who do not read them every day, and hence their power for good or evil is immense.

At the beginning of the present century our grandfathers thought they were doing wonders in newspaper publishing. There were then about eight or nine daily morning papers, and six or seven evening papers; several on two or three days of the week; nine on Saturdays, and twice that number on Sundays. All these were published in London. In the country all newspapers appeared weekly. In all, throughout England, about 500,000 were sold in one week. But all these papers were much smaller than those now in circulation.

At this time there are 1,102 newspapers published in the United Kingdom. In England, 791; Wales, 28; Scotland, 138; Ireland, 132; British Isles, 13. Of these, in England, 39 are daily; in Scotland, 8; in Ireland 12; and in the British Isles, 2. The circulation of all these in one week must be several *millions.*

The remittance, a few years ago, of the red stamp tax, together with the facilities for transmission by the railways, have done much to increase and extend the circulation of newspapers into every part of the kingdom. At the time we write the paper tax is to expire in a few weeks. What further extension of newspaper circulation will take place in consequence time alone will shew. We are glad to find that fewer Sunday newspapers are published now than there were sixty years ago.

Hints.

WHO IS MISERABLE? Who? Why the man who has nothing to do! A poor but honest man is never so happy as when at work, and when out of work is less miserable than the rich drone who is too idle even to do good.

LYING IS HARD WORK.—Tell one lie, and you must tell twenty more to hide it. But dont try.

LABOUR IS GOOD.—Love it, and use it; for if you do not employ it to get food, it is sure to do you good as medicine.

TRUE COURTESY should be from man to man; not from fustian to fustian, or smockfrock to smockfrock, or broadcloth to broadcloth.

FORM YOUR OPINION of a man, not by what he *has*, but what he *does*.

CLOTHES HORSES.—Some women, aye and men too, are only like these; for they seem as if they were only made to hang fine things on.

COMMON SENSE can live comfortably on eighteenpence a day; but a whole county is not enough for a wild spendthrift, male or female.

WHICH? Yes: which was the greater man? He who first led his armies over the Alps, or he who first hammered out for himself an iron spade?

ANGER IS FIRE, soon put out at first with a few gentle words, but let it get headway, and it will blaze and burn all within its reach.

THE MIND OF MAN is just like the earth on which he lives. Let it alone, and there will come, without sowing, a crop of rank weeds. Cultivate it, and, with God's blessing, you will have a crop of good fruits.

Gems.

THE BENEFITS OF FAITH do not consist in thinking that our sins are so little that they may be easily forgotten, but so great that only the blood of the Lamb of God can blot them out.

BY THINKING ONLY of my many sins, and setting them, as it were, in battle array against the blood of Christ, I refuse my only remedy, and can never find healing for my wounded conscience.

ANY MAN who comes to Christ without a strong desire to be made holy by him is under a grievous mistake. The great work of Christ is to save every man from his sins and make him holy.

JESUS CHRIST is the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. And so if I were to come to him with all the sin of the world on my own head in one lump he could take it away.

Poetic Selections.

GOOD SHEPHERDY.

IN an ancient book written by James Wood, dated 1679, and entitled, "Shepherdy Spiritualized," is the following quaint poem. J. D.

ANTIQUITY ennobles shepherdy,
And so it does peace and prosperity.
Shepherds were they that own as well as keep;
Christ is the great proprietor of his sheep.
Good pastures for his sheep is the shepherd's care;
Christ for his sheep doth budding grass prepare.
From sun and storms the shepherd saves his sheep;
In persecutions storms Christ doth his keep.
Shepherds seek for their flocks water that's sweet;
Christ feeds his flock with ordinances meet.
To lead or drive the shepherd's custom is;
Christ leads the van, brings up the rear of his.
Sheep sick and weak the shepherd cures and heals;
Christ to his fainting ones his love reveals.
Shepherds their strayers many ways bring in;
Christ many ways recovers his from sin.
The shepherd sets great value on his sheep;
Christ prizes his, and therefore doth them keep.
The sheep is known a weak and harmless creature;
Saints are, or should be, of a quiet nature.
The harmless sheep's exposed to dangers many;
Saints open lie to trouble more than any.
Dangers without, diseases from within,
Torment the sheep; nor less the saint by sin.
For profit sheep most creatures do excel;
Saints others should exceed in doing well.
By fruitfulness sheep do their owners raise;
Saints should bring others in their God to praise.
The sheep for use is good in every part;
Saints holy are to God in head, life, heart.
The sheep's content with pastures mean; should not
Christ's be content with what he makes their lot?
Sheep sociable are, hence flocks they live in;
Saints find communion sweet and best to thrive in.

The Children's Corner.

THE YOUNG WATER-DRINKER.

A YOUTH who signed the temperance pledge
  Was by his parents blamed;
His answer was, "For what I've done
  I do not feel ashamed.

My sister Mary's husband oft
  Abuses her you know;
If he were not a drunken man
  He'd never treat her so.

My sister Susan's husband too
  Was sober scarce a day;
To great distress his family brought—
  Then from them went away.

My brother James, I'm grieved to see,
  Come reeling home at night;
If I from all strong drinks refrain,
  Am I not doing right?

Surely you need not be displeased
  When one resolves that he,
By drunkenness, will not disgrace
  Himself and family."

I hope that my young readers will
  The same wise course pursue;
For strong drink has on thousands brought
  Disgrace and ruin too.

Drink water, and you will be safe
  From that poor drunkard's sadness,
Who can no peace or comfort have
  In such a course of madness.

All English lads, with a strong arm
  And a clear head to guide them,
May work their way, nor ever fear
  That evil will betide them.

But trust in God. Trust not yourself.
  Look up to Christ your Saviour,
And strive to follow Him in all
  Your conduct and behaviour.

J. D.

"O! MOTHER DEAR, JERUSALEM!"

ERE is a little favourite hymn of a few verses, which begins ı these well-known lines—

"O! mother dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?"

ut few, perhaps, are aware that the verses are selected from ld poem, supposed to have been written in Scotland before Reformation from popery. We give the poem entire, as ppeared in "Hogg's Instructor," a few years ago. The sions to the Virgin and the saints show that it is of popish in, but there is, with these exceptions, a tone of plaintive y about the verses which is pleasing and edifying. Any :ious and intelligent reader will be able, as he reads it, to ırate the chaff from the wheat. Some of the lines contain :ic gems of great beauty. Many English words appear to e been substituted for Scotch words in this copy. The ıor is, and will be now, for ever unknown in this world; he does not appear to have been a learned person, and yet evident that he was familiar with the New Testament.

O! MOTHER dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

O happy harbour of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

In thee no sickness is at all,
No grief, no toil, no care;
There is no death nor ugly sight,
But life for ever mair.

No dimning clouds o'ershadow thee,
No dull nor darksome night,
For every soul shines as the sun,
And God himself gives light.

There lust nor lucre cannot dwell;
There envy bears no sway;
No hunger, thirst, nor heat are there;
But pleasures every way.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
  Would God I were in thee!
O that my sorrows had an end,
  Thy joys that I might see!

No pain, no pang, no bitter grief,
  No woful night is there;
No sob, no sigh, no cry is heard;
  No willawa nor fear.

Jerusalem the city is
  Of God our King alone;
The Lamb of God the light thereof,
  Sits there upon the throne.

O God, that I Jerusalem,
  With speed might go behold!
For why? the pleasures there abound,
  With tongue cannot be told.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
  With carbuncles do shine:
With jasper, pearls, and chrysolites
  Surpassing pure and fine.

Thy houses are of ivory;
  Thy windows crystal clear;
Thy streets are laid with beaten gold,
  Where angels do appear.

Thy walls are made of precious stones,
  Thy bulwarks diamonds square;
Thy gates are made of orient pearl—
  O God, if I were there!

Within thy gates nothing can come
  That is not passing clear;
No spider's web, no dirt, no dust,
  No filth may there appear.

Jehovah, Lord! now come I pray,
  And end my grief and plaints:
Take me to thy Jerusalem;
  Place me among thy saints;—

Who there are crowned with glory great,
  And see God face to face:
They triumph all, and do rejoice;
  Most happy is their case;

But we who are in banishment
  Continually do roam;
We sigh, we mourn, we sob, we w ep,
  Perpetually we groan.

Our sweetness mixed is with gall;
  Our pleasures are but pain:
Our joys are not worth looking on;
  Our sorrows still remain:

But there they live in such delight,
  Such pleasure, and such play,
That unto them a thousand years
  Seem but as yesterday!

O my sweet home, Jerusalem!
  Thy joys when shall I see?
Thy King in glory on his throne,
  And thy felicity?

Thy vineyards, and thy orchards,
  So wonderfully rare,
Are furnish'd with all kinds of fruit,
  Most beautiful and fair!

Thy gardens, and thy goodly walks,
  Continually are green;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
  As nowhere else are seen.

There cinnamon and sugar grow;
  There nard and balm abound;
No tongue can tell, no heart can think,
  What pleasures there are found.

There nectar and ambrosia spring;
  There musk and civet sweet,
And many a fine and dainty drug
  Are trodden under feet.

Along the streets, with pleasant sound
  The stream of life doth flow;
And on its banks, on every side,
  The tree of life doth grow.

These trees each month do yield their fruit,
  For evermore they spring;
And all the nations of the world
  To thee their homage bring.

Jerusalem! God's dwelling-place
  Full sore I long to see;
O that my sorrows had an end,
  That I might dwell with thee!

There David stands with harp in hand
  Among the heavenly quhair;
A thousand times that man was blest
  Who might their music hear!

There Mary sings "Magnificat"
  In tunes surpassing sweet;
And all the virgins bear their part,
  Sitting around her feet.

"Te Deum" doth St. Ambrose sing,
  And holy Austin eke;
Just Simeon and old Zachary
  Have not their songs to seek.

There Magdalen hath left her moan,
  And cheerily doth sing
With all blest saints; their harmony
  Through every street does ring.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
  Thy joys fain would I see;
Come quickly, Lord, and end my grief,
  And take me home to thee!

O write thy name on my forehead,
  And take me hence away;
That I may dwell with thee in bliss,
  And sing thy praises aye.

Jerusalem! the happy seat;—
  Jehovah's throne on high!
O sacred city, queen and wife
  Of Christ eternally!

O comely queen, with glory clad,
  With honour and degree,
All fair art thou, exceeding bright—
  No spot is found in thee!

I long to see Jerusalem,
  The comfort of us all!
For it is sweet and beautiful;
  No ill can it befal.

In thee, Jerusalem, I say,
  No darkness dare appear,
No night, no shade, nor winter foul;
  Time doth not alter there.

No candles burn, no moon doth shine;
  No glittering stars do light;
For Christ the Sun of righteousness
  For ever shineth bright;

A Lamb unspotted, white and pure,
  To thee doth stand in lieu
Of every light: thy glory is
  Thy heavenly King to view.

He is the King of kings, beset
  In midst his servants sight;
And they, his happy household all,
  Do serve him day and night.

There dwell the quire of angels bright;
  There the supernal sort
Of citizens who now are freed
  From dangers deep resort:

There be the prudent prophets all,
  The apostles six and six,
The glorious martyrs in a row,
  The confessors betwixt.

There doth the crew of righteous men
  And matrons all exist;
Young men and maids, who here on earth
  Their pleasures did resist;—

These sheep and lambs, that hardly 'scapt
  The snares of death and hell,
Triumph in joy eternally,
  Whereof no tongue can tell;

And though the glory of each one
  Doth differ in degree,
Yet are the joys of all alike,
  And common, as we see:

There love and charity do reign;
  And Christ is all in all,
Whom they most perfectly behold
  In glory spiritual:

They love, they praise, they praise and love,
  They holy! holy! cry;
They neither toil, nor faint, nor end,
  But laud continually.

O happy thousand times were I,
  If, after wretched days,
I might with listening ears enjoy
  These heavenly songs of praise,

Which to th' Eternal King are sung
  By heavenly wights above,
By sacred souls, and angels sweet,
  To praise the God of love.

O passing happy were my state,
  Might I be worthy found
To wait upon my God and King,
  And there his praises sound;

And to enjoy my Christ above,
His favour and his grace,
According to his promise made,
Which here I interlace;—

"O Father dear!" said he, "let them
Whom thou hast given, of old,
To me, be there whereso I am,
My glory to behold,—

Which I with thee, before the world
Was laid in perfect wise,
Have had, from whence the blessed sun
Of glory doth arise."—

Again—"If any man will serve,
Then let him follow me,
That where I am, be thou right sure
There shall my servant be."—

And still,—"If any man loves me,
Him loves my Father dear,
Whom I do love, to him myself
In glory shall appear."

Lord, take away my miseries,
That then I may be bold
With thee in thy Jerusalem
Thy glory to behold.

And so in Sion see my king,
My love, my lord, my all,
Whom, now, as in a glass I see,
Then face to face I shall.

O blessed be the pure in heart,
Their Sovereign they shall see;
O ye most happy heavenly wights
Who of God's household be!

O Lord, with speed dissolve my bonds,
Those gins and fetters strong!
For I have dwelt within the tents
Of Kedar over long.

Yet once again I pray thee, Lord,
To quit me from all strife,
That to thy hill I may obtain,
And dwell there all my life,—

With Cherubim and Seraphim,
And holy souls of men,
To sing thy praise, O Lord of Hosts!
For evermore. Amen!

Anecdotes and Selections.

An Old Wesleyan Anecdote.—In the early period of the history of Methodism, some of Mr. Wesley's opponents, in the excess of their zeal against enthusiasm, took up a whole waggon-load of Methodists, and carried them before a magistrate. When they were asked what these persons had done, there was an awkward silence; at length one of them said, "Why they pretended to be better than others; and besides, they prayed from morning till night." The magistrate asked if they had done anything else. "Yes, sir," said an old man, "an' it please your worship, they *convarted* my wife. Till she went among them she had such a tongue, and now she is as quiet as a lamb." "Carry them back," said the magistrate, "and let them *convert* all the scolds in the town."

A Little Boy, six years old, whose father had recently died, had gone to bed one evening, when his mother sat by him, weeping at the remembrance of her loss. She supposed her son was asleep; but, after a little time he raised his head, and said, "Mother, won't God be willing to be your husband?" "Why, my dear," said his mother, "how came you to think he would?" "Because you say, now that father is gone to heaven, God will be my father, and I don't see why he won't be willing to be your husband too."

Influence of Character.—A good name is an important qualification for usefulness. The power of any man to do good depends in an eminent degree on the reputation he enjoys. His character multiplies his opportunities, inspires confidence, gives weight to his counsels, and freedom, and energy, and effect, to all his doings. To the man of inconsistency it will be said with scorn, "Physician, heal thyself!"

The Eldest Daughter of Dr. Doddridge was a most lovely and engaging child. As she was a great darling with her family and friends, her father once asked her what made everybody love her so well? She answered, "Indeed, father, I cannot think, unless it be because I love everybody." This interesting child died before she had completed her fifth year.

Dr. Grosvenor being at the funeral of Dr. Watts, a friend said to him, "Well, sir, you have seen an end of Dr. Watts in this world, and you will most likely soon follow; what do you think of death?" "Think of it," replied Dr. Grosvenor, "why, when death comes, I shall smile upon it, if God then smiles on me."

An Infidel, when dying, laid his trembling hand upon the sacred volume, and exclaimed solemnly with unwonted energy, "The only objection against this book is, a bad life."

The Fireside.

GOOD NEIGHBOURHOOD.

In order to being a good neighbour, it is not necessary to do as some people do. The working man's wife who cannot go into a neighbour's house without wishing for something she sees, and does not possess, had better stay at home; and she who cannot bear to see a neighbour or a neighbour's children better dressed than herself or her own children, may be sure that she gets no good by the acquaintance. It may be that this neighbour has greater means of spending, and has a right to spend more if she chooses to do so; or it may be that she is proud and extravagant, and indulges in expenses beyond her means, and so goes the sure and speedy way to ruin. In either case it would be wrong and foolish to imitate her, or even to suffer your mind to hanker after the like display. True wisdom teaches us to be content with such things as we have, with food and raiment convenient for us, though they be not so splendid as those of others. Read Heb. xiii. 5; 1 Tim. vi. 8; Prov. xxx. 8.

Still less should you be induced, for the sake of company, to go with your neighbour into anything absolutely wrong. If your neighbours mis-spend the sabbath, follow worldly amusements, frequent the public-house, or keep company with the giddy and profane, by joining with them you would make yourself partaker of their evil deeds. Your conduct would be offensive to God, perilous to your own soul, and destructive of the welfare of your family.

All these things are not good neighbourhood; now for a word as to what is.

A good neighbourly spirit leads to an interchange of good offices, as occasion may require, and ability be afforded. Between neighbours there may be mutual good will and assistance, by which an advantage may be gained to one without being lost to the other; or there may be perpetual jealousies and ill-will, by which neither party is benefitted, and by which both may be injured. A good housewife may often save an hour of her neighbour's time, without hindering a minute of her own. In expense, also, a mutual saving may be made. Take a few instances. Suppose two neighbours in the habit of occasionally going out to work by the day; the one who happens to be at home can take care of the house during her neighbour's absence, look to the children together with her own, and see that the fire is lit, and the meal ready for the good man when he comes home from work. In time of sickness, the same kindness may be exchanged. One may market for both families; taking care, in her bargains, to do as well for her neighbour as for herself, while the other is getting on with her work, or, at any rate, *taking care of* both families. Where there are children too young

taken to public worship, by two mothers in turn taking care
em, each may enjoy sacred opportunities which would other-
have been lost to both. Neighbours in the country may help
nother with the produce of their gardens, especially in seeds
lants, of which, almost always, one has more than is needed,
, perhaps, the next door neighbour has to buy or go without.
these and many other ways, easily thought of, and as easily
people may be good neighbours; and the display of such good
g when all goes well, will dispose them to shew it yet more
any trouble, like affliction, suffering, or death, visits either of
houses. And so good neighbourhood has its own reward in
icing good-will, peace, and affection. More than all, God
ves and blesses good neighbourhood.

The Penny Post Box.

THE BLESSING OF LABOUR.

IT to say a word about this, for some people are dreadfully
ened at the very idea of labour, and others would fain live
ut it altogether. But such are under a great mistake. There
lessing in labour, as we shall soon see.
is part of the arrangements of Providence that every man
d labour in some way or other; that either with his brain, or by
s of his bone and muscle, he should bring out all the capabili-
iat are in him. That, in short, he should prove himself a man.
we needed proof of this, we might find it in the fact that man,
he first comes into the world, is the most helpless of all
ils. Nothing is done for him; while for other creatures every-
is done. They are more or less fitted to enter at once on
life. The bird finds himself clothed with feathers, the sheep
wool, the dog with hair, without any thought or exertion on
part. Man, on the contrary, must provide himself with cloth-
he must, by hunting, fishing, or labour of some sort, procure
or himself. He must work or die.
s not to be denied that some men may have to labour too
; but this fact does not disprove the other fact, that a man
t labour without being the better for it. Occupation, whether
dy or mind, is, far more than many of us are willing to believe,
me means of happiness. Do you doubt the fact? Look
it the first person you see who has really nothing to do; the
es are a thousand to one that you will find him to be in some
or other a very miserable being. Many such, being at last
ged" to work, have found as the work went on that the cloud
hung about their minds disappeared, and that cheerfulness
ope came back again. There is great virtue in labour; it is a

noble means of exercise; and Plato, the philosopher, said, that exercise would almost cure a guilty conscience.

And as there is a blessing in temporal labour, so there is in spiritual labour. Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Joshua, Samuel, David, and all the prophets; Peter, Paul, Barnabas, Silas, John, Timothy, and Titus, and all the first disciples; Huss, Jerome, Wickliffe, Luther, Latimer, Bunyan, and all the reformers; Watts, Doddridge, Whitefield, and the Wesleys; Carey, Williams, Knibb, Moffat, and a host of missionaries, were all hard-working labourers, and reaped fruit unto life eternal. And so, if any man would be saved, he must seek, strive, struggle, and labour, to "work out his own salvation; for it is God which worketh in him to will and to do of his own good pleasure." So there is also a blessing in labouring for the bread that endureth unto eternal life, as well as for that which perisheth. "In all labour there is profit."

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

CENSUS OF THE STATES OF AMERICA, 1860.

Free States and Territories.

Maine	619,958
New Hampshire	326,072
Vermont	315,827
Massachusets	1,231,494
Rhode Island	174,621
Connecticut	460,670
New York	3,851,563
New Jersey	676,084
Pennsylvania	2,916,013
Ohio	2,377,917
Michigan	754,291
Indiana	1,350,802
Illinois	1 691,238
Wisconsin	768,485
Iowa	682,003
California	384,770
Oregon	52,586
Minnesota	172,793
Kansas	143,645
Nebraska	28,893
Utah	50,000
Dakotah	4,830
Washington	11,624

Slave States.

Delaware	110,548
Maryland	646,183
Virginia	1,097,373
North Carolina	679,9[illegible]
South Carolina	308,18[illegible]
Georgia	615,8[illegible]
Florida	81,8[illegible]
Alabama	529,444
Mississippi	407,051
Louisiana	354,24[illegible]
Texas	415,7[illegible]
Arkansas	331,710
Tennessee	859,5[illegible]
Kentucky	920,077
Missouri	1,065,5[illegible]
District Columbia	75,3[illegible]
New Mexico	93,0[illegible]

The total population of the Free States and Territories is 19,045,173—an increase on the last census of 5,580,650. The whole free population of the Slave States amounts to 8,602,470, which is an increase on 1850 of 2,080,422; and the whole slave population, 3,999,853—an increase of 795,854 on last census. The rate of increase for the ten years has been in the Free States and Territories, 41 per cent; among the free population of the Slave States, 32 per cent; in the slave population, 22¼ per cent.

Hints.

ESTY is a leading feature of mind. The more men really the less they will think of lves. Only ignorant puppies ud.

HAND that casts into the of life a stone of offence, tell how far the ripples they ıay spread, or who may be ed by them.

AGE we all hope for, and yet · it as it approaches. The that most men wish to live, not like to die. Happy they ıo have hope of eternal life.

ION makes a fool look like ; is; and a wise man, if he ay to it, like what he is not

E.—When Christ came into ·ld, he brought peace; when t out of it, he left peace as ıt legacy. We ought not to it.

.DLY PLEASURE.—Drink deep dare, but if you do you must l that is in the cup, and there ıys a bitter sediment at the .

E POLITENESS does not con- touching the hat, or dropping ey, but in treating others with pect and kindness which you ı receive yourself.

Gems.

CHRISTIAN thinks and acts s principle. If Christ has himself for me, I can do no ıan give myself, body, soul, irit unto him.

IST THE CONQUERER.—The hant laurel that adorns his sprang from his cross, and d nourishment from his tears.

ONLY KNOW GOD as we see the face of Jesus Christ; in words and works we hear and ıd. As he said to Philip, "He ath seen me, hath seen the ." What Christ was, God is.

HAD JESUS CHRIST BEEN A MERE MAN, or even an angel, he could not have borne the weight of punishment our sins deserved, when God laid on Him the iniquity of us all. But he was the divine Son of God, and hence he is, "Mighty to save." Try him.

EVERY PRIEST must have a sacrifice to offer; and every sacrifice must have a priest to offer it. Christ was both priest and sacrifice, when he offered himself without spot unto God, a propitiation for our sins.

THE DYING GROANS OF CHRIST show the horrible nature of sin in the sight of God. The sufferings of Jesus to atone for sin, show it to be the greatest evil in the universe

Poetic Selections.

YOUNG WOMEN! TAKE CARE.

From Fireside Rhymes.

TAKE care, take care, ye young and fair,
  Before you start in life;
For if you do not now take care
  There may come want and strife:
So, ere you give yourself away,
  Another's lot to share,
'Twill save you sorrow many a day,
  If now you will take care.

Think, my young friend, before you give
  To any man your heart,
If he in love with you will live,
  Or cause it many a smart.
This warning I again repeat,
  Young women, now beware,
And, ere you give yourselves away,
  I pray you all take care.

Think, ere you leave your parent's roof,
  What home you then will find;
See that you have the best of proof
  He will be true and kind:
Think, will he come at even time
  Your joys and cares to share?
Or, will he let you lonely pine?
  Again, I say, take care.

Oh! think, will he who now declares
  He will for you provide,
Be always what he seems to be,
  Or leave his own fireside?
How sad has often been the fate
  Of many young and fair!
Oh! think upon their hapless state,
  Through want of taking care!

Birmingham. R. C.

The Children's Corner.

"I WILL NOT BE A SOLDIER."

H. G. Adams in his "Peace Lyrics" gives the following somew humorous supposed reply of a young lad who had been asked the "Recruiting Sergeant" to enlist as a soldier.

So, ye want to catch me, do ye!
  Nae! I doan't much think ye wool,
Though your scarlet coat and feathers
  Look so bright and butiful;
Though ye tell sich famous stories
  Of the fortuns to be won,
Fighting in the distant Ingies,
  Underneath the burnin' sun.

S'pose I am a tight young feller,
  Sound o' limb, and all that 'ere,
I can't see that that's a reason
  Why the scarlet I should wear.
Fustain coat and corded trousers
  Seem to suit me quite as well;
'Think I don't look badly in 'em—
  Ax my Meary—she can tell!

Sartin*ly* I'd rather keep 'em—
  These same limbs you talk about—
Covered up in cord and fustain,
  Than I'd try to do without;
There's Bill Muggins left our village
  Jest as sound a man as I;
Now he goes about on crutches,
  With a single arm and eye.

"*Fun?*" a knockin' fellow-creturs
  Down like nine-pins, and that 'ere,
Sticking bag'nets through and through 'em,
  Burnin', slaying, everywhere;—
"*Pleasant quarters?*" werry pleasant!
  Sleepin' on the field o' battle,
Or, in hospital or barricks,
  Crammed together jest like cattle.

Strut away, then, Master Sergeant;
  Tell your lies as on you go;
Make your drummers rattle louder,
  And your fifers harder blow;
I shan't be a "son o' glory,"
  But an honest workin' man;
With the strength that God has guv me,
  Doin' all the good I can.

THE SABBATH A BLESSING.

T was Saturday night. The hour, nine. A week of more han ordinary toil, perplexity, and care, was about to close. The day of rest, of spiritual exercises, of hallowed enjoyment, 'as gratefully anticipated by One who knew how to appreciate uch advantages, and who had learnt to "call the sabbath a elight, the holy of the Lord, honourable." She hailed its ear approach in these words, repeated with strong emphasis, It is a great blessing." That young person has been recently arried to the grave. The Saturday evening of life was nearer ıan could have been apprehended. She died happy in God, nd in joyful hope of a sabbath ineffably glorious, and everısting in its duration.

Commonplace as some may deem the sentiment she expressed, ow much is comprehended in it! The sabbath is a great lessing, viewed even in its lowest aspect. Let any one stai on himself on a Saturday afternoon at some convenient point or witnessing the tide of workers flowing through the mill-yard ates of one of our large manufactories. Mark the wan and ickly countenances of the majority, covered with the dust of he week. Still there is a sprightliness in their demeanour, ınd a buoyancy in their steps. They are homeward-bound, earers of their weekly wages; and they have a rest day tonorrow, secured to them by the merciful benevolence of their Maker. "I gave them my Sabbaths." Some forty hours may elapse before these workers return to their calling, to listen to the din of machinery, and breathe the atmosphere of the mill. When the best of days dawns, it may be said to them, "Look up, ye sons and daughters of toil, over whom the world exerises a stern dominion; ye who rise early, and take late est, and eat the bread of carefulness. Look up from the lleys and lanes, the garrets and cellars, in which you find your owly homes. Look up, for the day of rest is come; a day hich the world has no right to claim or to divide; a day in hich the servant is free from his master, and everyone of you ıay feel the difference between the service of God and that of en. Look up; for the light which ushers in the morning ings rest, and peace, and liberty; and tells you that it is eaven's gracious will that your labours should have an interission, that your wearied frames should be recruited by rese, that your souls should taste the sweets of true freedom,

and that you should go forth, one day in the seven, with songs, and joy upon your heads."

One who has recently written upon this subject remarks:—"Let me say here, that, apart entirely from any consideration of the religious sanctions which hallow a certain day of the seven, it appears to me that its value is literally and really inestimable to the overworked and worried man, *if it be kept sacred* from the intrusion of worldly cares and thoughts. The thing can be done, my friend. As the last hour of Saturday strikes, the burden may fall off from the mind; the pack of worries may be whipped off; and you may feel that you have entered on a purer, happier life, which will last for four-and-twenty hours. I am a Scotchman, and a Scotch clergyman; and I hold views regarding the Lord's-day with which I know some of my readers do not sympathize: but I believe, for myself, that a strict resolution to preserve the Lord's-day sacred *would lengthen many a valuable life; would preserve the spring of many a noble mind; would hold off, in some cases, the approaches of imbecility or insanity.*"

Physicians have added their testimony. Here is the opinion of Dr. Farre, when examined before a Committee of the House of Commons:—"I have been in the habit, during a great many years, of considering the *uses* of the sabbath, and observing its *abuses*. The abuses are chiefly manifested in labour and dissipation. The use, medically speaking, is that of a day of rest. As a day of rest, I view it as a day of compensation for the inadequate restorative power of the body. The ordinary exertions of man run down the circulation every day of his life; and the first general law of nature, by which God (who is not only the Giver, but also the Preserver and Sustainer, of life) prevents man from destroying himself, is the alternate day and night, that repose may succeed action. But, although the night apparently equalizes the circulation well, yet it does not sufficiently restore its balance for the attainment of a long life. Hence one day in seven, by the bounty of Providence, is thrown in, as a day of compensation, to perfect by its repose the animal system. This is said simply as a physician, and without reference at all to the religious question. But if you consider, further, the proper effect of real christianity,—namely, peace of mind, confiding trust in God, and good-will to man,—you will perceive in this renewed vigour of the mind, and through the mind to the body, an additional spring of life

imparted from the higher use of the sabbath as a holy rest. I have advised clergymen, in lieu of the sabbath, to rest one day in the week: it forms a continual prescription of mine. The working of the mind in one continued train of thought is destructive of life in the most distinguished classes of society; and senators themselves stand in need of reform in that particular." It is obvious, then, that the law of the sabbath is adapted to the temporal well-being of man. To work on the sabbath is a sin against the law of nature, as well as against the law of God. Even in this sense, "the sabbath was made for man," who was created and formed for *six* days' work, and not for *seven*. Neither body nor mind can bear constant stretch; each requires periodical relaxation.

Higher and more important advantages have yet to be considered. The sabbath is a delightful suspension of the original curse, which doomed man to eat bread in the sweat of his face. It forms a large break in the dark, louring cloud, through which a heavenly sunshine streams down. It is, truly, "the light of the week," and an inspiration of God's "saving health." Were there no pause amid the exciting and merely secular duties of life, the heart would become absorbed by the "cares of this life;" every spiritual and holy train of thought would be obliterated and banished from the mind. The sabbath is, emphatically, "*the Lord's-day.*" "This is the day which the Lord hath made," says an inspired bard, "we will rejoice and be glad in it." The day is not only to be withdrawn from ordinary employments, but to be sanctified to the glory of God by public ordinances of religion, by prayer and praise, by hearing the Gospel, and by christian communion. It is not only a type, but intended to be a foretaste, of that blissful state in which "this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality;" in which "there shall be no more curse;" in which the redeemed "shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

We read history to little purpose if we do not discover evidence of the value of this great institution. "My sabbaths shall be a *sign* between me and you," saith the Lord:—a true index to the moral and religious condition of any country.

Our personal, social, and national welfare—all that contributes to public morality, order, and happiness—will be found closely interwoven with the proper observance of one day in seven. Judgment is not far off when the sabbath is "polluted." When the sacred day is disregarded, the nation's banner falls, and the Lord "shall consume" its "glory." "But if ye will not hearken unto me," saith the Holy One, "to hallow the sabbath day, and not to bear a burden, even entering in at the gates of Jerusalem on the sabbath-day; then will I kindle a fire in the gates thereof, and it shall devour the palaces of Jerusalem, and it shall not be quenched." (Jer. xvii. 27.) This prophecy was fulfilled: the city was burned; the king dethroned, and carried into exile with his princes and nobles; the people were mercilessly slaughtered; and the country was overspread with misery and desolation. The distinguishing sin of the nations upon the continent of Europe has long been sabbath-desecration: and who is not familiar with their fearful chastisements?

"Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." In our own country there are parties, indomitable in perseverance, who by attempting to establish a continental sabbath, would turn this blessing into a curse. London can supply thousands on thousands to listen to Sunday bands in the public parks. She has myriads on myriads who habitually neglect public worship. To vast multitudes the sabbath brings no respite from toil, no quiet for aching limbs and wearied spirits, no day of refreshment for body and soul. Dense crowds visit the tea-gardens of the suburbs, or by thousands descend the river to Greenwich, Woolwich, or Gravesend. "Meanwhile," as Mr. Baptist Noel observes, "enough of sabbath-breaking remains within the metropolis. Noble and fashionable sabbath-breakers by thousands are showing, in the unspeakably insipid procession of gay equipages in Hyde Park, how well they can employ the bounties of God to insult him by their ostentatious violation of his express command. Then, when they have languished through the wearisome monotony of the holy day, they achieve at night, by luxurious banqueting, by music and song, an atheistical forgetfulness of God; shake off, for a moment, the dulness of fashionable existence, or disburden themselves of the annoyance of conscience." Six hundred and fifty thousand persons stand up in London, and say by their practice, in the face of heaven, "There shall be no sabbath!" Let our nobles, senators, magistrates, ministers, and

the masses of our christian people, awake to their imperative duty. Her Majesty's proclamation against vice and immorality, urging her subjects "decently and reverently to attend the worship of God on every Lord's-day," is an indication of healthy feeling at the fountain-head. It contrasts satisfactorily with the enactment of the "Book of Sports" by James I., in 1618, and its republication by his son in 1633. The sword of civil war was God's instrument at that time for punishing the offence of giving the Royal sanction to sin. That sword has long ago returned to its scabbard, never, we trust, to be unsheathed. The state of sabbath morals, in our towns and villages, will also bear a favourable comparison with what prevailed in the early part of the reign of Charles I. "I cannot forget," says Baxter, "that in my youth, in those late times when we lost the labours of some of our godly teachers for not reading publicly the 'Book of Sports' and dancing on the Lord's-day, one of my father's own tenants was the town-piper, hired by the year, and the place of the dancing-assembly was not a hundred yards from our door. We could not, on the Lord's-day, either read a chapter, or pray, or sing a psalm, or catechize, or instruct a servant, but with the noise of the pipe and tabor, and the shoutings in the street, continually in our ears. Even among a tractable people we were the common scorn of all the rabble in the streets, and called Puritans, precisians, and hypocrites, because we rather chose to read the scriptures than to do as they did; though there was no savour of nonconformity in our family. And when the people, by the 'Book of Sports,' were allowed to play and dance out of public service-time, they could so hardly break off their sports, that many a time the reader was fain to stay till the pipe and players would give over. Sometimes the morris-dancers would come into the church in all their linen and scarfs and antic dresses, with morris-bells jingling at their legs; and, as soon as Common Prayer was read, did haste out presently to their play again." With such evidence as this before us, we are certainly not prepared to concede "that the former times were better than these" in old England; and that it would be sad indeed, if, after having restored, in some good degree, the day of God to its original design, we were again to allow it to be desecrated by money-getting men for their selfish purposes in opening places of public amusement on the Holy Day. J. B.

Poetry.

"WELCOME SWEET DAY OF REST."

When the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek;
How sweet to hail the evening's close,
That ends the weary week!

How sweet to hail the early dawn,
That opens on the sight;
When first the soul-reviving morn
Beams its new rays of light!

Sweet day! thine hours too soon will cease;
Yet while they gently roll,
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
A sabbath o'er my soul!

When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er;
That sabbath dawn, which needs no sun;
That day, which fades no more?

Anecdotes and Selections.

Whosoever!—A sailor, who had been piously trained in early life, but for many years had been the victim of all manner of profligacy, at length, while at sea in the Pacific Ocean, was thoroughly awakened and convinced by the Spirit of God. One night, after turning in, his terror rose to such a pitch, that he dared not shut his eyes, lest he should awake in hell; but at length he was overcome with fatigue and weakness, and fell a sleep. While in this condition he dreamed of being in India (where he had been formerly) and hearing a missionary preach on the solemn words, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" He was so moved by the words, that he tried to run away, and in the effort awoke. Then, as he says, "the perspiration was pouring from my forehead, and I was in the greatest agitation. I opened again God's Word, for I had now no other comforter. I read the third chapter of John, and there I saw what I needed. I must be born again. I read on, and came to the 16th verse:—'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' I was struck by these beautiful words. Does that include *me?* Yes, I thought, 'whosoever'

me; I will venture on this. I tried to give God my heart, ere, in that midnight hour, far away on the billows, I cast my uilty soul on his mercy, and while pleading this precious I felt peace and comfort come to my soul."

Four Pillars of the Bible.—There are four grand argu- for the truth of the Bible. The first is the miracles on ; the second the prophecies; the third, the goodness of the e; the fourth, the moral character of the penmen. The s flow from Divine power; the prophecies, from Divine tanding; the excellence of the doctrine, from Divine good- the moral character of the penmen, from Divine purity. hristianity is built upon these four immoveable pillars—the the understanding, the goodness, the purity of God. The nust be one of these things—either an invention of good men, l angels; of bad men, or bad angels; or a revelation from But it could not be the invention of good men or angels, for either would nor could make a book telling lies, at the same ying, "Thus saith the Lord," when they knew it all to be wn invention. It could not be the invention of wicked men ls, for they could not make a book which commands all duty, forbids all sin, and which condemns their souls to all eternity. onclusion is irresistible—the Bible must be given by the tion of God.

ows and Orphans.—To many a pious man and woman embitter the prospect of eternity, to consider what may of their dear children, or such as more immediately depend em, when they themselves are gone. It is well to remem- at God loves our relations, and especially if they are his with a love greatly superior to any we can feel. Die ve may, he can help them without our aid. Who ever heard orphan that God forsook; or one widow that trusted in him, he cast off? Have not some of the most remarkable provi- proved the truth of the promise, that he will be a father of erless, and a husband of the widow? And never shall it be at he clothes "the grass of the field, which to-day is, and row is cast into the oven," when the widow and the father- overlooked and forgotten. "O thou of little faith, where- st thou doubt?"

t is a Smile?—Is it not a pleasing relaxation of the fea- expressive of satisfaction or love? Nothing on earth can nt man. Gems may flash, flowers may bloom, and birds g, but they cannot smile. We all know the joy a smile will nes give us. But there will be one smile which will be worth o us than ten thousand worlds—the smile of our Saviour, e is saying to us in that day, "Come, ye blessed children of her, and inherit the kingdom!"

The Fireside.

TAKE CARE OF THAT CHILD.

To a Young Mother.

No one can describe the joy of a mother over her first child. Take care of it; yes, she will, at the risk of her own life. She will nurse it, and feed it, and watch it night and day.

What more than all this can she do? I will tell you. That child is a gift from God, and a good mother will not forget that it has a soul as well as a body; and that it is her great duty not only to nurse, and feed, and watch it, but to *teach* it. "Teach it," perhaps you say, "how can a mother teach her baby? How soon would you have her begin?" I shall not pretend to say how soon, but I am sure of this that even a baby may be taught *one* thing sooner than many people seem to think. Again you may ask, "What is that *one* thing?" I will answer at once, it is OBEDIENCE.

"Oh!" perhaps you say, "you are some old bachelor, who, having had no children of your own, fancy that you could manage them better than other folks." But I am not; I love children, and have had ten, so I know what I am writing about. Often have I sat and admired, while I wondered, how soon their mother taught the little creatures to do what she wished; and so I have seen this thing done again and again. I say that you may teach them to do as you wish much sooner than many expect or think they can.

Yes, I believe that a mother may teach her child obedience before it can either walk or talk; and more than this, it can be done with ease; and better still, it is the *best* thing she can teach them. I will tell you why I think it is the best lesson you can teach your child, and why you ought.

The world was ruined by disobedience, but was restored by obedience. I dont stop to say how this was. We all know it was so. Should not, then, your first lesson to your child be a lesson of obedience? It should for the child's sake; for if it is allowed to disobey you, it will grow up to disobey God. It should for your own sake. An obedient child is a comfort and a blessing.

You cannot begin too soon. You need not be cross or severe, but you must be firm. Let no foolish fondness hinder you. Love your child with all your heart, but do not work its soul's undoing by allowing it to disobey you. So teaching it to obey you and obey God, you will best

TAKE CARE OF THAT CHILD.

The Penny Post Box.

FREAKS OF FASHION.

"DORCAS" has told us a sad tale (page 109) of the "Victims of Fashion." For my part I regard fashion as a most capricious tyrant, who always lords it over women. In proof I give you an extract or two from a book I have just been reading:—

"The eighteenth century was remarkable for the extraordinary Freaks of Fashion. There was a constant rivalry between the monstrous head-dress and the expanding hoops. Addison tells us he remembers several ladies who were once very nearly seven feet high that then wanted some inches of five feet; and Rogers, in his 'Table Talk,' relates how he had to place a lady, whom he was conducting to a party, on a cushion at the bottom of his carriage, because her enormous head-dress would not allow her to occupy the seat. A heart-shaped and steeple head-dress was worn by the queen of Charles VI. of France, to admit whom the doors of the palace at Vincennes were obliged to be altered. As the head-dress rose, the skirts generally contracted; and when the high top-knots came down, hoops of different patterns and dimensions flourished. First came the wheel fardingale, like a huge drum; then the triangular whalebone; then hoops of graduated sizes. In 1745 they expanded at the sides, and contracted in front; ten years later they became scarcely discernible; and in 1757 they re-appeared, and swelled into the enormous dimensions of the court dresses of the reign of George III. His successor, George IV., banished them from his court; and the fashion departed to reappear in these days in the expanding crinoline.

The imitation of male attire by the other sex has called forth the satire of writers from the days of the Normans to the present time. In the fourteenth century, the ladies had their 'cotehardies' buttoned down the front like the men, with pockets outside, their waistcoats, and their 'paletoques;' and Chaucer, in his 'Canterbury Tales,' gives some graphic descriptions of the prevailing costumes, and makes a parson lament 'the sinful costly array of clothing' of both sexes. The ladies, we are told, 'passeth the men in all manner of arraies and curious clothing.' At the close of the fifteenth century, Strutt remarks, that 'the dress of the English was so absurd that it was difficult to distinguish one sex from the other;' and he quotes part of the instructions given to the chamberlain of Henry VII. 'Warme your soverayne hys petticotte, hys doublett, and hys stomacher, and then put on hys hozen, and then hys schone or slyppers, then stryten up his hozen mannerly, and tye them up, then lace his doublett hole by hole.' In the days of Elizabeth, Stubbs writes, in his 'Anatomy of Abuses,' 'The women have

doublets and jerkins as the men have, buttoned up to the breast, and made with wings and pinions on the shoulder-points, as man's apparel in all respects; and although this be a kind of attire proper only to a man, yet they blush not to wear it.' Addison, too, in the 'Spectator,' repeatedly censures the male attire of the ladies; and he gives, in No. 104, a description of a lady whose sex can only be recognized by a very small petticoat of blue camlet. The coat, waistcoat, hat, and male periwig formed the fashionable riding dress of the ladies."

When will our women be wise? When? Not yet we fear; for vain display is woman's besetting sin. MNASON.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

MACHINERY IN THE MANUFACTURE OF COTTON.

In Lancashire, the home of the cotton manufacture, and also the home of the most perfect machinery, the population in 1812 was 1,052,948, and in 1859 it was 2,372,700, being a growth of 125 per cent., whilst the ratio of increase for all England and Wales, exclusive of Lancashire, was only 59 per cent. The value of real property which, in 1814, was £3,139,000, amounted in 1857 to £10,458,000, being an increase of 233 per cent, or nearly double that of the population; whilst the increase in England and Wales was only 93 per cent. Lancashire has therefore outstripped the country generally in population by 66 per cent., and in the growth of real property by 140 per cent.

The amount of raw cotton consumed in this country in 1814 was 53,777,802 lbs., whilst in 1858 it was 905,600,000 lbs. The number of persons employed in cotton factories, in 1817, was 110,763, and in 1858 they were about 400,000, say an increase of 300 per *cent.* since 1814. Thus, whilst population has more than doubled, the wealth of each person, upon an average, has nearly doubled; and the productions of each person are fourfold more than than in the year 1814. How could these things have happened apart from the cheapening of the comforts of life which improved machinery has alone made possible?

Hints.

WHEN IN COMPANY with others, so talk and act that some one at least may have to say "He did me good by what he said and did."

WE OUGHT TO TRY so to conduct ourselves by the rules of goodness that others may be induced to admire and adopt them too.

DO GOOD WITH YOUR MONEY while you have it; for thus will you stamp it with the image and superscription of Him who "went about doing good."

SOME MEN WILL GET MONEY. But in order to this they put themselves into a narrow circle, and work away, by fair means and foul until they get it. And what then? An epitaph for an earthworm!

EAR SERMONS. Which is That which leaves you in on of the preacher, or that akes you dissatisfied with ?

IS UNIVERSAL. — Never that you have the genuine Heaven in your heart, until every man living.

AND ETERNITY both belong . He best consults his own for the things of time who eference to the things of

'S A SEVERE TEACHER, and ches us some useful lessons; ng others, the value of rest, ood, and health, for our- as well as sympathy for o endure it.

MAN IS RICH ENOUGH who upplied his own wants and ts of those dependent on s something to give to him deth.

MAY SEE HOW MUCH a man be tempted to envy him; u knew, with all his riches, e he *enjoys*, you might be to pity him.

Gems.

YOU A HARD HEART. Go and he will, for Christ's ke it away, and give you, for said he will, a new and eart.

OU FEEL DEAD. Well; look st; look, and look again; king; look no where else. not said "Look unto me, e saved. Look till you live.

CROSS OF CHRIST teaches, angels, a lesson of the holy r of God and the horrid f sin, such as the universe new before.

H AND HOLINESS are so that no man can separate Truth is the firm foundation , and holiness the beautiful building erected upon it, firm and lovely as the throne of God.

ONLY WHILE WE LOOK steadily by faith to Jesus dying for our sins upon the cross, shall we be able to exclaim with wondering gratitude, "He loved *me*, and gave himself for *me*."

TRUTH AND ERROR.—He who receives error rejects truth; for as error comes into a man's heart truth goes out. Giving up truth he gives up God, and makes way for the devil.

TRIFLE NOT WITH TRUTH. It is a clear deep river. Dont dabble in it, or swim and sport on its surface like "wanton boys" when bathing. Dive deep, and bring up the precious gems that lie at the bottom.

THE HAPPINESS OF HEAVEN will ever arise from the conviction that God, on whom we shall be dependent, will supply it. The misery of the lost in hell will arise from the same conviction of dependence, but without any hope of supply.

Poetic Selections.

THE PENITENT'S PRAYER.

DEAR Saviour, from thy throne on high,
Look down on me with pitying eye;
Thou art the sinners friend I know,
And feel 'tis vain elsewhere to go.

Now unto Thee, to Thee I cry;
Do not my humble suit deny;
O save me, or I perish, Lord!
Save me according to thy word.

Cast me not out: I come to Thee;
Deign, gracious Lord, to look on me.
Thy smile alone can cheer my heart,
And bid its anxious fears depart.

O let me feel that blood of thine
Has cleans'd this sin-stained soul of mine;
Let me by faith behold thy face,
And taste the riches of thy grace.

My weary soul will ne'er find rest,
Till it repose upon Thy breast—
Behold thy smile, and hear Thee say—
"My blood has wash'd thy sins away."

O let me by experience prove
The riches of redeeming love:
Before I from thy footstool go,
That blessing, Lord, on me bestow.

Newport, I. W. J. D.

The Children's Corner.

POETIC PROVERBS FOR THE YOUNG.

Do well whate'er is right to do;
If urgent, do it quickly too.

If peace at home should be your care,
Then learn to bear, and to forbear.

Who friendship with a knave has made,
Will be a partner in his trade.

If youth knew what age will crave;
Youth would then both get and have.

An idler is a watch without both hands,
As useless when it goes as when it stands.

Seize opportunity; avoid delay;
May it to-day be done? do it to-day.

One method only can be found the best;
Do that and you will manage all the rest.

Despise not that which only small appears,
Sand-grains make hills, and moments make up years.

Learn to rise early, so that none may say
You wasted the best hours of all the day.

Pick up a pin each day; count all you've got,
And in one year they will be worth a groat.

A penny saved is a penny earned,
This lesson is not hard but easy learned.

Make up your mind you'll never be a sot;
For rags and ruin are the drunkard's lot.

Walk with the wise and you will wiser grow;
Those who love fools will only folly know.

A fool will always blab his folly out,
As water, when you pump, comes through the spout.

Think ere you speak, and then your words will be
More wise, and with the truth will more agree.

Some men love lying and will lies invent;
Listen not to them; for 'tis time mispent.

In all you think, or wish, or say, or do,
Ask the OLD BOOK and it will tell you true.

Above all other good you would obtain,
Seek CHRIST, and in Him life eternal gain.

IRISH REVIVAL HYMNS.

ıG the means used by the friends of the late revival :eland to promote an extension of religious feeling, "psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs," and other c pieces, which were sung to popular tunes with great ation, something after the manner of the "Primitives" ngland. Amidst the excitement which prevailed, there no doubt much that a very orderly or fastidious ob- ır might disapprove and almost condemn. He was not ght to serious reflection by such means, and he did not ıow others could. And yet the means employed might est adapted to the parties whom it was intended to fit. Indeed this seems to have been the general con- ın of christian men of all denominations and positions, the dignified Bishop and sober Judge to the warm- ;ed Wesleyan and still warmer "Primitive;" Presby- ıs, Independents, and Baptists, all joining to promote ;ood work, and rejoice in the happy results.
ɜ give a few specimens of some of these productions.

THE SINNER AND HIS SAVIOUR.

A DIALOGUE.

SINNER.

ɜ'D sinner, lost, undone,—Lord Jesus, hear my cry!
:ains of guilt are on my soul; Lord, save me, or I die!

SAVIOUR.

thou wretched ruin'd one: before thee, lo, I stand;
unto me just as thou art, and grasp my pierced hand.
not spurn thee from me now for all thy rags and chains,
thee;—come to me, and wash thy dark and crimson stains.

SINNER.

ıousand talents, Lord, I owe,—nothing have I to pay;
not come, my nakedness would shame the light of day!

SAVIOUR.

unto me, thou bankrupt soul; why dost thou linger yet?
ny own life-blood I have paid the last mite of thy debt.
ıhes now give I to thee, and, for thy royal dress,
lothe thee with my spotless robe of perfect righteousness.

SINNER.

I fain would come, I fain would pray; my tears alone must speak;
I come;—yet seems my strengthless heart too wayward and too we

SAVIOUR.

Come thou to me, thou weary one, and then thou shalt find rest;
And my meek Spirit shall abide within thy troubled breast,
With life and love, with power and peace, with holiness and migl
O! listen now unto his voice, for he will give thee light.

SINNER.

I come, He draws me; I am thine, Lord Jesus, thou art mine.
I ask no more, if only thus upon me thou wilt shine.

SAVIOUR.

My Father loves thee, and I love; my Spirit dwells in thee:
To give thee life, and joy, and heaven, and immortality.
But, may be, clouds will come, and hide thy Saviour from thine eyı
Say, wilt thou love me even then, beneath those darker skies?

SINNER.

I leave myself to thee, O Lord; I love thee, though unseen;
But when shall this dividing veil be raised that hangs between?

SAVIOUR.

Press onward, ransomed one, press on to my celestial realm;
The voyage may be rough and long, but I am at the helm;
The wilderness is rough and vast, but I have gone before thee,
And trampled down the briars and thorns in the rough path to gl

SINNER.

And shall I never leave thy side upon that blissful shore,
But see thee in thy glory there, and love thee evermore?

SAVIOUR.

For ever—thou shalt share my throne, my Father's face behold,
And swell the rapturous melodies of thousand harps of gold.
Fear not, for I will welcome thee, with my own joyful smile:
Press on, be faithful unto death—'tis but a little while.

NEED OF JESUS.

I NEED thee, precious Jesus! for I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty, my heart is dead within:
I need the cleansing fountain to which I now may flee,—
The blood of Christ most precious, the sinner's only plea.

I need thee, precious Jesus! for I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim here, as all my fathers were;
I need the love of Jesus to cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps right, and be my strength and sta

:hee, precious Jesus! I need a Friend like thee;
id to soothe and sympathise, a Friend to care for me;
a Friend like Jesus to feel each anxious care,
› me bear my burden, and all my sorrow share.

thee, precious Jesus! for I am very blind;
and foolish wanderer with a dark and evil mind:
the light of Jesus to tread the thorny road,
le me safe to glory, where I shall see my God.

thee, precious Jesus! I need thee day by day
me with thy fullness, to lead me on my way:
thy Holy Spirit to teach me what I am,
w me more of Jesus, and point me to the Lamb.

thee, precious Jesus! and hope to see thee soon
›wn glory seated upon thy radiant throne;
vith thy blood-bought children my joy shall ever be
; thy praises, Jesus!—and gaze, my LORD, on thee.

THE PENITENT'S PRAYER.

o thee I trembling fly, full of sin—afraid to die;
) turn, and to me give, saving grace that I may live!
sinner—sinning too, when the gospel well I knew;
thy judgment on me fall, justly must I suffer all.

. Jesus, hear my cry, Oh! behold my agony:
' glory, can it be, there is no hope of heaven for me?
love so full and free, by thy passion on the tree,
promise all to save, who to thee for mercy crave—

' glory, I entreat, now for pardon at thy feet;
ıy blessing, grant thy peace, bid my heart's wild terror cease.
ıy soul shall loud proclaim, the honour of my Saviour's name,
nobler songs above, I will praise thy wondrous love.

TO JESUS IN HEAVEN.

D, who now art seated above the heavens on high,
racious work completed for which thou cam'st to die,
ee our hearts are lifted, while wand'ring pilgrims here,
ou alone art gifted our load of sin to bear.

ıow that thou hast bought us, and washed us in thy blood;
.ow thy grace has taught us the way to heaven and God;
ıow that soon the morning, long looked for, hasteth near,
we, at thy returning, in glory shall appear.

l, thy love's unbounded, so full, so sweet, so free,
ıoughts are all confounded whene'er we think on Thee;
ı thou cam'st from heaven, for us to bleed and die,
purchas'd and forgiven, we might ascend on high.

Anecdotes and Selections.

A Scotch Sailor, after a voyage among the islands of the Pacific ocean, said, "Last year I was wrecked on one of those islands, where I knew that eight years before a ship was wrecked and the crew murdered; and you may judge how I felt at the prospect before us—if not dashed to pieces on the rocks, to survive only for a more cruel death. When day broke, we saw a number of canoes pulling for our ship, and we prepared for the worst. Think of our joy and wonder when we saw the natives in English dress, and heard some of them speak in the English language. On that very island the next sabbath we heard the gospel preached, and heard the same psalms sung I used to sing in old Scotland. I do not know what you think of missions, but I know what I have now told you."

The Devil driven away.—Martin Luther says:—Once upon a time the devil came to me and said, "Martin, you are a great sinner, and you will be damned." "Stop! stop!" said I, "one thing at a time. I am a great sinner; that is true, though *you* have no right to tell me of it. I confess it. What next?" "Therefore you will be damned!" "That is not good reasoning. It is true I am a great sinner; but it is written,—Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners; therefore I shall be saved. Now go your way!" So I cut the devil off with his own sword, and he went away grumbling because he could not cast me down by calling me a sinner.

The Message.—A man who feared God being engaged as a messenger, called at an office where were several clerks with a message for one of them. A pert youth turning round to him said, "Have you not one for me, George?" "Yes," was the reply, "I have a message from God unto thee. I warn you to flee from the wrath to come." The tender manner of the good man touched the heart of the thoughtless youth, and led him to repent of sin and seek the Saviour.

Safe on the Rock.—A rough and drunken sailor, having been led to see the wickedness of sin, was directed to Christ as the only Saviour of the lost. Soon after this he had to endure a severe surgical operation, under which he sunk into the arms of death. In his last moments, when asked if he yet trusted in Christ, he replied, "Yes, I feel I am on the rock. I shall not slip off now, and no one can puff me off—man nor devil."

This Inscription appears on the front of a Charity School at Edmonton—

1784
A Structure of Hope
Founded by Faith
On the basis of Charity.

The Fireside.

ADVANTAGES OF HONESTY.

ɜGRITY should influence our conduct towards our nearest con-
ons. Even between married people, mutual confidence cannot
ıaintained without a sacred regard to property, and concurrence
candour in the disposal of it. It is a very wretched state of
gs where one party is in the habit of earning or spending money
ɔncealment from the other.

erhaps there is no station in life in which the love of gain does
in one form or other, present temptations to dishonesty—yes,
onesty is the word; there is no gentler name for a breach of
grity. If we are not strictly just and upright in all our dealings,
ıre dishonest; and it does not matter how much we profess, if we
t what is not our own, we are dishonest in heart, and that is the
step to dishonest actions. When once a sinful desire is indulged,
not easy to set bounds to the steps of wickedness by which it is
pursued. If persons surrounded with affluence and grandeur are
ıbove the reach of temptations to injustice, surely those have great
l to be on their guard who possess nothing but what they labour
l to obtain; who are sometimes straitened for the supply of their
erate wants; and who have families rising around, with claims
ch they know not how to meet. It is true that some of the
t honourable examples of strict integrity are to be found among
class of society; and they are the result of that high-toned
ciple, the cultivation of which is here recommended, and which
ludes even the desire of unjust gain in every shape and form.
character of a wife, in this respect, is immensely important, as
nds to secure her own peace of mind; and the entire confidence
er husband; as it exercises a salutary influence in promoting
ts of conscientious integrity in him; and as their joint example
tell upon their children.

The Penny Post Box.

NOTICE FOR 1862.

just fill up this page with a few words to our friends about
year. This year we have not had so many letters from you
e wished. Next year we hope to have more. Remember that
of you, working men or working women, young men or
ens, are at liberty to send anything you please, providing what
write is likely to do good to others. Never mind about the
ing or the grammar; all we want is to have some good thoughts
ain writing. We shall give one page for your letters every
h, and we hope you will make good use of it.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

CHEAP TRAVELLING BY RAILS.

If excursionists could travel very cheaply by any train, there would be but little need to disturb the regular railway trains. If it be profitable to carry one thousand passengers one hundred miles by one train at half-a-crown each, would it not be equally profitable to carry them by fifties or hundreds in the regular trains throughout the day, and with advantage to the public by affording them a choice of hours at which to start. In 1860, the total receipts on the railways of the United Kingdom amounted to £27,766,622, of which more than £11,000,000 was taken from passengers. The whole number of passengers in the same year was 163 435.678, comprehending, in round numbers, 93,000,000 third class, 49 000,000 second class, 20,000,000 first class; and the greatest part of the £11,000,000 was made up by third-class passengers. The number of miles of railway open at the end of 1860 was 10,433; and the increase in the number of passengers over 1859 was 13,500,000.

THE ABOLITION OF THE PAPER TAX.

To say nothing of the cheapening of popular literature, we have reason to believe that paper will henceforth be employed in the arts to such a varied extent as might at present seem almost impossible Even with the burden of a tax, we have seen wonderful things accomplished with different forms of paper for useful and decorative purposes; and when men can buy collars at four shillings a gross, and women can purchase collars stamped out of paper at sevenpence each, which at a few feet distance can hardly be distinguished from the choicest lace, what may we not expect now that invention and ingenuity are to have unfettered play on the raw material? There will be gain to science and art, and, not least, to the beauty and comfort of many a home.

Hints.

Be Careful of your Promises.—For if you make one you incur a debt, with which both your honour and honesty go as security.

Scoff not at the natural defects of any of your fellow-creatures which they are not able to amend. It is cruel to beat a cripple with his own crutches.

Shame.—Dont be ashamed of shame. Where there is shame there is hope. For when shame is seen as the watchman, it is a sign that virtue may be asleep, but is not dead.

Virtue and Vice.—Of all the good coins that virtue has ever issued to the world, even those stamped with divine authority, there has not been one that vice has not counterfeited. So beware.

Good Advice is often of more value to a man than a gift of twenty pounds. The money may soon be gone; but the good advice he may keep all his life, and have it always at hand to help him.

That Friendship is never lasting that flames out in words before it burns into action. One kind action is a better proof of true friendship than a thousand flaming words.

The rankest Weeds are always observed to spring from dunghills. And so pride and arrogance always spring from a corrupt heart. You may always be sure of that.

R ADMONISH A MAN when
n a towering passion. That
be like playing music to a
Let all be still first, and
e gentle music of kind words
ke him listen.

NCILE AN ENEMY; for it is
easier task to do this than
quer him. If you should
him, which is doubtful, he
your enemy still; but if you
e him he will be your friend.

Gems.

N ANGELS SAW the Son of
agged away to death for the
nan, it was the most solemn
of the awful justice of the
od which they had ever seen.

E BORE OUR SINS in his own
the tree; and yet the load
heavy that the earth beneath
mbled, and the rocks rent.
a weight "the sin of the
must have been.

D A MAN have wept an ocean
, or shed rivers of his own
hey all would not have had
remove one sin off his soul.
the blood of Jesus Christ
cleanseth us from all sin."

HALL NEVER KNOW, not even
andth part of what we owe
ist for his great salvation,
e see him and enjoy it in the
ly world.

MOST SAINTLY MAN, while
this world, can only catch a
now and then of the glory
to be revealed. More of
ceeding eternal weight of
could not bear here. He
rst be prepared to endure it.

CE AND GLORY.—If the
of grace be so delightful to
e, what will the throne of
e to us hereafter.

Y FEAR.—What we are
o *do* before men, we should
d to *think* before God.

CHRIST'S FRIENDSHIP.—Four things make up true friendship—excellence, kindness, reception, assistance. Who so excellent, kind, ready to receive, and able to help as Jesus?

IN JESUS CHRIST we see the highest example of moral majesty. All the wisest and best of men sink into the shade when compared with him.

WHATEVER CHRIST HAS of perfect excellence, inexhaustible riches, and boundless glory, he makes over to me as mine on condition that I give him only my poor sinful heart. What a mystery of grace!

DO I LOVE CHRIST.—If I do I need not ask the question, for I shall know I do, and shall be willing to put it to the test as Peter did, appealing to the Saviour himself, and saying, "Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee."

Poetic Selections.

JESUS IS MINE.

Now I have found a friend, Jesus is mine;
His love shall never end, He is divine.
Though earthly joys decrease,
Though human friendships cease,
Now I have lasting peace;
Jesus is mine.

Though I grow poor and old, Jesus is mine;
He will my faith uphold, Jesus is mine.
He shall my wants supply,
His precious blood is nigh,
Nought can my hope destroy,
Jesus is mine.

When earth shall pass away, Jesus is mine;
In the great judgment day, Jesus is mine.
Oh! what a glorious thing
Then to behold my King,
On golden harp to sing,
Jesus is mine.

Farewell mortality, Jesus is mine;
Welcome, eternity, Jesus is mine.
He my redemption is,
Wisdom and righteousness,
Life, Light, and Holiness,
Jesus is mine.

The Children's Corner.

THE BOY THE FATHER OF THE MAN.

"Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whethe it be right." *Prov. xx.* 11.

WHENE'ER I see a boy who spends
His pence as soon as got;
To me it is a sign that he,
When older, will a spendthrift be,
And poverty his lot.

Whene'er I see a boy, who's loath
To spend his money, when
He something needs; that is to me
A sign if he a man should be
He'll be a miser then.

Whene'er I see a boy who takes
Strong drink whene'er he can;
To me it is a certain sign
He will spend all in ale or wine,
And be a drunken man.

Whene'er I see a boy who is
Inclined to brawl and fight,
It is a sign, when older, he
Those hateful passions will display,
And in them take delight.

Whene'er I see a thoughtless boy
Who never prays to God;
It is a sign, in future days,
He will grow up in wicked ways,
And walk the dowward road.

Whene'er I see a boy who loves
God's holy word to read;
It is a sign he'll walk the road
Which leads to happiness and God
And will be blest indeed.

Newport, Isle of Wight. J. I

WINKS AND SON, PRINTERS, LEICESTER.

THE

CHRISTIAN PIONEER;

A

MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

ISSUED IN NUMBERS, ONE HALFPENNY EACH.

EDITED BY JOSEPH FOULKES WINKS.

VOLUME XVI.

1862.

LONDON:
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.
LEICESTER:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY WINKS AND SON.

The Editor to his Readers and Friends.

HERE we all are! at the twelfth and last month-mark of another year. But some who set out with us on our year's journey dropped from our side by the way. Whether we shall fall, too, before "the year completes its round," we know not!

Such is human life. Year by year we come into the world, and year by year we pass out of it. And there will come a year when an unheard voice will say of each of us, "This year THOU shalt die."

Well: our times are in GOD'S hand, and they cannot be in a better. He made this curious breathing-machine called the body, and he only has the right to put a stop to its movements when he pleases.

But so long as these bodies of ours are kept in motion by his living breath, for he breathed it into us, what ought we to be doing? What ought you, my friends, to be doing? and what ought I to be doing? What so much, and what above all other things, as this one needful thing—to be ready when our change comes. For after all it will be only a *change* from one state of being to another.

But how ready? Blessed be God, we know how! By giving up our souls into the hands of Christ, that he may save us from sin *now*, and give us a good hope of an eternal life with him in heaven.

And then, having, by divine help, done this great work of our life, the next thing you and I have to do is to do all we can to get others to do the same.

For my part, this is my object in writing and publishing this little cheap magazine, in which I always try to do my readers all the good I can, both for this life and the life that is yet to come.

But in doing this I need your help, and I hope you will willingly give it. And the best way in which you can give it will be by showing the *Pioneer* to your friends and neighbours around you, that they also may take it, and thus whatever good things may be in it will be more widely known and enjoyed.

CONTENTS.

MATTHEW HOPKINS, THE WITCH-FINDER.

We could scarcely believe that the people of England, only two hundred years ago, were so superstitious and stupid as to believe in witches. But this was the fact. Not only the common people, but Kings, Judges, Justices, and even Ministers of the Gospel.

Sir Walter Scott says:—

"To this general error we must impute the misfortune, that good men, such as Calamy and Baxter, should have countenanced or defended such proceedings as those of the impudent and cruel wretch called Matthew Hopkins, who, in those unsettled times, when men did what seemed good in their own eyes, assumed the title of Witch-finder General, and, travelling through the counties of Essex, Sussex, Norfolk, and Huntingdon, pretended to discover witches, superintending their examination by the most unheard-of tortures, and compelling forlorn and miserable wretches to admit and confess matters equally absurd and impossible; the issue of which was the forfeiture of their lives. Before examining these cases more minutely, I will quote Baxter's own words; for no one can have less desire to wrong a devout and conscientious man, such as he most unquestionably was, though borne aside on this occasion by prejudice and credulity.

'The hanging of a great number of witches in 1645 and 1646 is famously known. Mr. Calamy went along with the judges on the circuit, to hear their confessions, and see there was no fraud or wrong done them. I spoke with many understanding, pious, learned, and credible persons, that lived in the counties, and some that went to them in the prisons, and heard their sad confessions. Among the rest, an *old reading parson*, named Lowis, not far from Framlingham, was one that was hanged, who confessed that he had two imps, and that one of them was always putting him upon doing mischief; and he being near the sea, as he saw a ship under sail, it moved him to send it to sink the ship; and he consented, and saw the ship sink before them.' Mr. Baxter passes on to another story of a mother, who gave her child an imp like a mole, and told her to keep it in a can near the fire, and she would never want; and more such stuff as nursery maids tell froward children to keep them quiet.

It is remarkable that, in another place, Baxter names the Witch-finder General rather slightly, as 'one Hopkins,' and without doing him the justice due to one who had discovered more than one hundred witches, and brought them to confessions which that good man received as indubitable. Perhaps the learned divine was one of those

who believed that the Witchfinder General had cheated the devil out of a certain memorandum book, in which Satan, for the benefit of his memory certainly, had entered all the witches' names in England, and that Hopkins availed himself of this record. It may be noticed, that times of misrule and violence seem to create individuals fitted to take advantage from them, and having a character suited to the seasons which raise them into notice and action: just as a blight on any tree or vegetable, calls to life a peculiar insect to feed upon and enjoy the decay which it has produced. A monster like Hopkins could only have existed during the confusion of civil dissension. He was, perhaps, a native of Manningtree, in Essex; at any rate, he resided there in the year 1644, when an epidemic mystery of witchcraft arose in that town. Upon this occasion, he had made himself busy, and affecting more zeal and knowledge than other men, learned his trade of a witchfinder, as he pretends, from experiment. He was afterwards permitted to perform it as a legal profession, and moved from one place to another, with an assistant named Sterne, and a female. In his defence against an accusation of fleecing the country, he declares his regular charge was twenty shillings a-town, including charges of living, and journeying thither and back again with his assistants. He also affirms, that he went nowhere unless called and invited. His principal mode of discovery was, to strip the accused persons naked, and thrust pins into various parts of their body, to discover the witch's mark, which was supposed to be inflicted by the devil, as a sign of his sovereignty, and at which she was also said to suckle her imps. He also practised and stoutly defended the trial by swimming, when the suspected person was wrapt in a sheet, having the great toes and thumbs tied together, and so dragged through a pond or river. If she sank, it was received in favour of the accused; but if the body floated, (which must have occurred ten times for once, if it was placed with care on the surface of the water,) the accused was condemned, on the principle of King James, who in treating of this mode of trial, lays down, that as witches have renounced their baptism, so it is just that the element through which the holy rite is enforced, should reject them; which is a figure of speech, and no argument. It was Hopkins's custom to keep the poor wretches waking, in order to prevent them from having encouragement from the devil; and, doubtless, to put infirm, terrified, overwatched

* This reproach is noticed in a very rare tract, which was bought at Mr. Lort's sale, by the celebrated collector, Mr Bindley, and is now in the author's possession. It is entitled "The Discovery of Witches, in Answer to several Queries lately delivered to the Judge of Assize for the county of Norfolk; and now published by Matthew Hopkins, Witchfinder, for the benefit of the whole Kingdom." Printed for R. Royston, at the Angel in Ivie Lane, 1647.

persons in the next state to absolute madness; and, for the same purpose, they were dragged about by their keepers, till extreme weariness, and the pain of blistered feet, might form additional inducements to confession." Hopkins confesses these last practices of keeping the accused persons waking, and forcing them to walk, for the same purpose, had been originally used by him. But as his sole is a professed answer to charges of cruelty and oppression, he affirms that both practices were then disused, and that they had not of late been resorted to.

The boast of the English nation is a manly independence and common sense, which will not long permit the licence of tyranny or oppression on the meanest and most obscure sufferers. Many clergymen and gentlemen made head against the practices of this cruel oppressor of the defenceless, and it required courage to do so, when such an unscrupulous villain had so much interest.

Mr. Gaul, a clergyman of Houghton, in Huntingdonshire, had the courage to appear in print on the weaker side; and Hopkins, in consequence, had the assurance to write to some functionaries of the place the following letter, which is an admirable medley of impudence, bullying, and cowardice:

'My service to your worship presented. I have this day received a letter to come to a town called Great Houghton, to search for evil disposed persons called witches, (though I hear your minister is far against them through ignorance.) I intend to come, God willing, the sooner to hear his singular judgment in the behalf of such parties. I have known a minister in Suffolk as much against this discovery in a pulpit, and forced to recant it by the Committee,* in the same place. I much marvel such evil men should have any (much more any of the clergy, who should daily speak terror to convince such offenders) stand up to take their part against such as are complainants for the King, and suffers themselves, with their families and estates. I intend to give your town a visit suddenly. I will come to Kimbolton this week, and it will be ten to one but I will come to your town first; but I would certainly know before, whether your town affords many stickers for such curtes, or is willing to give and allow us good welcome and entertainment, as others where I have been, else I shall waive your shire, (not as yet beginning in any part of it myself,) and betake me to such places where I do and may punish, (not only) without control, but with thanks and recompense. So I humbly take my leave, and rest your servant to be commanded,

'MATTHEW HOPKINS.'

The sensible and courageous Mr. Gaul describes the tortures

* Of Parliament.

employed by this fellow as equal to any practised in the Inquisition. 'Having taken the suspected witch, she is placed in the middle of a room, upon a stool or table, cross-legged, or in some other uneasy posture, to which if she submits not, she is then bound with cords; there she is watched, and kept without meat or sleep for twenty-four hours, for they say, they shall within that time see her imp come and suck. A little hole is likewise made in the door for the imps to come in at; and lest they should come in some less discernable shape, they that watch are taught to be ever and anon sweeping the room, and if they see any spiders or flies, to kill them, and if they cannot kill them, they may be sure they are their imps.'

We have seen that, in 1647, Hopkins's tone became lowered, and he began to disavow some of the cruelties he had formerly practised. About the same time, a miserable old woman had fallen into the cruel hands of this miscreant near Hoxne, a village in Suffolk, and had confessed all the usual enormities, after being without food or rest a sufficient time. Her imp, she said, was called Nan. A gentleman in the neighbourhood, whose widow survived to authenticate the story, was so indignant, that he went to the house, took the woman out of such inhuman hands, dismissed the witchfinders, and after due food and rest, the poor old woman could recollect nothing of the confession, but that she gave a favourite pullet the name of Nan. For this Dr. Hutchinson may be referred to, who quotes a letter from the relict of the humane gentleman.

In the year 1645, a commission of Parliament was sent down, comprehending two clergymen in esteem with the leading party, one of whom, Mr. Fairclough of Kellar, preached before the rest on the subject of witchcraft; and after this appearance of enquiry, the inquisitions and executions went on as before. But the popular indignation was so strongly excited against Hopkins, that some gentlemen seized on him, and put him to his own favourite experiment of swimming, on which, as he happened to float, he stood convicted of witchcraft, and so the country was rid of him. Whether he was drowned outright or not, does not exactly appear, but he has had the honour to be commemorated by the author of Hudibras:—

'Hath not this present parliament
A hager to the devil sent,
Fully empowered to treat about
Finding revolted witches out?
And has he not within a year
Hanged three-score of them in one shire?
Some only for not being drown'd,
And some for sitting above ground
Whole days and nights upon their breeches,
And feeling pain, were hang'd for witches.

And some for putting knavish tricks
Upon green geese or turkey chicks;
Or pigs that suddenly deceased
Of griefs unnatural, as he guess'd,
Who proved himself at length a witch,
And made a rod for his own breech.

The spread of education and the reading of the Word of God put an end to these wicked cruelties. But some such stupid superstitions yet linger in various parts of our land.

Poetry.

WHAT'S THE NEWS?

AN IRISH REVIVAL HYMN.

Composed by a young man insane upon all points except the Gospel.

WHENE'ER we meet, you always say,
What's the news? What's the news?
Pray what's the order of the day?
What's the news? What's the news?
Oh, I have got good news to tell!
My Saviour has done all things well,
And triumphed over death and hell—
That's the news! That's the news!

The Lamb was slain on Calvary—
That's the news! That's the news!
To set a world of sinners free—
That's the news! That's the news!
'Twas there on him our sins were laid,
'Twas there his precious blood was shed;
But now He's risen from the dead—
That's the news! That's the news!

To Heaven above the Conqueror's gone—
That's the news! That's the news!
He passed triumphant to the Throne—
That's the news? That's the news!
And in that Throne He will remain,
Until as Judge he comes again,
Attended by a dazzling train—
That's the news! That's the news!

His work's reviving all around—
That's the news! That's the news!
And many have redemption found—
That's the news! That's the news!
And since their souls have caught the flame
They shout hosanna to his Name;
And all around they spread his fame—
That's the news! That's the news!

The Lord has pardon'd all my sin—
That's the news! That's the news!
I have the witness now within—
That's the news! That's the news!
And since He took my sins away,
And taught me how to watch and pray,
I'm happy now from day to day—
That's the news! That's the news!

And Christ the Lord can save you now—
That's the news! That's the news!
Your sinful heart he can renew—
That's the news! That's the news!
This moment if for sin you grieve,
This moment, if you now believe,
A full acquittal you'll receive—
That's the news! That's the news!

And then, if any one should say—
What's the news? What's the news?
Oh, tell them you've begun to pray—
That's the news! That's the news!
That you have join'd the conqu'ring band,
And now, with joy, at God's command,
You're marching to that better land—
That's the news! That's the news!

Anecdotes and Selections.

CHRIST ALONE CAN SAVE SOULS;

In four hundred and eighty-four different ways of expression.

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Humiliation and Dignity of Christ.—He is *born*, and the choirs of heaven salute the swaddled child. He is *circumcised*, and beneath a supernatural influence the aged saints confess him, and then depart to die. He is *tempted*, and angels minister to him. He is *baptized*, and the Holy Ghost, in the bodily shape of a dove, rests upon his head. He *hungers*, and feeds thousands at his will. He *thirsts*, and turns water into wine. He *slumbers*, and awakes to still the tempest. He *weeps*, and calls the corrupting dead from the grave. He is in an *agony*, and a voice thunders from heaven, that, as he had been glorified, he shall be glorified again. He is taken *captive*, and more than twelve legions of ministering spirits hover round him, impatient to rescue him. He is put to *death*, and throws open Paradise. He is laid in the *tomb*, and an earthquake rolls away the stone to release Him who could not be holden of death, and whose flesh could not see corruption.

THE DRUNKARD'S TREE.

THE SIN OF DRUNKENNESS

Expels Reason, drowns Memory,
Distempers the Body, defaces Beauty,
Diminishes Strength, corrupts the Blood,
Inflames the Liver, weakens the Brain,
Turns Men into Walking Hospitals, causes Internal,
Eternal, and Incurable Wounds; is a witch to the Senses,
A Devil to the Soul, a Thief to the Purse, the
Beggar's Companion, a Wife's Woe, and Children's
Sorrow; makes Man become a Beast and
A Self-murderer, who drinks to other's
Good Health, and rots himself of
His own; nor is this all—
It exposes to the
DIVINE
DISPLEASURE HERE AND HEREAFTER ETERNAL DAMNATION.

SUCH ARE SOME OF THE EVILS SPRINGING FROM THE ROOT OF

DRUNKENNESS.

SWEARER'S PRAYER.—The late Rev. S. Kilpin, of Exeter, was
mer's evening walking along the street, when a party of men
om work passed him; one of them was swearing dreadfully,
pin observed it, but said nothing. When he arrived at home he
o think how wrong it was to allow a man to pass by, using

such language, and not make an effort, at least, to convince him of the sin he was committing. It so disturbed him that he could not rest during the night, and he began to think if there was any way of remedying the neglect. He resolved to rise early enough in the morning to be at the corner of the street where the man passed, if possible to meet him when going to his work. He did so, and after anxiously waiting for a time, he saw the man coming. When he approached, he said, "Good morning my friend, you are the person I have been waiting for; I am very glad to meet with you." "Oh, Sir," said the man, you "are mistaken, I think." "Well: I do not know you, but I saw you last night, when you were going home from work, and I have been waiting some time to see you." "Oh, Sir, you are mistaken; it could not be me; I never saw you in my life that I know of." "Well, my friend," said Mr. Kilpin, "I heard you pray last night." "Sir, now I know you are mistaken—I never prayed in my life." "Oh," said Mr. Kilpin, "if God had answered your prayer last night, you had not been seen here this morning. I heard you pray that God would blast your eyes, and damn your soul." The man turned pale, and trembling, said, Oh, Sir, do you call *that* prayer? I did, I did." "Well, then, my errand this morning is to request you from this day to pray as fervently for your salvation as you have done for damnation; and may God in mercy hear your prayer." . . . The man from that time became an attendant on Mr. Kilpin's ministry, and it ended in his conversion to God.

The Fireside.

MY OWN FIRESIDE.

'Mid all the cares and snares of life,
How welcome is that spot,
When for awhile I leave its strife
To seek my humble cot;
There with my wife I often sing
With pleasure and with pride,
And feel more happy than a king,
Around my own fireside.

When wearied out with toil and care,
And much that doth oppose,
How welcome is that old arm-chair
Where I at home repose;
That is to me the happiest place
In all the world beside,
Where oft I rest upon life's race,
Around my own fireside.

How sweet when daily toil is o'er,
To have one loving friend,
Who waits within the cottage door
To which my footsteps tend!
With joy she waits to welcome me,
With all a woman's pride;
And then my prattler climbs my knee,
Around my own fireside.

When there, I read the Book of love,
And muse on joys in store
In that bright happy world above,
Where we shall part no more;
Through grace I hope to reach that [place,
And ever there abide,
When from life's race I turn my face,
And leave my own fireside.

Birmingham. R. G.

The Penny Post Box.

CLEANLINESS.

ıe say a few words in favour of cleanliness; for there is yet, and ever will be, a great deal of dirt in the world, which every day quire our never-wearying efforts to remove from our persons and tions, which will both be more healthy just in proportion to our s in getting rid of it. How some people can bear to live in the of dirt and filth I cannot tell. Certainly they make the nearest ıch to a certain animal which is proverbial for delighting in ı and muck. On the other hand cleanliness is so comfortable and tful that one might reasonably expect to find every human being world doing all he can to enjoy the pleasure it always imparts. Thomas More, who was remarkable for personal cleanliness, said, cleanness of a man's apparel should remind him to keep all within."

re can be no excuse for the dirt and filth which some persons to accumulate in their houses, and on their persons. If such ı profess christianity they are not its *ornaments*. But, on the hand, in our estimation, more creditable are the clean, sweet, some, and neatly mended garments, and well-darned hose of the rious poor, than the silks and satins of the rich. And what a ıing sight is a clean cottage! Instead of heaps of filth, by the very air is polluted, all is neat and tidy; the floor, the ıstone, the grate, the furniture, all bear testimony that a cleanly, r woman is the mistress; and the sweet jessamine and blushing t the door, and the pinks and daisies of the little garden in front, the whole a happy, cheerful aspect; and when, to crown the , the fear of God is in the house, there is more real happiness by such a dwelling, humble though it be, than in many courts and ıs. In this country, where water is so abundant, there can be no e for the dirty condition of numbers, who would, it is evident, spend their money in gin or tobacco, than soap and water. At ents, a dirty christian is a very questionable character. Mr. ıy once went to see a woman who made pretensions to perfection. und the house in a filthy condition, the children in rags, and all d marks of idleness and neglect. She told him a long tale of her gs and attainments, and so on, and then said, "And now, Mr. ıy, am I not perfect?" "I think you are," said Mr. Wesley, ıg round the house, "you are a PERFECT SLUT!"

ny opinion Mr. Wesley "served her right." He was a very neat entleman himself, believing, as many do, that "Cleanliness is to Godliness."

SCRUB AND SCOUR.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

OF NEWSPAPERS.

THE actual increase in the number of newspapers established within the last twenty years may be reckoned by hundreds, and the circulation by hundreds of thousands. There is one of the penny daily papers which has an average circulation approaching seventy thousand; and large as this number is, it is almost insignificant in comparison with that of one of the cheap weekly newspapers.

To sum up briefly: the total number of newspapers published in the United Kingdom is 1142, thus distributed: 790 in England, of which 210 in the metropolis; 150 in Scotland; 138 in Ireland; 32 in Wales; and 32 in the Channel Islands. Classified according to their political creed, there are 464 Liberal papers; 190 Conservative, and Liberal-Conservative; 83 Independent; and the remainder are neutral. As regards the prices at which they are sold, there are 22 sold at 6d.; 51 at 5d.; 114 at 4d.; 115 at 3½d.; 142 at 3d.; 24 at 2½d.; 149 at 2d.; 106 at 1½d.; 329 at 1d.; and 10 at ½d.

This estimate was made before the tax on paper was repealed in October, 1861. How many new papers have been started since then, and especially on this day, January 1st, 1862, we cannot tell. But we believe we may say, "behold a troop cometh" whose name is Legion, "for they are many." How long they will manage to live is another question. Some of them, we expect, will scarcely outlive the year, and their projectors will have reasons to be thankful if they find, at its close, that they have not lost by the speculation.

Hints.

PRESENT AND FUTURE.—Out of our present must grow our future. Would we be happy to-morrow, we must be wise to-day.

ONLY IN YOUTH can any one without religion look to the future with hope. Old age, without religion, has no hope.

DON'T NURSE VEXATION.—If you do, it will burst into a flame to consume your peace, and burn up your happiness. You cannot live in such a fire.

WATCH YOUR TONGUE.—It has a double fence of teeth round it, but it will break through and do mischief if you do not set a watch upon it continually.

EVIL SURMISINGS of others often do us more harm than they. For they irritate our spirit, sour our temper, and drive out that sweet charity that hopeth all things.

BAD HABITS, like weeds in your garden, should be pulled up by the roots. There is no other way of getting rid of them.

SILLY TALK is not so harmless as some people seem to think. It is a bad school for children, and a sad waste of time to say the least.

THE NEW YEAR, if you live, will bring 365 new days. Use them well, and the last will find you wiser and happier than the first did.

A MISER, said Luther, can do nothing more useful or better than die; for in life he profits neither God nor man, nor even himself.

THE NEXT OF KIN to the miser is the man who does little good with his money while he lives, but leaves some of it for good purposes in his will; as if he could not bear to hear of it doing any good while he lived.

Gems.

THE RELIGION of some professors is as cold as ice. A narrow creed and a cold heart are mostly found in company.

THE LOVING CHRISTIAN is like an overflowing stream, refreshing and blessing all around as it passes along.

THE BEST PREACHERS OF THE GOSPEL are not those who talk *about* it and *about* it, but those who invite men to come at once and partake of its blessings.

THE GRACE OF GOD in the soul, like some plants in Siberia, can grow in strength and blossom in beauty, though ice imbed its roots, and sheets of snow cover its branches.

RESIST NOT DIVINE GRACE; for it is a moral power acting on the mind, and, therefore, resistible. Irresistible moral power is as absurd as it is unscriptural. So take care and resist not the Spirit.

DRAW NIGH TO GOD, and depend upon it he will draw nigh to you. He tells you to come to Him by Christ, and if you only *try* to come, He will help you.

Poetic Selections.

THE DISCONTENTED MAN.

A LABOURING man while hard at work
Thus to himself did say,
"O Adam! Adam! 'tis through you
I toil so hard all day."
A rich man who was passing by,
Heard what the labourer said;
Then stopt and asked the reason why
Such thoughts were in his head.

"Have I not reason," he replied,
"Of Adam to complain,
Since 'tis through him I toil so hard
My daily bread to gain?"

"If in the garden I had been,
With Eve, my wife," said he,
"To eat of every tree but one,
I had not touched that tree."
The rich man then made no reply,
But homeward went his way,
And very soon devised a plan
To test the man one day.

One morning not long after this,
He did the man invite
Unto his house, that he might prove
If he had spoken right.
With much delight the man at once
Unto the house repaired;
And going in was pleased to find
A sumptuous feast prepared.

To him the rich man kindly said,
"Here you shall welcome be,
If from one dish you will refrain—
'Tis covered there, you see."
The poor man said, "If I can feast
Upon such dainty fare,
Whatever is forbidden me
To touch I will forbear."

When left alone he ate and drank,
And was much gratified;
But his desires, as you will find,
Were still unsatisfied.

For thus said he, "It seems so strange
I must not taste that dish;
What it contains I'd like to know;
To taste it I've no wish.

To touch it surely is no harm,
So I will at it look,
I will not be known;" and then at once
He up the cover took.

Out ran a mouse, and while he tried
To catch it, but in vain,
A dish was thrown upon the floor,
And also broke in twain.

The rich man, by the noise disturb'd,
Immediately came in
To see his guest, who plainly showed
He'd disobedient been.

"Go from my house," the rich man said,
"Do not come here again;
Think of yourself, and never more
Of Adam's fault complain."

How many persons, like this man,
To their own faults are blind;
And yet those very persons oft
Much fault with others find.

When others' failings we perceive,
Let's not o'erlook our own;
Nor till that we from faults are free,
At others cast a stone.

And also strive to be content—
This will enhance our peace;
While if to murmuring we give way,
Our troubles will increase.

Temptations treacherous arts resist
By faith and earnest prayer;
Whatever form she may assume,
'Tis only to ensnare.

Help me, O God, to watch and pray,
And every sin o'ercome;
And guide us by thy counsels here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

Isle of Wight. J. D.

The Children's Corner.

RALPH WATERS AND THOMAS WILLIAMS.

It was the boast of Samuel Waters that he cared for nobody, and he brought up his children in the same spirit, always telling them to "stand up for their rights." Joseph Williams was a different character, being a man of a quiet mind, and a great lover of his Bible.

When Ralph Waters went to live at the Squire's, his father walked part of the way with him, that he might tell him how to conduct himself in his new place.

"Now mind," said he, "that you stand up for your rights Ralph, if any one offers to be master over you, let him see you have got some pluck in you. Stand up I say, my lad, for your rights!"

Unfortunately, they who are too forward to stand up for their own rights, are generally too backward to respect the rights of others. This we shall see.

When Thomas Williams went to live at the Grange, his father, too, went part of the way with him, and the last piece of advice he gave him was this:—"Thomas, you have been brought up to fear God, and to read your Bible. Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths."

Ralph Waters and Thomas Williams, when left to themselves, remembered the advice given them; and so stoutly did Ralph stand up for his rights, that the squire soon turned him off as a proud, quarrelsome, illtempered fellow; while Thomas who did his duty quietly, and tried to live in peace with his fellow-servants, rose at last to a good place at the Grange, respected and beloved by all who know him. And so the old Book is right again where it says "He that exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."—"Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."—"Before honour is humility."—"Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it *are* the issues of life. Put away from thee a froward mouth, and perverse lips put far from thee. Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee. Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established."

TWO AMERICAN NEGROES.

"NEGROES are not men. They are only cattle; and we have as much right to breed them, sell them, buy them, whip them, or kill them, if we like, as you have to breed, sell, buy, whip, or kill your horses." So say the bold bad men who keep them in cruel bondage in the Southern States of America. The dreadful civil war which often threatened, and which burst out in that land in 1861, was all about this. Slavery did it all!

Not men! The highest proof that the negro is a man is, must be, that he knows God to be his father, and Jesus Christ to be his Saviour. Apes or monkeys, to whom their wicked masters say they are related, have "no understanding" of these high matters. Here are two noble instances of faith and devotion to God and to Christ, such as might make their pale-faced masters turn black with astonishment—one is of a negro man, the other of a negro woman, both far advanced in years.

"Some years ago a christian church was formed in Virginia. For some time it flourished, but after a while the pastor died, some of the members removed to different parts of the country, and others returned into the world. The house of worship fell into decay, the doors were broken from their hinges, and the birds of the air built their nests upon the deserted walls. The pulpit bowed to its fall, and utter desolation reigned where once the praises of God had resounded. Close by arose a grog-shop, and it soon became the Sunday resort of the young and old in the vicinity. In that neighbourhood lived a wealthy gentleman, who had one son, a youth of great promise. This youth was in the practice of spending his sabbaths with other young men at the grog-shop above named, though it had not been said that he ever was guilty of any other great immorality. One sabbath, as he was going to the general place of rendezvous, when passing the old meeting-house, he turned his head and saw an old greyheaded negro sitting on one of the benches. A degree of superstitious fear came over his mind, and an impression was produced which rendered the society at the grog-shop irksome, and he soon returned to his father's. On the next sabbath, as he was passing the old house, he saw the old negro again, seated on a bench, leaning his head on the top of his staff. Riding up to the window, he inquired of the old man what he was doing there. 'Get down, young master, and come and sit here, and I will tell you,' was the reply. He went in and took his seat by

the side of the old man, whom by this time he recognised as the aged slave of a neighbouring planter.

'Thirty years ago,' said the old man, with deep emotion, 'I used to come to this house to meet God and his people. And precious times we have had here. This house used to be filled with christians engaged in the service of God, and anxious sinners inquiring the way to be saved. In that old pulpit, now leaning ready to fall, used to stand the servant of God, telling us the precious truths of the gospel of Jesus. Now he is dead; some of the members have moved away, some gone back to the world, and some are dead, while the old house is ready to fall. Young master, I used to come here to meet God. I have come here to-day to meet him in this house, and he has met with me. He is here now.' The aged man then respectfully, yet earnestly, pressed upon the youth the importance of religion, and the danger of neglect. 'Young master, you see my head is white. I was once young like you. I am now old and soon shall die. And you will die too. Are you prepared?' The young man wept, and the old christian proposed that they should kneel down and pray for the salvation of his soul. They knelt down and God was with them. During the ensuing week the young man was greatly distressed, and early the next sabbath morning repaired to the same place to meet the old negro, who had told him of Jesus as the way, the truth, and the life. In a few days the young man obtained mercy, and by his exertions, and the blessing of God's grace, an extensive revival of religion was the happy result. A new church was organized, the old house was repaired, a minister settled, and many were converted to the faith as it is in Jesus. As one of the fruits of the revival, six individuals from that neighbourhood entered upon the work of the ministry, and the Lord greatly blessed their labours. One person converted at this time became afterwards the Governor of a state, and died, after a life of usefulness, as the righteous die. These facts were communicated to the writer by a person who received them from some who were themselves the subjects of the revival."

As we left the garden, we passed a hut, white-washed and apparently clean and comfortable, on the door-way of which squatted "one of God's images cut in ebony." Time had wrinkled her cheeks, and frosted her temples, and chilled her blood, and palsied her limbs, and put out her sight. She was one of the most wretched looking objects I ever beheld. Her arms were like drum-sticks, her whole frame like a skeleton covered with skin, and her face destitute of expression

—a mere blank. By some attraction, and without any agreement, we were drawn around the old woman, when the following talk took place.

"Old woman did you know General Washington?"

"Yes, sir, I knew him well."

"How old are you?"

"I don't know my age; but I was a smart girl at the time of Braddock's defeat."

"Have you any children?"

"Yes, but they are all down the river."

The old woman now turned questioner, and raising her drooping head, she said with a firm voice and deep solemnity, "Are any of you servants of Christ?" There was silence. One looked at another for an answer. At length Mr. Y. replied, with some embarrassment, "we don't know." As he stammered out his reply I thought of King Agrippa before Paul. Mr. Y. is an intelligent, amiable, honourable man; but he stands confused. "O, yes," rejoined the old woman, "O, yes, if you are servants of Christ you know it. The Lord does not do his work so poorly that his creatures don't know when it is done!" Another dead pause, and more embarrassment. The old woman, as she waited for an answer, seemed to assume a new appearance. Her ebony countenance beamed with penetrating intelligence and christian discernment. I now understood Solomon's declaration, "A man's wisdom maketh his face to shine." My heart, as I gazed upon her, whispered, "glory be to God!" Brother P. was the first to break the silence by saying to me, "Brother T., this is good doctrine."

"Old woman, are you blind?"

Now, he need not have asked this question. She had no eyes. Turning her sightless eyeballs toward heaven, she exclaimed, with emphasis, "No, blessed be God! though I am blind to the things of this world, I am *not blind* to the things of the Spirit."

Methought the old woman's soul sustained the same relation to the world that her body did to her cottage. She was sitting at its doorway, but her spirit was in heaven gazing on its untold glories.

"You are very old and must soon die."

"Yes, blessed be God!"

"Well, you are old, and feeble, and blind, and your children are gone, and you are a slave. I should think that, with your hopes of heaven, death would be desirable. Are you not anxious to die?"

"O no, I wait God's time; I learn to suffer as well as to do his will. I shall gladly go when he calls for me."

"What church do you belong to?"

"In the language of this world, I belong to the baptist church; but when I get to heaven, I suppose my answer will be, I am a lover of Christ."

We talk of moral sublimity. Here was a specimen of moral sublimity far superior to all that was ever exhibited upon earth's battle-fields—a poor, old, blind, diseased slave sitting upon the rock of truth, while the waves of affliction dash in angry mountains at her feet; yet, looking up into heaven, and clinging to some beautiful promise, she gives glory to God, and smiles down upon the world.

We departed silently from the old saint. I said within myself, as I took my place in the carriage, "This, blessed Christianity, is one of thy triumphs. Philosophy may teach man to endure without a murmur: it belongs to the Gospel alone to teach him to rejoice in affliction."

Poetry.

MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,
For Thee all the pleasures of sin I resign;
My blessed Redeemer, my Saviour art Thou:
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, it's now.

I love Thee because Thou hast first loved me,
And purchased my pardon when nailed to the tree;
I love Thee for bleeding on Calvary's brow:
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, it's now.

I love Thee because thou hast saved me from hell—
How dearly I love Thee my tongue cannot tell;
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on thy brow:
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, it's now.

I love Thee for pardon, I love Thee for peace,
And the sweet hope of heaven Thy Spirit conveys,
For it gladdens my heart as onward I go;
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, it's now.

May I love Thee in life, may I love Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath;
And say, when the death-dew is on my cold brow,
"If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, it's now."

In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I will ever adore Thee in regions of light;
I'll sing with a glittering crown on my brow,
"*If ever I loved* Thee, my Jesus, it's now."

Anecdotes and Selections.

DEATH ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.—He who dies on the field of battle feels no tears of sorrow falling upon him from the eye of sympathy. The hot life blood of his own heart is the tear that falls from him. The roar of the cannon is the requiem of his soul. For him no helping hand is near. He dies unknown and unhelped by any human being, while his voice of agony is prolonged in the groans of those who are unfortunate enough to live a few moments longer. The cold earth or flinty rock is his couch—the first ditch his grave—his knapsack his pillow—his garments of blood his shroud. O what a world of hypocrisy do we live in, when men can weep over the death of one, and gloat over the murder of ten thousand! This is an appropriate time, and this an appropriate day, to look at such things, and ask, "Why will rational men be so inconsistent?" Is not the life of one man as dear in the sight of his friends, and his soul as precious in the eyes of the great Benefactor of mankind, as the life and soul of another man? and yet rampant war-men talk of a hundred thousand swords leaping from their scabbards—for what? To be sheathed in the hearts of a hundred thousand breathing, immortal men!

JAMES RENWICK, THE SCOTTISH MARTYR, in returning thanks after a slight meal, previous to his execution, used these remarkable words: "O Lord, thou hast brought me within two hours of Eternity, and this is no matter of terror to me more than if I were to lie down on a bed of roses; nay, through grace, to thy praise I may say, I never had the fear of death since I came to this prison, but from the place where I was taken I could have gone very composedly to the scaffold. Oh, how can I contain this, to be within two hours of the crown of glory?" On hearing the drums beat for the guard to turn out, he exclaimed: "Yonder the welcome warning to my marriage; the Bridegroom is coming; I am ready, I am ready!" Renwick, who suffered martyrdom at the early age of twenty-six, was the last victim of a long period of persecution that had continued in Scotland twenty-eight years.

THE NEGRO AND HIS MASTER.—Ned had a hard master, who was always after getting all the work he could out of him; and not content with six days work, would contrive, on a Saturday, some work for Ned to do on the sabbath-day as well, under the pretence of necessity. The poor fellow complained of this; but the master, who, like many more, professed more than he practised, told Ned that it was a work of necessity, and Scripture said we might pull an ox out of a pit on the sabbath-day. "Yes it does," said Ned, "I know that; but it does not say that you are to dig the pit for it on a Saturday that it may fall in, massa, does it?"

THE PASTOR'S PRAYER BOOK.—A pious pastor, after many years' labour among his people, was supposed to have declined much in his vigour and usefulness; in consequence of which two gentlemen waited upon him and told their complaints. Their minister received them with affection, and assured them that he was equally sensible of his languor and want of success, and that the cause had given him very great uneasiness. The gentlemen wished he would mention what he thought was the cause. Without hesitation the pastor replied, "The loss of my prayer book." "Your prayer book!" said one of the gentlemen with surprise, "I never knew that you used one." "Yes, I have enjoyed the benefit of one for many years till lately, and I attribute my want of success to the loss of it. THE PRAYERS OF MY PEOPLE were my prayer book; and it has occasioned great grief to me that they have laid it aside. Now if you will return and procure me the use of my prayer book again, I doubt not I shall preach much better, and that you will hear more profitably."

WORDS, WORDS, WORDS.—How wonderful are words! One word—ETERNITY—spoken by the pious Countess of Huntingdon to her gardener, was heard on the other side of the wall by a labourer, and resulted in his thoughtfulness and salvation. We have heard of a minister, who, when on horseback going to visit a dying person, attempted to open a gate; but a man coming up, opened it for him. "Thank you, my friend," said the minister, "do you love Jesus Christ?" The man stared at him, but said not a word. Some time afterwards this man told the minister that his question made him think, and then he inquired, and now, having found Christ, he knew him and loved him.

TWO MINISTERS were once conversing together about the various theories concerning the origin of sin, when a lady interrupted them by saying, "It seems to me that it would be far better for ministers, instead of puzzling themselves to know how sin *entered into* the world, to unite their efforts and try how much of it, with God's blessing, they can drive out." "You remind me, madam," said one of the ministers, "of my aged deacon, who, after listening to a sermon in which I had endeavoured to explain why God suffered sin to enter the world, being asked what he thought of my theory, shook his head, and replied, "Ah, sir, all I know about it is, that I am a sinner, and *wish I wasn't.*"

MY CHIEF ENEMY.—Sin would deprive me of eternal life; therefore I will be its death. It would keep me from eternal rest: therefore I will never rest till, by God's grace, I have subdued it. Nothing in the world could bring upon my eternal soul the eternal loss of the eternal God, his glorious Son, and the Holy Spirit—of the company of his holy angels and saints—of eternal treasures, of a blessed kingdom and incorruptible crown—but cursed sin. Poverty, sickness, men, death, devils, cannot; nothing but sin: therefore *that* shall not reign in me *that would not* suffer me to live in everlasting happiness.

DARING ROBBERY!—A very daring robbery was committed last Sabbath in one of the chapels in ——. Mr.——preached an excellent sermon, and more than five hundred impressions were distributed about in the house. But a large number were stolen almost immediately after coming into possession of the hearers. Others were robbed of theirs before the benediction was pronounced, and others before they reached home. It is believed that of the large number of the impressions of that sermon, the greater portion have been irrecoverably lost. This is most deeply to be regretted, as the discourse was one of great value, and might have been of greater advantage to the owners, if retained, than any other species of property in their possession. And, what is more strange, there was no commotion made on the occasion. The thief managed the thing so adroitly, that he got clear off with his spoils without any "hue and cry" being raised after him. The police, as far as I can find, have had no notice of the robbery, and the papers say nothing about it. Indeed, I have learned that the people robbed have said nothing to one another about their losses, and it seems doubtful whether many are aware yet of the value of their loss.

TEACHING BY THE BIBLE.—The mother of a family was married to an Infidel, who made a jest at religion in the presence of his own children; yet she succeeded in bringing them all up in the fear of the Lord. I one day asked her how she preserved them from the influence of a father whose sentiments were so openly opposed to her own. This was her answer: "Because, to the authority of a father, I did not oppose the authority of a mother, but that of God. From their earliest years my children have always seen the Bible upon my table. This holy book has constituted the whole of their religious instruction. I was silent, that I might allow it to speak. Did they propose a question, did they commit any fault, did they perform any good action, I opened the Bible, and the Bible answered, reproved, or encouraged them. The constant reading of the Scriptures has alone wrought the wonder which surprises you."

DARK AND CLOUDY DAYS.—We have many of these in England, and they sometimes make people as dull as they are, and put them out of temper too. "What a dark and cloudy day this is," said an old man in an almshouse to one of his companions, "I can hardly see to read my penny paper. It is time spring was here. I hate these dull days." "Do you?" said his friend, "I dont. I know spring will come, and so I am content to wait for it. Beside these days are good for one thing." "Indeed: what is that?" "Why, they remind me of something good. Hark ye; for I can just see to read it in the old book, 'I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins: return unto me; for I have redeemed thee.' And so you see dark and cloudy days are good in reminding us of God's great mercy to us in Christ."

The Fireside.

A MOTHER'S DUTY TO HER CHILD.

"TAKE this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages," were the words of King Pharaoh's daughter when she drew the infant Moses out of the water, and, though she knew it not, gave him to the care of his own mother: and they are God's gracious words to every woman whom He dignifies with the name, and on whom He imposes the duties of a mother. At the same time, to render these duties her delight, He implants in her heart a love for the helpless little being, more devoted and disinterested, more self-denying, enduring, and tender, than can be experienced in any other relationship. But, alas! even this heaven-inspired affection too often degenerates into a species of idolatry. Many mothers forget, that in bestowing this living treasure, God himself remains the proprietor, and that she who receives it from Him is responsible to Him for the influence she exerts over it, and the example she sets before it. She may cherish the lovely *casket* with unwearied tenderness and care, but if she neglect the *jewel* of priceless value which is within it, she most fearfully neglects her duty to her child and to her God.

A fond, weak-minded, selfish mother, seeks no higher reward for all her loving care than the affection of her darling child; but the christian mother, like Hannah of old, dedicates her child to her God from his birth; and daily seeks, in earnest prayer, guidance, strength, and judgment from His Holy Spirit, to enable her rightly to fulfil her maternal duties. She knows that the *heart* of her child must be educated as well as his *mind*, and she remembers she has to work for the advancement of his eternal happiness. Her first aim is to teach a spirit of strict *obedience*, that the blessing pronounced upon children who obey their parents, who honour father and mother, may rest upon her little one. Therefore, while she is *tender* in tone, manner, and countenance, she is *firm*. Her gentle, loving command, *must* be obeyed; the little ones know this from experience—when her word is their law, they will love while they obey. Her love acts upon their love, and thus she wields over them the strongest power on earth. *This* mother loves her children as her own soul, and her highest end and aim, while she endeavours to educate them for a life of active usefulness here, is to lead them onward and upward in that spiritual life which must begin on earth, or it can never be perfected in the world to come; teaching them first, and above all other things, to fear the great God, and love the blessed Saviour of their souls. Mothers! take care of the bodies of your children, but take more care of their souls. Take them *to Jesus for his* blessing.

The Penny Post Box.

A DREAM.

"He that hath a dream, let him tell a dream."—Jer. xxiii. 28.

HAVING noticed that you would be happy to insert any letter from your readers which you thought might be useful, I write you a brief account of the remarkable manner in which the blessed Spirit led me to believe in Jesus.

Some two years ago I was in a careless state of mind; my opinions on religious subjects being confused and unsettled; indeed I had listened with some degree of favour to the sophistry of infidels. One night I retired to rest with my mind more than usually disturbed by atheistical doubts. Thinking on these subjects I fell asleep; and that sleep, through the mercy of God, proved of more service to my troubled soul than a long course of logical reasoning could have done. I dreamed that I was wandering bewildered in a dreary waste—all around was as chaos. I could here and there perceive beings wandering like myself, seemingly without any object, amongst frowning masses of rocks. No communication seemed to exist between these unhappy wretches; the expression on their faces was such as the miserable doomed to solitary confinement wears. But my own mental anguish was such as to render me quite indifferent as to the companions of my misery. My mind was in a continued state of unrest. An undefined but inexpressibly awful dread possessed me lest I should come in contact with some fearful being or baneful influence, of the nature of which I was totally ignorant. I awoke with beads of sweat standing on my forehead. But I treated the circumstance lightly, comforting myself that it was only an unpleasant dream, and arbitrary as dreams usually are—a mere nightmare. But when on the following night I dreamed the same dream, accompanied with the same anguish of mind, I became uneasy. Still I partially quieted my fears by calling to mind instances in which the same dream had occurred twice, thrice, and in some cases even oftener, to individuals, on successive nights, without being the precursor of any remarkable event in the lives of the dreamers. On the third night I laid down to rest with some apprehension. Again, with sleep, came the strange dream, precisely as it had occurred on the two previous nights. I awoke with my heart beating furiously, the effect of intense mental fear. I was now fearfully agitated, and the question, "what does this dream mean?" drove me to the borders of madness. The thought suddenly struck me like a thunderbolt that my position in the dream was that of a lost spirit in hell, and that the dream was sent as a warning from the blessed God, whose very existence I had doubted. The thought of this seemed to warm my heart with love and gratitude toward Him. My eyes

were opened to see my own vileness and ingratitude, and I eagerly grasped the glorious gospel assurance, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

As the Holy Spirit filled my soul with penitential love, all my infidel doubts melted away, and I soon felt perfect peace and security in Jesus.

Birmingham, Dec. 18, 1861. E. T.

[Yes: as it was in ancient days, so it is now. Turn to your Bible and read Job xxxiii.]

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

THE THREE GOLDEN BALLS.

WHAT do they mean? Why that the shop is a place for lending money on pawn. Golden balls indeed! They are *black* balls for those who borrow, but golden enough for him who lends. For instance:—"The sum advanced on any article varies from one-fourth to one-half of the value of it according to the demand for the kind of goods and the chance of its being redeemed. We will take one-third as the average. Any sum under half a crown pays as interest ½d. per month or 20 per cent., and so on for every additional half a crown. A very handsome profit for the pawnbroker, and a frightful tax on the borrower if that were all. But any smaller sum than half a crown, 3d. or 6d. for instance, pays not at the same rate, but the same sum total, whether it be borrowed for a day or a week instead of a month; so that 6d. advanced on any article, redeemed at the end of the week (as it is if redeemed at all) pays at the rate of 400 per cent. If it is redeemed the same day it pays 2,600 per cent. In any event the pawnbroker cannot lose and must gain by the transaction. If it is not redeemed at all he sells it at the end of a year, and pockets three or four times as much as he advanced. *Though there are* difficulties in the way of ascertaining how many or how few articles in proportion to those pledged are actually redeemed, arising from an unwillingness in the trade to divulge their secrets, a careful comparison, which we have been enabled to make between the number of pawn tickets issued and the number of articles sold in certain establishments, leads us to the conclusion that four articles out of every ten pledged are never redeemed at all."

Hints.

MEN AND MONEY.—Though a man without money is poor, a man with nothing but money is poorer.

MONEY ONLY can no more relieve or remove our troubles, than headache can be cured by putting on a golden crown, or toothache relieved by sucking a precious pearl.

NOW IS THE TIME for every man, with God's help, to amend and improve himself. Had he begun sooner he would have been a better man; if he neglects *now* he will be a worse.

WHEN WE SEE A FAULT in any of our neighbours we should use it as a looking-glass in which we may see some of our own.

THE MORE A MAN is quicksighted in discovering and exposing the faults of others, the more blind will he become to his own, and the more will he try to hide them.

FITS OF ILL HUMOUR always do us more harm than any body else; and they give us more trouble to set right again than would have been wanted to avoid them.

GOOD WIVES.

THERE are three things which you may see
You should not, and you should, agree.

Good wives to snails should be akin,
And their own houses keep within;
But they should not be fashion's hack,
Bearing their best things on their back.

Good wives, like city clocks, should be
Exact, and with true time agree;
But they should not be loud in sound,
Alarming all the neighbours round.

Good wives, like echo, should be true,
And give to all the answer due;
But not, like echo, so absurd
As always to have the last word.

Gems.

SOLITUDE.—Some men retire into solitude to pray and commune with God; others to devise or commit crimes. But in both cases God is present to bless or condemn.

A PRAYER.—"Attract me, thou Great Being, within the sphere of thy light; attract me to take a humble view of thy throne of grace; attract me by a display of thy great mercy in Christ; attract me by thy Spirit's gentle influence to thy heart and home."

IF YONDER SUN that shines upon us were a thinking Being, what could he think, as he looks down on our world, of the crimes and cruelties, the wilful wickedness and awful sins which men commit?

GOD LOVES HIS SAINTS, not as we love flowers, putting them near our bosoms when fresh, but casting them away when faded. God wears the names of his faithful saints as a signet on his right hand for ever!

BOLD MEN often face great dangers; but the most bold and impudent of all men are those who face the danger of losing their own souls by living in sin when God has said, "The soul that sinneth *shall* die."

ASKING AND SEEKING.—God does not promise to those who want that they shall *have*, but to those who *ask*; not to those who need that they shall *find*, but to those who *seek*.

HUMAN NATURE, when left to itself, is like a bad clock that only goes right now and then. He who made us must examine us and regulate us, and then we shall keep true time.

Poetic Selections.

ON DYING.

IT is a *solemn* thing to die—
To sever every earthly tie;
To watch the blooming cheeks grow pale;
To mark the sinking vigour fail;
To count the pulse, which, faint and slow,
Tells of the closing scene below;
To feel eternity draw nigh—
It is a *solemn* thing to die.

It is a *fearful* thing to die
The death of a sinner's agony—
A prayerless heart—no voice to plead—
Thick darkness, and no hand to lead;
To see beyond the open grave
No star of hope—no arm to save—
No ear for his despairing cry—
It is a *fearful* thing to die.

It is a *blessed* thing to die—
To know no sin, no tear, no sigh;
To pass into a world of light,
Where faith itself is lost in sight;
To leave a world of pain and strife;
To find an entrance into life;
To see our Saviour eye to eye—
It is a *blessed* thing to die.

COME NOW TO JESUS.

GUILTY sinner! up and flee,
Jesus Christ inviteth thee;
He has borne the wrath and woe,
That thy soul unscathed might go.

Standeth wide the door of hope
Which the Lord of life did ope;
Jesus stands at it, and he
Standeth there to welcome thee.

The black gulf of perdition, see!
At its bottom lay the key
Of life; O who shall venture down
To fetch it up beneath God's frown?

Jesus Christ alone could do,
Guilty sinners, that for you.
He has done it, and for men
With it unlocked life's gate again.

Come, then, sinner! come away—
Delay not, O no more delay;
Close with Jesus—all is won;
Reject his mercy—all's undone!

The Children's Corner.

AN ALPHABETICAL INVITATION TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

ARISE, Young Friend, arise! and seek the Lord;
Behold, He calls you in His Holy Word,
Come now, my son, give me thine heart to-day,
Do not refuse my claim, make no delay.

E'en now be wise, resolve the Lord's to be,
For nothing better pleases Him to see;
Give, O give Him, the flower of your days,
His voice obey, and love His holy ways.

If you will now on Jesus Christ believe,
Jesus, my Lord, will freely you receive;
Know that His precious blood can cleanse from sin,
Look unto Him, and he will wash thee clean.

My son, my son, He says, depart from sin,
Now strive to follow holiness within;
O will you not the heavenly call obey?
Prepare for heaven while it is called to-day.

Quench not that Holy Spirit which can give
Renewing grace, that you may ever live;
Salvation free is offered now to you;
Then, O, be wise, young friend, accept it now.

Upon your knees, to God confess your sin,
Vile, wicked, own with grief that you have been;
Will He not mercy show, your sin forgive?
Yes, my young friend, for He delights to save.

O happy thou, to live and die the Lord's;
Then shall you rise triumphant in the sky,
And share in those eternal blest rewards,
Purchased by Him who came to bleed and die.

KATHERINE AND EMMA.

It was a cold frosty evening in December, a few years ago, that the inhabitants of a country town seemed in an unusual state of excitement. The town was always a busy, bustling place; but the great number of carriages which were hurrying to and fro the wide street, showed that something unusual was going forward. The large inn of the town was brilliantly lighted, and a number of poor people were standing around to watch the company as they alighted from their carriages. It was the evening of a ball.

Although a cold evening, yet the sky was beautifully clear and blue, and the moon and the stars shone out brightly upon the busy town. How differently were they regarded by different persons! It was a night on which the astronomer would be busy in making his calculations of the number, and distance, and size of the stars. Happy if he mingled with his contemplations the feelings of love and adoration of their great Creator; and as "night unto night showed him knowledge," could he, with the Psalmist, exclaim, "O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth, who hast set thy glory above the heavens!" Many a pious and humble christian, on such a night, looked to the blue firmament, and, beholding its starry grandeur, could say, "When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him?" Perhaps some one who lay upon his dying bed looked up to the bright sky, and thought upon that glorious city to which he was hastening, which "had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb was the light thereof."

But other thoughts than these crowded into the minds of the gay party who were hastening to the ball. A young lady (whom I shall call Katherine) was now just mounting the stairs which led to the assembly room. She was carefully protected from the cold air, and, with a countenance blooming with health and gaiety, was proceeding on her way. A gentleman standing by the staircase with a number of tracts in his hand, advanced, and offered her one. She took the little book, and was putting it into her reticule, when the gentleman said to her, "Will you, ma'am, promise me one thing?—it is that you will read this tract." With cheerful good-humour the young lady promised to do so, and, passing on to the busy assembly, was soon engaged in the mirth and pleasure of the evening.

Whether Katherine about that time performed the promise she had made I have no means of ascertaining, but, as she was a person of strict integrity, we cannot doubt that she kept her word. Most probably she read it carelessly over, and was perhaps little interested in its contents. It is quite evident that she did not value her little book, for it was thrown carelessly into a drawer, and its first page was torn off and lost. If the giver of that tract had seen it lying there, he would have thought his efforts to do good had been in vain. But God had a great work to do through that little messenger of mercy.

Although Katherine's blooming countenance seemed to give hope of long life, though her eye was bright and her step was firm, yet disease was insidiously lurking beneath these fair appearances. One symptom of illness, and then others, gradually showed themselves, and long months of languor and debility followed. Not only was the young lady withdrawn from the gaieties of life, but the calmer and more simple pleasures which she had enjoyed, were now denied to her. She could not take the long cheerful country walk. Music, and even reading, fatigued her now, nor could she share with her family the conversation of the fireside. In the quiet of her chamber she was left to her own silent, and sometimes sorrowful, reflections. It was one day, when thus alone, that she took up the torn and crumpled tract given her long since. Katherine's attention was arrested, and she read it carefully. The tract told her that she was a sinner—that we are all by nature enemies to God. That she might be amiable, and just, and dutiful to her parents, and kind to the poor; and yet, if she did not love God supremely, if she had not faith in Christ, she would be undone for ever. It proved, from the Scriptures, that man is in a fallen condition, that our very righteousnesses (the good works in which Katherine would have trusted) "are as filthy rags" in the sight of a pure and holy God: that our best actions are mingled with sin: that the "thoughts of man's heart are only evil, and that continually:" that "except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Katherine must have heard these things before, for she had always been accustomed to attend at church at least once on every Sunday, and had often joined in the solemn response, "Lord have mercy upon us, miserable sinners!" but never till now had she felt anything of the sinfulness of her own heart, or the necessity of so great a change as that which the Scriptures describes as being "born again." She called to mind how many days had passed without one thought of God; how she had been *amused by passing* events, and never experienced one feeling of holy

gratitude to the Lord of glory, who had come down on this sinful earth to die the death of the cross that we might be saved. But the tract did not tell the sinner that he was guilty before God in order to leave him there. It told also the blessed truth that life and salvation are offered by the gospel. It showed that it was for the sinner that Christ's sacrifice was offered. "For scarcely for a righteous man will one die, yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die; but God commendeth his love towards us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." It showed, that while God could not pardon the transgressor with justice except a Mediator between God and man had appeared, that God's only beloved Son had become that Mediator, and that "if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." Christ's own words invited the sinner to come to him. "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." Katherine found that the Holy Spirit was promised to sinners, to bring them to God. That he was to "guide them into all truth;" and that our Saviour had said, "If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?"

Every passage as she read it seemed to bring some new light to Katherine's mind; God was teaching her his way. He who had died for her soul was revealing himself gradually to her. Her illness was a long one; but she found, in communion with God, and in the study of his promises, deep and lasting happiness. The bed of pain and sickness was to her the prelude to everlasting glory, and she longed to be absent from the body that she might be present with the Lord.

Many months after she read the little tract, Katherine's happy spirit entered into the joy of her Lord. But the good done by the tract did not end here.

When Katherine had found "the pearl of great price," she did not conceal it. She called on others to rejoice with her on finding it. She had one friend (whom I shall call Emma) who was much with her during her long illness, and who had been her companion from childhood. Katherine endeavoured to lead her to God; she entreated her to come as a sinner to the Saviour, and to seek the Holy Spirit by prayer. Emma had not before thought seriously of religion, but from this time she began to study the Scriptures for herself. She

was led to embrace the offers of the gospel, and became a devout and humble child of God.

It is less than a twelvemonth since, that the writer of these pages was called to attend the sick bed of Emma. Emma was an old friend and schoolfellow, and her illness was a source of deep sorrow to the writer. But the invalid's countenance bore no traces of sorrow or regret. The bright eye, and hectic flush, and continual cough, gave certain indications that consumption had made great advances in her delicate frame. Emma knew this, and although sometimes, amid the changes of that flattering disease, she thought she might recover, the more permanent feeling was that she should die. Yet she had no fear of passing through the dark valley, for she knew that God would be with her, and that the valley of the shadow of death would be made light by his presence.

Emma possessed great talents and mental attainments; but it might be truly said of her that she "received the kingdom of God as a little child." Her faith was most simple and child-like. It was enough for her that God had said in his word that Christ would save the sinner. She had a firm conviction that "God is love," and the belief made her calmly and truly happy. The medical attendant said of her that she must have died much earlier in the course of the disease, but that her happy and quiet spirit enabled the body to resist its advances. "Thy will be done" was not only the expression of her lips, but the feeling of her heart. She had many friends whom she tenderly loved; yet, without an anxious thought, she commended them all to her Father in heaven. Emma would often on her sick-bed regret that she had not from her childhood diligently studied the Scriptures. She said that she often could remember the spirit of some text, but could not recollect the exact words, nor could she readily find it. She said, if life were spared, she thought she should try and learn all the New Testament by heart. One day, when speaking of the Bible, she said, "It is so different from other books. If I read any other book two or three times, I seem to know its contents, but every reading of the sacred volume seems to throw new light upon it; one finds out the meaning more and more." Her friend said to her, "Yes, that has always struck me as a proof of the Divine origin of the sacred writings." She replied, "My own heart gives me abundance of proof that they are true."

It was a beautiful summer morning on which Emma looked her last on the world. She had always been a great admirer of nature, and had loved to trace the hand of God in adorning the earth and sky *with beauty.* A few hours before she died, she asked that the blind

might be drawn up, that she might look out upon the garden and meadows once more. She gazed earnestly on them as if to take a last farewell. She then beckoned to her friends, and bade each a solemn and affectionate adieu. Her last words were, "Happy, willing." She made signs that prayer should be offered, and while those around her were praying that her dismissal should be without pain, and that a glorious entrance might be granted into the heavenly kingdom, she quietly breathed her last, and her happy spirit entered the world where sin and sorrow never enter.

The mode of Emma's death literally exemplified the Scripture description: "She fell asleep in Jesus," and her friend was reminded of the words of the good John Bunyan, in describing the passage through the dark river, which was taken by the pilgrim—"And the river was very calm at that time."

Many friends visited Emma during her long sickness. There was the decided Christian, who, if ever he feared death for himself, might look on this death-bed and see how God supports his people in their hour of need. There were some who had but lately begun to enquire for the way of salvation; some thoughtless ones whose whole souls were engrossed by the vanities of life; and some who, though thoughtful, yet, among all their considerations of other things, forgot the "one thing needful." Perhaps the last great day may reveal the fact, that some of these learned, by the dying bed of Emma, those blessed truths which she had before learned from Katherine. O, who shall say how far the influence of that little tract may extend itself to future years? Reader, are you a tract distributor? Perhaps you have for some years been employed on this errand of mercy. It may be that you have never known an instance in which your labours have been blessed. You may have sometimes hoped that attention has been awakened, but you have been disappointed, and you are ready to say, "Surely I have laboured in vain, and spent my strength for nought." Think of Katherine and Emma. The gentleman who gave the tract at the door of the ball-room, never knew the history of its result. Remember the old saying, "Duty is ours, events are God's;' and forget not the command and promise of Scripture, "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days." "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

Poetry.

"THOU ON CALVARY DIDST DIE FOR ME."

Jesus, if thou hast brought me to thy foot,
And cut up all my follies by the root;
Ne'er may I trust in any arm but thine,
Nor hope but in thy righteousness divine:
In life and death be this my only plea,
That thou on Calvary didst die for me.

My holiest deeds, imperfect and defil'd,
Are but the feeble efforts of a child,
Howe'er perform'd this is their brightest part,
That they are offerings of a thankful heart;
These I renounce, be this my only plea,
That thou on Calvary didst die for me.

Cleans'd in thy own all-purifying blood,
Forgive the evil and accept the good;
Thee may I follow with a swifter pace,
Led by thy hand, supported by thy grace;
Yet living, dying, this be all my plea,
That thou on Calvary didst die for me.

While struggling in this vale of griefs and tears,
Of doubts and conflicts, enemies and fears;
This is my joy, that thou art all my trust;
And this my joy when sinking in the dust;
And at thy judgment-seat be this my plea,
That thou on Calvary didst die for me.

And, O! beyond the regions of the tomb,
Beyond the awful day of general doom,
In brighter worlds, in happier realms of love,
My joy below be still my joy above;
High heaven shall hear a ransom'd sinner's plea,
That thou on Calvary didst die for me.

Anecdotes and Selections.

CHRISTIANITY forbids no necessary employments, no reasonable indulgences, no innocent relaxations. It allows us to use the world, provided we do not abuse it. It does not spread before us a delicious banquet, and say, "touch not, taste not, handle not." All it requires is, that our liberty does not degenerate into licentiousness, our amusements into dissipation, our industry into incessant toil, our carefulness into extreme anxiety and endless solicitude. So far from forbidding us to engage in business, it expressly commands us not to be slothful in it,

and to labour with our hands for the thing that is good. It enjoins every one to perform all the duties of his calling. It even stigmatizes those that provide not for their own by telling them that they are worse than infidels. When it requires us to be "temperate in all things," it plainly tells us that we must use all things temperately. When it directs us "to make our moderation known unto all men," this evidently implies that within the bounds of moderation we may enjoy all the reasonable conveniences and comforts of the present life. And so godliness is profitable for the life that now is, as well as that which is to come.

THE GHOST.—Martin had skulked into the castle garden, filled two sacks full of fruit, and was carrying them home one at a time. As he was going with the first sack along by the garden wall the clock just then struck twelve. The air murmured through the leaves of the trees, and Martin saw suddenly a black man by his side, who seemed to be carrying the other sack for him. The terrified thief let his sack fall, and sprang forward as fast as he could. The black man also let his sack fall, and sprang forward in the same manner by Martin's side as far as the end of the garden wall, where he vanished. On the following morning Martin told everybody about this fearful ghost, only he said nothing about his stealing. But the bailiff had Martin sent for the same day, and said to him, "You were stealing fruit last night in the castle garden; the sacks on which your name is found have convicted you. I shall on this account have you sent to the house of correction. The black man whom you saw was nothing else bnt your own shadow, which the moon made at twelve o'clock on the white-washed wall of the garden." The rogue is never without fear; the evildoer is always afraid, and runs away from his own shadow.

"The man who keeps his conscience clear,
Will never have a cause to fear."

From the German.

THE HEART IS A SOIL in which every ill weed will take root and spread itself. There the thorns of worldly care, and the thistles of worldly vanity, will grow and flourish. As the husbandman watches his land, so should the Christian search and examine his own heart, that he may cast out of it all those unprofitable weeds and roots of bitterness which will naturally get possession of it. If this work is rightly performed, the soil will be ready for the good seed of the word of God, which will spring up and prosper under the influence of Divine grace, as the corn groweth by the rain and sunshine from heaven.

DEPENDENCE ON GOD.—Do thy part with honesty and integrity, and leave the event to God. I have found matters turn out so unexpectedly that they have taught me never to despair, and at the same time never to presume. Never to despair, for my God can always reach me to help me; and never to presume, for he can thwart or set aside my best plans. So I will never despair, because I have God to look to for help; and I will not presume, for I am only a man.

SOCRATES AND ALCIBIADES.—One day when Alcibiades was boasting to Socrates of his wealth, and the great estates in his possession, Socrates showed him a geographical map, and asked him to find Attica. It was so small it could scarce be discerned; he found it, however, though with some difficulty; but upon being desired to point out his own estate there, it was too small to be distinguished. "See then," replied Socrates, "how much you are affected by an imperceptible point of land." This reasoning might have been urged much further still. For what was Attica compared to all Greece, Greece to Europe, Europe to the whole world? What an insect, what a nothing, is the most powerful prince of the earth! And what would it profit him if he could gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

The Fireside.

MOTHER, MIND YOUR CHILD, FOR THE CHILD IS FATHER TO THE MAN.

CHARACTER is formed and fixed before you think it is. Many think that the first few years of life may be passed over. This is like saying, "Never mind the morning, sleep it away; noon will recover the loss." So infancy and childhood are often cast away; the morning is lost, the seed-time neglected, and what is the consequence? A life full of confusion and an old age full of regret, a day of unnecessary toil and a night of vexation, a hurried summer, a meagre autumn, a comfortless winter.

An eminent writer has observed that, "from the hour that the child becomes capable of noticing what is passing around him he receives impressions from example, and circumstances, and situation. So powerful indeed are the gradual and unnoticed influences of these early days, that we not unfrequently see the indulged and humoured infant a petty little tyrant when only a year old, and at two years a discontented irritable thing, causing every one but its mother to turn away from it with disgust. At this period of life the child is making observations, forming opinions, and acquiring habits. Notions, right or wrong, are now becoming so completely a part of its character that they can never be eradicated."

"I think I may say (remarks John Locke, the Philosopher) that of all the men we meet with, nine parts of ten are what they are, good or evil, useful or not, by their education. It is that which makes the great difference in mankind. The little or almost insensible impressions on our tender infancies have very important consequences. There it is as in the mountains of rivers, where a gentle application of the hand turns the [illegible]ble waters into channels that make them take quite [illegible]; and by this little direction given them at first in the [illegible]ceive different tendencies, and arrive at last at very

emote and distant places. Imagine the minds of children as easily urned, this way or that, as water itself."

Mothers, who can say how much depends on your instructions to our little ones! "I have long felt (observes Lord Shaftesbury) that ntil the Fathers and Mothers are better men and better women, our chools can accomplish comparatively little. I believe that any imrovement that could be brought to bear on the MOTHERS, more specially, would effect a greater amount of good than anything that as yet been done."

The Penny Post Box.

RELIGION IN COMMON LIFE.

N this important subject, as they are far better than anything I can rite myself, let me give you, for the Penny Post Box, a few sentences om Caird's sermon before the Queen and Prince Albert, seven years ago.

"The religion of Christ, whilst it affords scope for the loftiest inellect in the contemplation and development of its glorious truths, is et, in the exquisite simplicity of its essential facts and principles, plain o the simplest mind. Rude, untutored, toil-worn you may be, but if ou have wit enough to guide you in the commonest round of daily oil, you have wit enough to learn the way to be saved. The truth as is in Jesus, whilst, in one view of it, so profound that the highest rchangel's intellect may be lost in the contemplation of its mysterious epths, is yet, in another, so simple that the lisping babe at a mother's nee may learn its meaning.

It is the same with actions as with places. Just as no spot or scene n earth is in itself more or less holy than another, but the presence of holy heart may hallow—of a base one, desecrate—any place where dwells; so with actions. Many actions materially great and noble, ay yet, because of the spirit that prompts and pervades them, be sally ignoble and mean; and, on the other hand, many actions, exernally mean and lowly, may, because of the state of his heart who oes them, be truly exalted and honourable. It is possible to fill the ighest station on earth, and go through the actions pertaining to it a spirit that degrades all its dignities, and renders all its high and ourtly doings essentially sordid and vulgar. And it is no mere senimentality to say, that there may dwell in a lowly mechanic's or ousehold servant's breast a spirit that dignifies the coarsest toils, and renders drudgery divine." Herod of old was a slave, though he sat pon a throne; but who will say that the work of that carpenter's hop at Nazareth was not noble and kingly work indeed!

Carry holy principles with you into the world, and the world will ecome hallowed by their presence. A Christ-like spirit will Ch

tianize everything it touches. A meek heart, in which the altar-fire of love to God is burning, will lay hold of the commonest, rudest things in life, and transmute them, like coarse fuel at the touch of fire, into a pure and holy flame. Religion in the soul will make all the work and toil of life—its gains and losses, friendships, rivalries, competitions—its manifold incidents and events—the means of religious advancement. Lofty or lowly, rude or refined, as our earthly work may be, it will become to a holy mind only the material for an infinitely nobler than all the creations of genius—a pure and godlike life." SELECTOR.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

THE ARMED FORCES OF EUROPE.

SOME correct statistics have been collected respecting the number of men employed in the armies of Europe, and it is almost enough to make one despair of the progress of mankind to find that something like 4,000,000 of men, at the lowest computation, are under arms. Here is a list:—Army of Austria, 738,344; Prussia, 719,092; Russia, 850,000; France, 626,000; Great Britain and India, 534,827; Denmark, Sweden, Spain, Portugal, and Italy, 303,497; total, 3,771,760. The cost of maintaining, clothing, and paying these men, at the low average of £40 per head, is £150,000,000 per annum: but the loss is not to be measured by this sum, enormous as it is, for we must also reckon what would be gained were this mass of labour productive, instead of unproductive. The labour of 3,771,760 able-bodied men cannot be calculated as producing less than £120,000,000 per annum, so that virtually between the cost of their maintainance and what they ought to produce were their labour utilised, there is a difference of something like £300,000,000 a year. We are quite sure this sum is rather under than over the mark. The worst feature of this is that we can see no termination to this expenditure. Since the breakdown of popular institutions in America, and the outbreak of the savage war which the Republicans and Democrats of that country are waging against each other, we may now turn in vain for consolation from the Old to the New World.

Hints.

NEVER LET RIDICULE hinder you from doing what you know to be right. Why should the jeers and laughter of fools hinder you from being wise?

BAD MEN seem to have only brutal instincts; for they have as much antipathy to a good man as a cow has to a dog, or a dog to a rat.

OLD MEN AND YOUNG MEN.—There is this difference when they die; the old go on to meet death—but death comes to meet the young.

DOING THINGS BY HALVES will never answer. If it be right to do a thing, then do it boldly and thoroughly. If it be not right, let it alone altogether.

DETRACTION.—That man who is fond of detracting from the character of others, is taking the shortest and surest way of injuring his own.

TROUBLES sometimes look like high hills before us. But go on quietly and steadily, and you will get to the top at last, where you will not only have a finer prospect than you could see below, but you will go down the other side easily.

SOME PEOPLE WILL TALK, even when they have got nothing to say. They are like drums, which make a great noise but have nothing *in* them.

TRUE HAPPINESS is not so very far off from a man as he thinks. The fact is he does not seek it in the right places—in his own home and heart.

THIS WORLD, compared with what it now is, would be something like a paradise, were it not turned into a curse by the vices and evil passions of its inhabitants.

SOME MEN are like that blacksmith's dog who can sleep under the sound of the anvil, and while the sparks are flying about his ears. So they will sleep in sin while God's judgments are all around them.

Gems.

HE WHO LOVES GOD enjoys all things in God, and God in all things, and so his joys never change and cannot pass away.

CHRIST IS PRECIOUS.—He is fairer than the fairest, sweeter than the sweetest, nearer than the nearest, dearer than the dearest, richer than the richest, and better than the best.

LOOK AT THAT NEEDLE on the mariner's compass, how it trembles about until it points to the north star. So our souls will tremble about until we look to Christ.

PRAY FOR A TENDER CONSCIENCE. Avoid whatever might harden it, just as you would avoid dust getting into your eyes and injuring your sight; for in both cases you might have to shed tears.

CHRIST SAYS TO THE BELIEVER, "All that I have is thine." My wisdom to teach thee, my power to save thee, my righteousness to adorn thee, my grace to help thee, and my presence to bless thee *for ever!*

PLANTS OF PARADISE.—No soul of man is transplanted into the paradise of glory in heaven but from the nursery of grace on earth.

A CHRISTIAN MAN ought carefully to avoid those vices which most resemble virtues, for they are more likely to draw him aside than those which are more open and notorious, and which all men condemn.

HEAVEN IS CALLED A SABBATH, that is a rest for the people of God, to make those who love sabbaths long for heaven, and those who long for heaven love sabbaths.

DOING THE WILL OF GOD.—Martin Luther used to say, "I would rather do the will of God in the smallest thing than work the greatest miracles."

Poetic Selections.

LET US PRAY.

COME, and let us offer prayer
To our Father God of love;
He is ever pleased to hear,
And will answer from above.

Let us pray for living faith,
Faith to give us some insight
Of the glorious life above
In that world of love and light.

Let us pray for strengthening grace,
Grace to help us on our way,
To guard us whilst we run the race,
And guide us to eternal day.

Let us pray in every straight;
Come to Christ our help and stay;
Live to learn, and learn to wait—
Living, dying, let us pray.

LET US PRAISE.

COME, christian brethren, let us sing
The praises of our God and King;
'Tis from him we all receive
Living grace and grace to live.

'Tis by His almighty power
We are kept from day to day;
And in the great and trying hour
He will be our strength and stay.

His kindly care to us began
When first we breath'd the breath of life,
And from the child up to the man,
Has been our guard in every strife.

Come then and Praise Him while we live
For living mercies given,
And when this vale we leave, we'll give
Unceasing praise in heaven.

The Children's Corner.

ON THE DEATH OF TWO BROTHERS,

WHO WERE DROWNED NEAR SHALFLEET, ISLE OF WIGHT.

"LIFE is a vapour," saith the Word,
And yet how very few
Regard its import—thousands live
As though it was untrue.

These lines record a solemn fact
Which not long since occurr'd,
And strikingly confirms that text
Found in the sacred Word.

One morn two brothers left their home
In health and spirits gay,
No one had reason then to think
That they would die that day.

While sailing in an open boat,
Not very far from shore,
It overturn'd—and these young men
Soon sunk to rise no more.

They little thought, on leaving home,
That they would ne'er return;
That parents, and a lover too,
Freiong for them would mourn.

That morn it seem'd they'd years to live;
And yet how very soon
Death hurried them from all on earth
Before it yet was noon.

Both were o'ertaken in an hour
When they were not aware:
Let young and old the warning heed,
And all for death prepare.

To Jesus fly without delay,
While life and health are given.
That when our souls this world shall quit,
They may ascend to heaven.

THEIR SIRTARS.

In this sad two brothers lie.
Suddenly were call'd to die;
In full health and spirits gay
Hurried them from earth away.

Let no longer careless be:
We may as quickly o'ertake thee:
Christ alone for refuge fly,
That we may be prepared to die.

J. D.

WAS THAT DREAM ONLY A DREAM?

WHAT dream only a dream? Why that which the Dreamer dreamed who begins to tell it by saying, "As I walk'd through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place, where was a Denn; And I laid me down in that place to sleep: And as I slept I dreamed a Dream." And a wonderful dream it was as he tells it, such as no man ever dreamed or told before or since. An old prophet once said, "He that hath a dream let him tell a dream;" and this man did tell his dream, and the world listened with wonder, is listening yet, and will listen as long as men have ears to hear.

But who was the dreamer? He lived two hundred years ago, and before his conversion had been a rough travelling tinker in Bedfordshire, but was kept as a prisoner in the old jail on Bedford bridge twelve long years for preaching the gospel, where he had plenty of time both for day dreams and night dreams.

"Oh!" you say, "you mean John Bunyan and his *Pilgrim's Progress*." Yes, I do. And I wish to say that I dont think that it was altogether a dream. I say so, for after reading his life I think anyone will find that after all he is only relating for the most part what he had gone through himself. The key to Bunyan's dream is Bunyan's life. So I think, and so think others.

The Rev. J. F. Wylie says:—

"Art has lent her aid to illustrate the pages of Bunyan. It might have been foreseen that the attempt would be fruitless. Where is the pencil which can equal, much less excel, in graphic power the pen which it undertook to aid? When did the colours of the painter glow like the words of Bunyan? when was the canvass crowded with figures so life-like? and when did it wear hues so brilliant, and at the same time so true to nature, as the pages of the 'Pilgrim?' Yet on a field which appeared so inviting, it is not surprising that Art should have been tempted to make trial of her powers; and the very limited success with which, as will be generally acknowledged, her efforts have been attended, makes it very obvious, not that her skill was small, but that the skill of the poor inmate of the jail at Bedford was immeasurably greater; and that the genius which produced the immortal allegory had higher resources at command than those which mere genius can wield, and had access to deeper fountains of thought, and illustration, and imagery, than any which mere Art is privileged to approach. Art has done her best, to represent and body forth in lines and colours all the most

incidents in the great work in question;—the winged steps wherewith the pilgrim hasted away from the City of Destruction; the great burden on his back, whose insupportable weight made his knees to shake, and, ever and anon, wrung the most doleful sighs and groans from his heart; the joy that kindled on his countenance, radiant and serene as day-break, so soon as he found himself safe within the wicket; the wonders of the Interpreter's house; the frowning steeps of the Hill Difficulty; the exceeding fierce looks of the lions which guarded the path; the terrors of that sore combat in which Apollyon straddled quite across the whole breadth of the way, and swore by his infernal den that he would make an end of Christian; the clouds of confusion which hang day and night over the Valley of the Shadow of Death; the juggling shows, the coarse ribaldry, and the brutal violence of Vanity Fair—'no new-erected business, but a thing of ancient standing;' the dark dungeons and brazen gates of Doubting Castle; the green slopes and the clear springs of the Delectable Mountains, whence a very distant and faint view might be had of the Celestial gate; the gardens and the fragrant orchards of the Land of Beulah; the black river, through whose cold waters lay the path of the pilgrims; the city beyond, whose foundations are above the clouds, and whose glory no one can see or know till he has passed over the river and gone in at the gate. Of all the scenes which we have now named, we have been presented with representations; but we must bear in mind, that in the hands of Bunyan himself these descriptions are but pictures—not the things themselves: he did not intend they should be taken for that; but when Art comes forward and presents us with a picture of what itself is but a picture, it need not surprise us that the image grows more and more faint, just in proportion to our distance from the thing itself.

But when we turn from the pencil of the artist to the history of the author himself—not his outward, but his inward history—we find we have approached the true source of every good illustration of this singular book. A new light dawns upon its pages. We are admitted behind the scenes, not to have the enchantment dissolved, but increased tenfold. The stately palace, whose noble and graceful exterior we admired before, and which was all we were able to behold, we are now privileged to enter. We pass on, with the key in our hand, through the spacious edifice, lost in wonder at its numerous and sumptuous apartments; its rich furniture; its vessels of gold and silver; its walls so curiously emblazoned with the symbols of heavenly things; and its 'chamber of peace' to use Bunyan's own image, with its windows that opened towards sun-rising. We soon

become convinced that it is no scene of enchantment we are surveying—that it is no unreal and illusory fabric that stands before us, called from the earth by the enchanter's wand, and destined to pass away, with all its walls, and towers, and gorgeous splendours, without leaving a trace where it stood, the moment the genius that created it ceases to act upon our minds. We are made to feel that it is real, and substantial, and true, and that in a sense in which few things on earth can be said to be true.

To how many thousands has the work of Bunyan been a fiction, and nothing more! It was no fiction to the man who wrote it. As one who sails on a summer sea, and is delighted and enchanted by its lovely islands, its pearly bays, its shining shores, and the beauty of the skies which are mirrored on its placid surface, but never once thinks of the mighty deeps below him; so many have perused the immortal allegory, satisfied and pleased with the varied and enchanting beauty of its surface—its incidents, characters, and scenery—without making any attempt to sound the great depths of its meaning, or to realize a single one of the many mighty truths which its similitudes present. Although all the descriptions of this book were actual verities—though all its characters were real men, and all its incidents real events—though there was, in some remote region of the earth, a city of Destruction, and a Celestial city, with a narrow path running from the one to the other, with pilgrims going to and fro upon it, or crossing it by the lanes and by-paths that intersect it, and affording to those who travel that way, the sight of the villages, cities, and countries which Bunyan has placed in its neighbourhood; leading up at its commencement to the wicket gate, the 'shining light' over which might be seen as far as from the city of Destruction, and from thence running straight onward in the direction of the Celestial city; never becoming circuitous to avoid this doubtful quagmire, or this dangerous steep, or this slippery descent, or this gloomy pass, or this enemy's castle, though passing within bow-shot of its walls; now leading by the door of the Interpreter's house; now by the foot of the cross; now up the Hill Difficulty; now down into the low Valley of Humiliation; now through the thick gloom and darkness of the Valley of the Shadow of Death; now through the town of Vanity Fair, with its motley crowds and noisy buffoonery; now by the lands of Giant Despair; now over the green slopes of the Delectable Mountains; now through the drowsy air and the entangled soil of the enchanted ground; and last of all, and just before terminating on the brink of the river, through the Land of Beulah, whose orchards stood open to solace the pilgrims, and where there

was the continual singing of birds, and where, being on the borders of the Celestial country, a never-setting light, like a beautiful celestial dawn, rested on its fields;—though all the scenery, moral and physical, of this wonderful tale had actually existed—though all its personages had lived and journeyed, as Bunyan narrates, from the city of Destruction to the country beyond the river—how small a matter would that be, how insignificant the interest and importance of the tale, compared with the grandeur which it is seen really to possess, whenever we are enabled to look through its shadows to its mighty verities—whenever we are enabled to regard the city of Destruction as being the earth; the straight and narrow way from it, as the path that leads upwards through the skies; the shining light over it, as the Bible, which God himself has kindled amidst the darkness that broods over our lower region, to tell men that there is a brighter world above, and to guide them into the way that leads to it; and the Celestial city, as the land of immortality, and of immortal men—the seat of boundless splendour, and of unfading blessedness.

But though the great depths of the work begin now to be known, we find that we have made a mighty advance as regards our ability to sound these depths, so soon as we have made ourselves familiar with the soul-struggles of the man who wrote it. Great as we may have accounted it before, we now account it much greater. Of Bunyan it cannot be affirmed with the same truth that he invented, as that he described. His facts and illustrations were not so much produced by his imagination, as drawn from the store-house of his own experience. He had been all that he describes his pilgrim. He had gone every footstep of the way along which he leads Christian. He knew all its by-lanes and cross paths. There is not an enemy upon it whom he had not fought with, nor a danger belonging to it with which he was not familiar. All the toils, burdens, and perils incident to it he had borne. He had shared beyond most in its sorrows; and his, too, and that in no stinted measure, had been its ravishing delights—the joy known only to those who find the narrow way. The city of Destruction was to him no imaginary place. Many days and nights, full of dreadful apprehensions, had he passed within its walls. His eye had marked the black clouds, edged with red, which lower continually upon it; and his ear had caught the distant mutterings of that furious tempest which is destined one day to break above it. He could tell in truth that it is no easy matter to find the strait gate, but a blessed thing to be safe within it. He had stooped and groaned beneath his great burden; but when it *rolled down* from his back, he had leaped for very joy. He had

tasted sweet sleep in the 'chamber called peace,' and awaked to see the morning breaking in the east. He had wrestled not only against flesh and blood, but against powers and principalities. He had walked in darkness, and had no light; and trusted in the name of the Lord: He had had trial of cruel mockings; nay, moreover, of bonds and imprisonments, in the town of Vanity Fair. Many, many days had he languished in the dungeons of Doubting Castle; but, plucking the key of promise from his bosom, he had seen the iron gates of that dismal place fly open, and taking heart, he had gone forth to solace and invigorate himself in the clear air and by the pure springs of the Delectable Hills. Thus ever as he went on he began to enjoy more of that which he knew he should enjoy in full at the end of his journey. At last he left the Valley of the Shadow of Death and the towers of Doubting Castle far behind; and being now on the borders of the better country, his path began to shine more and more with the reflection of the splendours of that city to which he was drawing nigh, and his heart to be ravished by the melodies which came floating towards him—the distant echo of the songs of those with whom he knew he should dwell for ever.

This, we are satisfied, is the true key to the 'Pilgrim's Progress'—Bunyan's own life. No one need wonder why this work is so immeasurably superior to every other work of the kind; why it awakens in every bosom an interest so deep and enduring; why there is such life in its pictures, such power in its imagery, and so much of nature and truth in the actors it brings upon the stage; why the delineation of their characters is so faultlessly correct, and yet characterized by such perfect freedom, that the conception and execution of them appear to have cost the author not the smallest effort; why there is such an irresistible force in its least words; why the writer is so prodigal in every line of the treasures of his genius, and is apparently all the while perfectly unconscious of the riches he is scattering around him; why, among mortal books, this book occupies the first place, and is inferior only to the Bible in point of its combined simplicity and grandeur; and why, in fine, as we pass on, we come, at every short distance, to openings by which we are let see into another world—why it is all this, no one need, or can wonder, who considers what the author was, and what had been his wonderful experience of the grace of God to himself."

These thoughts and words are true and beautiful. But if one of our readers has not yet read the most famous book in the world next to the Bible, we advise him to do so at once. To excite him, we

give the closing lines of "The Author's Apology for his Book," one line in which, where he says—

"Wouldst thou be in Dream, and yet not sleep,"

shows that the honest Dreamer dreamed this dream when not asleep, but wide awake. We copy from the first edition of 1678.

Poetry.

THE DESIGN OF THE "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."

THIS Book it chaulketh out before thine eyes
The man that seeks the everlasting Prize:
It shews you whence he comes, whither he goes,
What he leaves undone; also what he does:
It also shews you how he runs, and runs
Till he unto the Gate of Glory comes.
It shows too, who sets out for life amain,
As if the lasting Crown they would attain:
Here also you may see the reason why
They loose their labour, and like Fools do die.
This Book will make a Travailer of thee,
If by its Counsel thou wilt ruled be;
It will direct thee to the Holy Land,
If thou wilt its Directions understand:
Yea, it will make the sloathful, active be;
The Blind also, delightful things to see.
Art thou for something rare, and profitable?
Wouldest thou see a Truth within a Fable?
Art thou forgetful? wouldest thou remember
From *New-year's-day* to the last of *December?*
Then read my fancies, they will stick like Burs,
And may be to the Helpless, Comforters.
This Book is writ in such a Dialect,
As may the minds of listless men affect:
It seems a Novelty, and yet contains
Nothing but sound and honest Gospel-strains.
Would'st thou divert thy self from Melancholly?
Would'st thou be pleasant, yet be far from folly?
Would'st thou read Riddles, and their Explanation?
Or else be drownded in thy Contemplation?
Dost thou love picking meat? Or would'st thou see
A man i'th Clouds, and hear him speak to thee?
Would'st thou be in a Dream, and yet not sleep?
Or wouldest thou in a moment laugh, and weep?
Wouldest thou loose thy self, and catch no harm?
And find thy self again without a charm?
Would'st read thy self, and read thou know'st not what
And yet know whether thou art blest or not,
By reading the same lines? O then come hither,
And lay my Book, thy Head, and Heart together.—JOHN BUNYAN.

Anecdotes and Selections.

HAPPY PRISONERS.—John, when a prisoner on the rocky island of Patmos, had wonderful visions of heaven, such as no man ever saw. John Bunyan, when in Bedford gaol, saw by faith the celestial city and its happy inhabitants, and "wished he were among them." A French protestant said that his chains were like rings of gold, making sweet music to him whenever he moved, for they always reminded him that he was a prisoner for Jesus' sake, who would take care to reward his faith and patience in that day.

A MARTYR'S TESTIMONY.—The early christians endured grievous sufferings for the truth's sake. A heathen man named Adrianus inquired of one of the martyrs how he could bear them? His reply was, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered the heart of man to conceive, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." The words were fastened as a nail in a sure place. The i quirer was then told of the great love of God in Christ, and the heathen not only became a christian, but a martyr too. In this way the truth was spread by the example of patient suffering *with* Christ and *for* Christ.

A BABY PREACHER.—John Dixon was a farmer near Edinburgh. On the death of his wife he engaged a housekeeper; for he had one little girl, and he wished the woman to take care of her. Being a pious woman she often used the expression, "O, the grace of God!" The child caught the words almost as soon as it could talk. The father was at first only pleased that it could talk so well; then he thought of the meaning of the words, and was at last led by the Spirit of God to understand the full meaning of the "grace of God which bringeth salvation."

REPAYING BENEFITS.—An aged man was one day planting young fruit trees in his garden, when a neighbour said to him, "Why are you planting young trees? You cannot expect to get any fruit from them." The old man, leaning on his spade, replied, "I know that; but I have all my life eaten fruit from trees which others planted before I was born, and I am planting these for them that come after me. It is all I can now do to show my gratitude." This should remind us, if we know Christ, that we should repay the benefit by telling others of him.

ON ENJOYING GOD.—One day a poor but faithful christian reminded one of his rich brethren of the deceitfulness of riches, which often proved a snare. "Thank you;" was the reply, "but I enjoy God in all things." The rich man's riches took wings, as they often do, and flew away; when his friend asked how he felt now? "Oh, better, much better," was his answer, "for now I enjoy all things in God."

KNOWING EACH OTHER IN HEAVEN.—An old minister, while one day pursuing his studies, his wife being in the room, was suddenly interrupted by her asking him a question, which has not always been satisfactorily answered. "Do you think we shall know each other in heaven?" Without hesitation, he replied, "To be sure we shall; do you think we shall be greater fools there than we are here?" After a momentary pause, he again proceeded: "but I may be a thousand years by your side in heaven without having seen you: for the first thing which will attract my notice when I arrive there, will be my dear Saviour; and I cannot tell when I shall be for a moment induced to look at any other object."

HAPPY HINDOO WOMAN.—Eustace Carey relates a pleasing anecdote of a native christian whom he was called to visit. Inquiring as to the state of her mind, she replied, "Happy! happy! I have Christ *here*," laying her hand on the Bengalee Bible, "and Christ *here*," pressing it to her heart; "and Christ *there*," pointing towards heaven. Happy christian! The Lord of the universe was with her, and she was sure of his favour: "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon the earth that I desire besides thee. My heart and my flesh fail me, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever."

NONE BUT CHRIST.—John Lambert suffered in the year 1538. No man was used at the stake with more cruelty than this holy martyr. His persecutors burned him with slow fire; but God was with him in the midst of the flame, and supported him in all the anguish of nature. Just before he expired, he lifted up such hands as he had, all shrunk with fire, and exclaimed, "*None but Christ! None but Christ!*" He at last bent down into the fire, and expired.

WHITFIELD'S OPINION OF WESLEY.—A minister, very liberal in his reflections on Mr. Wesley and his followers, being once in company with Mr. Whitfield, expressed his doubt to him concerning Mr. Wesley's salvation, and said, "Sir, do you think when we get to heaven we shall see Mr. Wesley?" "No, sir," replied Mr. Whitfield, "I fear not, for he will be so near the throne, and we shall be at such a distance, that we shall hardly get sight of him."

The Fireside.

A SON'S LOVE FOR HIS AGED MOTHER.

WE often hear of a mother's love to her children, and it is pleasing to notice how in any case that love is returned. Here is an instance of that kind. A labouring man of about fifty years of age, who lived in a village in the South of England, went to hear the Gospel preached

ı a house by a Wesleyan minister. By the blessing of God it proved ffectual to his salvation. Having felt the power of Divine grace himelf, he was anxiously concerned for the spiritual welfare of others. ne of the first objects of his solicitude was his own mother. She was pwards of ninety years of age; very infirm; totally in the dark as to ıe nature of true religion, and altogether unconcerned about her best ıterests. The preaching was removed to her son's cottage, which as situated about a mile from his mother's residence; he wished to ring her under the sound of the Gospel; but her infirmities, and his overty, presented considerable difficulties. She could not walk;—he ıd no conveyance, and could not afford to hire one. His intense dere for her salvation, however, surmounted all hindrances. He orrowed a cart; put himself in the place of a horse; and regularly ew her to his house on the sabbath morning, and back again to her ome in the evening, when the weather would permit. Being thus ought to hear the word of reconciliation, divine light shone into her ind; her conscience was awakened, and she began to "call upon the ıme of the Lord." The God of all grace hearkened to her cry; lifted on her the light of his countenance; and made her happy in the joyment of his salvation. It is a singular fact, that the great change rought in her mind was the occasion of producing such a change in ır appearance, that she looked several years younger than she did a w months before.

The Penny Post Box.

ON THE FEAR OF DEATH.

HE fear of death is only natural, and no wonder:—

> "For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
> This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
> Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
> Nor cast one longing lingering look behind."

The great question is how to meet death, for he *will* come. He espects not persons; princes in palaces, and paupers in poor-houses, re alike to him. He will one day visit each of us. How shall we ıeet him? There is only *one* way, and that is by faith in HIM who vercame death and him that had the power of death, even the devil. 'ow death has no sting for the believer in Jesus. Here are a few xamples which I have selected.

John Dodd—"I am not afraid to look death in the face! I can say—eath, where is thy sting? Death cannot hurt me."

Robert Bolton.—"O! when will this good hour come? When shall I e dissolved? When shall I be with Christ?"

Halyburton.—"Here is a demonstration of the reality of religion, ıat I, a poor, weak, timorous man, as much afraid of death as any,

am now enabled by the power of grace, composedly and with joy, to look death in the face."

Edward Deering.—"As for my death, I bless God I feel and find so much inward joy and comfort to my soul, that if I were put to my choice whether I would die or live, I would a thousand times rather choose death than life, if it may stand with the holy will of God."

John Owen.—"O! brother Payne, the long-looked for day is come at last, in which I shall see that glory in another manner than I have ever yet done, or been capable of doing."

Risden Darracott.—"Well, I am going from weeping friends to congratulating angels and rejoicing saints in heaven and glory. Blessed be God, all is well."

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

THE SUN AND HIS PLANETS.

"The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein."

"An undevout astronomer is mad."

THE SUN is our source of light and heat. Its diameter, that is, its breadth through the centre from side to side, is 887.000 miles.

MERCURY is nearest to the Sun; 36,890,000 miles from it. Its diameter is 2,950 miles. It is 88 days going round the sun, making its year.

VENUS is 68,000,000 miles from the sun. Diameter, 7,800 miles. Year, 224 days.

OUR EARTH is 95,000,000 miles from the sun. Diameter, 7,912 miles. Year, 365 days.

MARS is 145,205,000 from the sun. Diameter, 4,500 miles. Year, 686 days.

VESTA is 225,290,000 from the sun, and its year, 1,325 days.

JUNO is 254,430,000; its year, 1,592 days.

CERES, 263,740,000; its year, 1,664 days.

NEPTUNE, 2,864,000,000; its year, 60,000 days; diameter, 35,000 miles.

PALLAS, 264,400,000; year, 1,685 days.

JUPITER, 495,917,000; year, 4,334 days; diameter, 88,000 miles.

SATURN, 909,000,000; year, 10,755 days; diameter, 73,000 miles.

URANUS, 1,829,000,000. Its year is 84 of our years.

Hints.

ABOUT FIRES.

PREVENTION is better than cure. So see all your fires and candles safe out yourself before going to bed. Should there be an alarm of your *house* being on fire, dont lose your own wits through fear. First try to ascertain where it is, then do your best to escape safely. If you must pass through a room full of smoke creep on your hands and knees. If you have time to dress at all put on woollen garments. Never set both the door and window open in the room where you are, for all air makes fire burn faster. —Should the *chimney* be on fire, the readiest and quickest way to put it out is to remove the fender and fire irons and draw aside the carpet and hearth rug, then run for a bucket of water and the mop. Dip the mop and hold it over the burning coals; this will make steam, which will go up the chimney and quench the sparks.

e or four times, then mop as high as you can reach. . the dirt. You can see r. *Men* seldom set their re, for they wear woollen. n do, for they will wear ich are little better than an umbrella, called crino- eath, to make the muslin re sooner. If it were not oops" they might roll on l put out the fire. If they or woollen dresses they o soon take fire. When be wise, and not run the ing for the sake of silly 'hey have more to do with en.

Gems.

, O ETERNITY!—How fast low soon we shall all be in ere? In heaven or hell? the question, compared all other questions are as air.

—What is it but myself? ust drop into the grave, , which is myself will go created me. How shall en? Will my soul be lost

'UL WILL IT BE for any to appear before God in ral state of sin and guilt. , how happy, if found e Righteousness of Christ. ER DEATH, when Judg- t, and Eternity come, will believer in the Lord Jesus it is to be saved by Him rlasting salvation.

E WERE INFANTS we lived, not conscious of our own We may possibly become again before death, but e never can be. We shall d without intermission, be hat joy or sorrow is our

TO SECURE ETERNAL HAPPINESS what would not some men do? They would walk round the world barefoot. Aye, and more than that. But our Father in heaven does not require us to do such things. All he says is—Repent of sin, and believe on Him I sent to save you, and you shall have it.

Poetic Selections.

THE AGED CHRISTIAN LOOKING TO GOD WHO SEETH HIM.

O GOD, unseen, but not unknown!
  Thine eye is ever fix'd on me;
I dwell beneath thy secret throne,
  Encompass'd by thy Deity.

Throughout this universe of space
  To nothing am I long allied,
For flight of time and change of place
  My strongest, dearest bonds divide.

Parents I had; but where are they?
  Friends whom I knew, I know no more;
Companions, once that cheer'd my way,
  Have dropt behind, or gone before.

Now, I am one amidst a crowd
  Of life and action hurrying round;
Then, left alone—for like a cloud
  They came, they went, and are not found.

Even from myself I sometimes part—
  Unconscious sleep is nightly death;
Yet surely by my couch thou art,
  To prompt my pulse, inspire my breath.

Of all that I have done and said
  How little can I now recall!
Forgotten things to me are dead;
  With thee they live—thou know'st them all.

The moment comes—the only one
  Of all my time to me foretold—
Yet when, and how, and where, can none
  Among the race of men unfold:

That moment comes when strength shall fail,
  When health, and hope, and comfort flown,
I must go down into the vale
  And shade of death, with thee alone.

Alone with thee!—in that dread strife
  Uphold me through mine agony,
And gently be this dying life
  Exchanged for immortality.

Then, when the unbodied spirit lands
  Where flesh and blood have never trod—
And in the unveil'd presence stands
  Of thee, my Saviour and my God,

Be mine eternal portion this—
  Since thou wert always here with me—
That I may view thy face in bliss,
  And be for evermore with Thee.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The Children's Corner.

ABOUT JACK O' THE YARD,

THE CRUEL BOY, AND HIS SAD END.

THE Bible tells of a cruel king who cut off the thumbs and great toes of seventy kings; but who, when taken prisoner, had his own cut off, and then he said, "as I have done, so God hath requited me."

I have read of another great king who began by killing flies, then he killed men and women, then his own mother, and then he was killed himself as not fit to live.

And not only proud kings, but poor boys are sometimes cruel. An old friend tells that about sixty years ago he knew a rough lad, called, "Jack o' the Yard." He says:—

"I saw him climb up on the thatch of an old barn, and grope out a number of poor baby sparrows from their warm nests—*and what did he do with them?* I saw them all laid together upon a great stone, and I saw Jack take up another great stone, and whilst the parent birds were screaming round, I saw—oh it was a piteous sight!—I saw the smash—the blood, and the mangled remains! I turned away, blushed that I was a boy, and wished almost, that rather than a boy, I had been one of those poor sparrows!

But now mark! 'Are not two sparrows sold for one farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father.' These were the days of war. Jack o' the Yard enlisted, and Jack was marched off with his regiment

'Across the main, and into Spain,
To face the daring foe.'

So, one day, (I dont say it was near a barn!) Jack stood with his comrades on the battle-field, and there came a cannon-ball, and Jack 'o the Yard was smashed *all to pieces!* just as he had smashed those poor baby birds near to the old barn.

If any of the boys or girls who shall read this true story can say that they have christian parents, a sabbath school, a Bible, and a preached gospel, let them be very thankful, and make a good use of all; these are good things which this wretched Jack had not. If he had been taught in a sabbath school to read the Bible, he might have known better and done better."

LOVE OF THE BIBLE.

KING ALFRED THE GREAT, when he desired to obtain scriptural knowledge, encountered many difficulties, which we have never experienced; and he manifested an attachment to the sacred volume not often seen now. In those dark ages learning was considered rather a reproach than an honour to a prince; in addition to which, his kingdom for many years was the seat of incessant war. Notwithstanding all this, Alfred found opportunity not only to read the word of God, but actually to copy out all the Psalms of David, which he constantly carried in his bosom. That he profited greatly from reading the Scriptures is no matter of surprise, when we learn that, after the example of David, he earnestly sought divine teaching, and prayed that the Lord would open his eyes, that he might understand his law. He frequently entered the churches secretly in the night for prayer, and there lamented, with sighs, the want of more acquaintance with divine wisdom. Having drunk into the spirit of the bible, and experienced the rich consolation it affords, in setting before the burdened sinner a free and full salvation in Jesus, he wished it to be published to all around; he therefore commenced a translation of the Psalms into Anglo-Saxon, though he did not live to finish the work.

WILLIAM MALDEN.—When King Henry VIII. had allowed the Bible to be set forth to be read in the churches, several poor men in the town of Chelmsford, where the father of William lived, met on Sundays to read it in the lower end of the church. Many flocked about them to hear them; and he, among the rest, being then about fifteen years old, came every Sunday to hear the glad tidings of the gospel. But his father, observing it once, angrily fetched him away, and would have him say the Latin matins with him, which much grieved him; and as he returned at other times to hear the scriptures read, his father would still fetch him away. This put him upon the thought of learning to read, that he might search the book himself; which, when he had by diligence effected, he and his father's apprentice bought a New Testament, joining their little stocks together; and, to conceal it, laid it under the bed-straw, and read it at convenient times. One night, having refused to bow down to the crucifix, his mother was enraged, and went and informed his father, who, inflamed with anger, went into his son's room, and pulling him out of bed by the hair, beat him most unmercifully. The lad bore all with patience, considering that it was for Christ's sake, as he said when

he related the anecdote in Queen Elizabeth's reign. Enraged at this calmness, the father ran and fetched a halter, which he put round his son's neck, and would have hanged him but for the interference of his mother. Such scenes doubtless occurred in many families in those days.

Old Robert's Girdle.—A singular instance of attachment to the word of God was shown by a poor and illiterate, but pious and excellent man, the servant of John Bruen, Esq., of Stapleford, in Cheshire. He was most commonly called Old Robert; and though he could neither write nor read, he became mighty in the scriptures, by means of a curious invention by which he assisted his memory. He framed a girdle of leather, long and large, which went twice round him. This he divided into several parts, allotting all the books in the bible in their order to these divisions; then, for the chapters, he affixed points or thongs of leather to the several divisions, and made knots by fives or tens thereupon, to distinguish the chapters of that book; and by other points he divided the chapters into their particular contents, or verses, as occasion required. This he used instead of pen and ink in hearing sermons, and made so good a use of it, that, coming home, he was able by it to repeat the sermon, and quote the texts of scripture, to his own great comfort, and to the benefit of others. This girdle Mr. Bruen kept after Old Robert's death, hung it up in his study, and used pleasantly to call it, "the girdle of truth."

Welsh Peasants.—When the arrival of the cart which carried the first sacred load of the scriptures sent by the British and Foreign Bible Society to Wales in 1806 was announced, the Welsh peasants went out in crowds to meet it, welcomed it as the Israelites did the ark of old, drew it into the town, and eagerly bought and bore off all the copies as rapidly as they could be dispersed. The young people were to be seen spending the whole night in reading it; labourers carried it with them into the fields, that they might enjoy it during the intervals of labour, and lose no opportunity of becoming acquainted with its blessed truths.

An Irish Peasant in the County of Cork, understanding that a gentleman had a copy of the scriptures in the Irish language, begged to see it. He asked whether he could borrow the New Testament, that he might take a copy from it. The gentleman said he could not obtain another copy, and he was afraid to trust it to take a copy in writing. "Where will you get the paper?" asked the gentleman. "*I will* buy it." "And the pens and ink?" "I will buy them."

"Where will you find a place?" "If your honour will allow me your hall, I will come after I have done my work in the day, and take a copy by portions of time in the evening." The gentleman was so struck with his zeal, that he gave him the use of the hall and a light, in order to take a copy. The man was firm to his purpose, finished the work, and produced a copy of the New Testament in writing by his own hand. A printed copy was given to him in exchange, and the written one was placed in the hands of the President of the British and Foreign Bible Society, as a monument of the desire of the Irish to know the scriptures.

President Adams, of America.—Among men of education and talents, those who have been known as enemies of the bible have, for the most part, unhesitatingly acknowledged their ignorance of its contents, or at least that they were not familiar with its pages: while the invariable testimony of all who have candidly studied it has been in favour of its claims to Divine authority, and to the sublimity, purity, and wisdom of its precepts. The testimony following will be very generally respected:—The venerable John Quincy Adams, a short time before his death, stated to a friend that ever since he was thirty years old he had been accustomed, among the first things, to read the bible every morning. With few interruptions he followed the practice over half a century.

Blind Alick.—There was living in 1832, at Stirling, in Scotland, a blind old beggar, known to all the country round by the name of Blind Alick, who possessed a memory of almost incredible strength. Alick was blind from his childhood. He was the son of poor parents, who could do little for him; though indeed, at that time, wealth could not have done much for the education of one labouring under his privations. Alick was sent by his parents to a common school, to keep him out of mischief, and in order that he might learn something by hearing the lessons of the other children. The only volume then used in such establishments, as a class or reading book, was the Bible; and it was customary for the scholars, as they read in rotation, to repeat not only the number of each chapter, but the number of each verse, as it was read. By constantly hearing these readings, young Alick soon began to retain many of the passages of scripture, and with them the number of the chapter and verse where they occurred. It is probable, that being incapacitated by his sad privation from any useful employment, he remained an unusual length of time at this school; and that his father, as was generally the case with the Scottish peasantry, was a great reader of

the bible at home. A constant attendance at church would also contribute to the result. However this may have been, it was observed with astonishment that when Blind Alick was a man, and obliged, by the death of his parents, to gain a livelihood by begging through the streets of his native town of Stirling, he knew the whole of the bible, both Old and New Testaments, by heart! Many persons of education examined Alick, and were invariably astonished at the extent of his memory. You might repeat any passage in scripture, and he would tell you the chapter and verse; or you might tell him the chapter and verse of any part of scripture, and he would repeat to you the passage, word for word. Once a gentleman, to puzzle him, read with a slight verbal alteration a verse of the bible. Alick hesitated a moment, and then told where it was to be found, but said it had not been correctly delivered; he then gave it as it stood in the book, correcting the slight error that had been purposely introduced. The gentleman then asked him for the ninetieth verse of the seventh chapter of Numbers. Alick was again puzzled for a moment, but then said hastily, "You are fooling me, sir! there is no such verse—that chapter has but eighty-nine verses." Several other experiments of the sort were tried upon him with the same want of success.

David Saunders.—In conversation with Dr. Stonehouse, David Saunders, who is well known as the subject of Mrs. Hannah More's beautiful tract, "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain," gave the following narrative of facts concerning himself:—"Blessed be God! through his mercy I learned to read when I was a boy. I believe there is no day for the last thirty years that I have not peeped at my bible. If we can't find time to read a chapter, I defy any man to say he can't find time to read a verse; and a single text, well followed out and put in practice every day, would make no bad figure at the year's end; three hundred and sixty-five texts, without the loss of a moment's time, would make a pretty stock, a little golden treasury, as one may say, from New Year's Day to New Year's Day; and if children were brought up to it, they would come to look for their text as naturally as they do for their breakfast. I can say the greatest part of the bible by heart."

A Cluster of Examples.—The emperor Theodosius wrote out the whole New Testament with his own hand, and read some part of it every day.—Theodosius the second dedicated a great part of the night to the study of the scriptures.—George, prince of Transylvania, read over the bible twenty-seven times.—Alphonsus, king of Arragon, read the scriptures over, together with a large commen-

tary, fourteen times.—Sir Henry Wotton, after his customary public devotions, used to retire to his study, and there spend some hours in reading the bible.—Sir John Hartop, in like manner, amidst his other vocations, made the book of God so much his study, that it lay before him night and day.—James Bonnel, Esq., made the Holy Scriptures his constant and daily study; he read them, he meditated upon them, he prayed over them.—M. de Renty, a French nobleman, used to read daily three chapters of the bible, with his head uncovered, and on his bended knees.—Lady Frances Hobart read the Psalms over twelve times a year, the New Testament thrice, and the other parts of the Old Testament once.—Susannah, countess of Suffolk, for the last seven years of her life, read the whole bible over twice annually.—Dr. Gouge used to read fifteen chapters every day; five in the morning, five after dinner, and five in the evening, before going to bed.—Mr. Jeremiah Whittaker usually read all the Epistles in the Greek Testament twice every fortnight.—Joshua Barnes is said to have read a small pocket bible, which he usually carried about with him, a hundred and twenty times over.—Mr. Roger Cotton read the whole Bible through twelve times a year.—The Rev. William Romaine studied nothing but the Bible for the last thirty or forty years of his life.—A poor prisoner, being confined in a dark dungeon, had no light, except for a few moments when his food was brought him; he used to take his Bible and read a chapter, saying, he could find his mouth in the dark, when he could not read.—Henry Willis, farmer, when eighty years old, devoted almost every hour that could be spared to the devout and serious perusal of the Holy Scriptures. He had read, with the most minute attention, all the books of the Old and New Testament eight times over, and had proceeded as far as the book of Job in his ninth reading, when his meditations were terminated by death.—Zuinglius wrote out St. Paul's Epistles, and committed them to memory.—Cromwell, Earl of Essex, in his journey to and from Rome, learned all the New Testament by heart. —Bishop Ridley thus attests his own practice, and the happy fruit of it; "The walls and trees of my orchard, could they speak, would bear witness that there I learned by heart almost all the Epistles; of which study, although in time the greater part of it was lost, yet the sweet savour thereof I trust I shall carry with me to heaven."—Viscount Carteret, who was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1724, could repeat from memory the whole of the New Testament, from the first chapter of Matthew to the end of Revelation. It was astonishing to hear him quote very long passages from it, with as much accuracy as if he were reading a book.

Poetry.

THE BIBLE—THE BOOK OF BOOKS.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

A FOUNTAIN ever springing,
  Where the wearied may repair,
The heavy burden bringing
  Of sin and of despair.

A hive of honied treasure,
  Distilled from Eden's bowers;
Where heaven-born hope, with pleasure,
  May feed in wintry hours.

Drink for the soul that's thirsting,
  Comfort for those that fear,
Balm for the heart when bursting,
  May all be gathered here.

What added boon is wanting?
  Thy blessing, Lord! must give,
The gift of faith by granting,
  To read, believe, and live?

Anecdotes and Selections.

THE BIBLE IS THE BEST BOOK for a poor man to read who little leisure. It is the fountain; other books are the streams, streams are seldom entirely free from something of the quality of soil through which they flow. Who would not draw the water of for himself from the spring-head? The scriptures come immedia from God, and lead immediately to him. There is a boundless var and fulness in them. They are always new. They entertain w they teach, and profit while they please. There is always someth in them that bears upon our own character and condition, what it may be.

THE WORD OF GOD is like a land flowing with milk and ho God himself has called it by many good names to draw our atten to it. It is called a *lamp* to guide our feet, and a *light* to our path *is a guide to* conduct us; a *medicine* to heal us; a *bridle* to restrain

hold us in; a *sword* to defend us; *water* to wash us; a *fire* to make us warm; *salt* to season and purify us; *milk* to nourish us; *wine* to cheer us; a *treasure* to enrich us; and a *key* to unlock for us the gates of heaven.

Two Aged Christians.—The late Mr. Young, of Jedburgh, was once visiting the death-bed of an aged member of his congregation, who was hourly looking for his last change. "Well, my friend," said the minister, "how do you feel yourself to-day?" "Very weel, Sir," was the answer, "very weel, *but just a wee confused wi' the flittin'*." One stormy winter day he was visiting another of his people, an old man, who lived in great poverty in a lonely cottage a few miles from Jedburgh. He found him sitting with the bible open on his knees, but in outward circumstances of great discomfort—the snow drifting through the roof and under the door, and scarce any fire on the hearth. "What are you about to-day, John?" was Mr. Young's question on entering. "Ah! Sir," said the happy saint, "*I'm sittin' under His shadow wi' great delight!*"

Use of Church Clocks.—The late Richard Watson would sometimes step out of his way to administer merited reproof. One sabbath morning, in Wakefield, he had not concluded his discourse, when he observed an individual in a pew just before him rise from his seat, and turn round to look at the clock in the front of the gallery, as if the service were a weariness to him. The unseemly act called forth the following rebuke:—"A remarkable change," said the preacher, "has taken place among the people of this country in regard to the public service of religion. Our forefathers put their clocks on the outside of their places of worship, that they might not be too late in their attendance. We have transferred them to the inside of the house of God, lest we should stay too long in the service. A sad and an ominous change!"

Be not Afraid of having food and raiment. Does not God provide for all the beasts, and birds, and fishes? Do not the sparrows fly from their bush, and every morning find meat where they laid it not? Do not the young ravens call to God, and he feeds them? And were it reasonable that the sons of the family should fear the father would give meat to his cattle and servants, his sheep and his dogs, but give none to them? He were a very sorry father that should do so; or he were a very foolish son that should think so of a good father.

A Clergyman dining once with Bishop Porteus, noticed with contempt the line of a hymn—"A sinner saved by grace alone"—expecting that the bishop would join in condemning it; but, instead of doing so, his lordship looked very solemnly at the clergyman, and said: "And pray, Sir, can you tell me of any other way in which a sinner can be saved?"

The Fireside.

TWO KINDS OF BREAD.

I DONT mean white bread and brown bread, but body bread and mind bread; for the mind needs feeding as well as the body; and if we would be healthy and happy we must have food for both.

You who read this are, I suppose, working people, and you do not expect to have bread for the body except you work for it. An honest man who has a wife and children to maintain, and has health and strength to work, will not object to labour so that he may provide bread for them. Nay, he will take a pride and pleasure in seeing them eat the food his strong arms and hands have purchased for them. I always think that the food a man earns for himself and his family tastes all the sweeter, both to him and them, because he has fairly earned it himself. It would not be relished by them so well if they knew that somebody else had worked for it.

If an honest man who has a family is unable to work or cannot get work, why then they may have all to depend on others for a supply of food. But this is not what such a man likes; he would rather earn his own bread; only the idle man, who is a dishonest man, would wish to live on the labour of other people.

When God gives a labouring man health and strength, and he is a willing worker, and gets fair wages for what he does, I would rather go into his cottage and see the happy faces of his wife and children round the table than go into a nobleman's mansion to look at the sumptuous fare spread out before him and his lady.

On the breakfast table of the working man may be only plain food for the body, but he can have one thing, and that the richest and best in the world, on his table as well as the rich nobleman. His bread for the body may not be so good or abundant, but his bread for the mind is just the same; for the nobleman, with all his money, cannot buy better.

And the best of all is that this bread for the mind is now so cheap and ready to hand that no working man's table need be without it. The wife can lay it on the table every morning with her tea-cups and saucers, and breakfast things, and it will not take up much room. Father, or mother, or even one of the children can give out this bread to all the rest in a few minutes, and it will do them all good for all the day. Do you now see what I mean? Perhaps you do. If not I tell you plainly that the Word of God contains this food for the mind, of which we may all eat every day, and it will do us good. Only a little of this bread every morning will strengthen a working man or a working woman all the day, and make both them and their children more cheerful and happy all the day. Mind, this is no quack medicine, but *a real* CURE-ALL, as thousands can testify. I have tried it as long as

I have had a house, and have *always* found it a "sovereign remedy" for ill tempers and troubles of every kind. Try it for one month every morning. And if you read it constantly and carefully you will find that it tells you of a kind of bread that perhaps you know not of—living bread! bread that came down from heaven! bread, of which if you eat you shall live for ever! Only tasting it you will find it so good that you will cry, "Lord, evermore give us this bread!"

The Penny Post Box.

THE OLD IDLE EXCUSE—"I CANNOT."

MAY I say a few words about this old stupid saying, which is always at hand as an excuse for idleness or neglect. I believe "I cannot" has done great harm, and I should like to help to blow it to atoms; for it has not only hindered many from doing better in this life, but it has hindered thousands from seeking for Eternal Life; and this is why I would destroy it, root and branch, that it may never spring up in any man's mind again.

"I cannot find time to read my bible." Cannot you? but you can find time to read a newspaper.

"I cannot get ready to go and worship my Maker by ten o'clock on a sabbath morning?" No: but you could be ready at seven if you were going on a journey of pleasure.

"I cannot keep awake when I do go; I am so tired and drowsy." Perhaps so; but you would if you were hearing a will read in which you expected a legacy of a hundred pounds.

"I cannot pray at all. I dont know what words to use." Dont you? You would shout loud enough and in right words too if you were drowning, or if your house were on fire.

"I cannot believe the Gospel." Indeed! Well: that is strange. You know a man or two that you can believe, but you cannot believe God, of whom it may be said there is only one thing he cannot do, and that is—He cannot lie!

"I cannot come to Christ for the salvation of my soul." This is worse than all. It is one of the devil's whispers, by which he would cheat you and get you to cheat yourself. Jesus said "Come," and that is enough, for if you try to come he will help you to come. If you still keep saying "I cannot" he will thunder in your ears those awful words—"Ye will not come to me that ye might have life."

In all these ways, and in many others, do some men put from them the best blessings they can enjoy by taking up that devil's watchword "I cannot—I cannot." Dont believe him, for he is a liar from the very first. Say, by God's help, "I will," and he will help you.

CAN AND WILL.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

ELECTRIC TELEGRAPHS.

After Railways then came these Telegraphs. The railways took men four times faster than coaches, but telegraphs took their thoughts as quick as lightning.

The first telegraph was invented by Cooke and Wheatstone, in 1837. But great improvements have since been made in their construction and working.

Ten years ago there were only forty miles of telegraphs; now there are thousands, over lands and under waters; and it is expected that the globe will be girdled by them in a few years.

Fifteen thousand miles of telegraph are now worked in Great Britain and Ireland, producing £350,000 a year. Forty-eight thousand in America, and 80,000 on the continent of Europe, which with those in other countries make 150,000 miles.

The first attempt to unite England and America with these wires failed; but new attempts will be made, which, no doubt, will in the end be successful.

Already the British line works well from Malta to Egypt, and vigorous efforts will yet be made to extend it to India, China, Japan, and Australia.

The Americans have completed a line across the northern continent from New York on the eastern, to San Francisco on the western coast; and a British line from Canada is also contemplated.

The first under-water telegraph, with the wires inserted in cables made for the purpose, was invented in England. Nearly all the submarine cables now in use were manufactured in this country.

The value of this wonderful mode of conveying intelligence is beyond all calculation. Just to mention one instance. On the same day that the late ambitious Emperor Nicholas of Russia died, the news was flashed along the wires, not only over the continent of Europe, but to all the chief towns of Great Britain and Ireland.

Hints.

PERSIAN AND TURKISH PROVERBS.

I.

Forget not Death, O man! for thou may'st be
Of one thing certain,—he forgets not thee.

II.

The world's a tavern, where to night men swill;
To-morrow brings the headache and the bill.

III.

Speaks one of good which falls not to thy lot,
He also speaks of ill which thou hast not.

IV.

Boast not thy service unto heaven's King;
'Tis grace enough he lets thee service bring.

V.

Oh square thyself for use: a stone that may
Fit in the wall is not left in the way.

VI.

The sandal tree, most sacred tree of all,
Perfumes the very axe which makes it fall.

VII.

Who doth the raven for a guide invite,
Must marvel not on carrion to light.

VIII.

Two friends will in a needle's eye repose,
But the whole world is narrow for two foes.

IX.

Rejoice not when thine enemy doth die,
Thou hast not won immortal life thereby.

X.

The fruit-tree which is pruned and often cut,
Is that which always bears the richest fruit.

XI.

This world is like a carcase in the way;
Who eagerly throng round it, dogs are they.

XII.

Oh, seize the instant time; you never will
With waters you let pass impel the mill.

Gems.

[GROWS. If alive, like a tree, it will put forth new s and bear more fruit.

[HAS A STRONG EYE. It can sible things, and bring distant near.

[HAS GREAT POWER. For there ne of its enemies that it can-lue.

[IS ELASTIC.—With one spring overleap the highest hills of tion.

[IS VERY BOLD. For it blots word "impossible" from its ary.

[IS DARING. For it defies all ers of earth or hell to injure it.

[HAS A STEADY EYE.—It can e roaring lion of hell in the til he turns and flees away.

[HAS A CLEAR EYE. For it can at death, after all, is only a .

[HAS A SURE FOOT. For it can irm even in the most slippery

[HAS A LONG ARM, by which it and lays hold on things be-e stars.

[HAS A FIRM GRASP, and no on earth can make it let go its

[HAS A GOOD MEMORY, and forgets who has promised to be per.

[IS ALWAYS CHEERFUL. It can s songs of joy in the darkest

[IS VERY PATIENT, knowing e worst is past and the best has come.

SOURCE AND STRENGTH of Faith Lord Jesus. Paul knew this, ence his wonderful faith. "I ALL THINGS," said he, "THROUGH T WHO STRENGTHENETH ME."

Poetic Selections.

THOUGHTS IN A GRAVEYARD.

I LOVE to hear the song of praise
Which pilgrims on their journey raise;
I love to join the social band
In converse on that better land;
But scenes more sad have charms for me;
The graveyard too I love to see;
For freed from sin and pain and care,
The friends I loved lie sleeping there.
'Tis pleasant at the close of day,
When brighter glories fade away,
And only the moon's softened light
Partly illumes the shades of night;
To go, and in that hour of gloom
To stand beside a loved ones tomb,
And give imagination space
Past dreams of earthly bliss to trace;
To feel that one unlooked for blow
Can sever dearest ties below,
And leave the heart that clings to earth
Convinced how little is its worth.
Yet though the lesson, bought so dear,
May cause a sigh or draw a tear,
Yet who would wish to shun the smart
Which tends to purify the heart;
Which bids the drooping spirit rise
To seek its bliss beyond the skies?
Ah! what are partings here below?
And what the trials christians know?
Unworthy even to compare
With glories which they hope to share
When that triumphant day shall come,
And Jesus takes his people home.
Oh, happy home! no pain, no care
Or sin, shall ever enter there;
Perplexing doubts and fears shall cease,
And all be boundless endless peace.
Well may their raptured voices raise
One song of wonder love and praise,
That Jesus' boundless love and grace
Should bring them to that happy place!
How selfish, then, the tears we weep
When friends in Jesus fall asleep;
How strange to murmur at the stroke
Which every painful fetter broke,
And set the captive exile free
For ever with her Lord to be.
Yet while each rebel wish we quell
Which clings to objects loved too well,
The silent tear is sanctified,
For "Jesus wept" when Lazarus died;
And still in pity condescends
To sympathize with weeping friends;
Though he afflicts, 'tis meant in love
To draw and fix our hearts above;
To teach us this is not our rest,
That in Him only are we blest.
Thus from the tomb our thoughts shall rise
To that dear friend who never dies,
Till to that deathless clime we soar,
And sing his praise for evermore.

Lymington. C. N.

The Children's Corner.

THE EARNEST LAD.

I WANT to tell of this lad, and what he felt, and what he did, and what he was when he grew to be a man. He was about fifteen years old when he first felt that he was a sinful creature in the sight of the most high and holy God. The Holy Spirit convinced him of this, and then shewed him that Jesus Christ was just the Saviour he wanted. Mind, when the Spirit of God touched his heart he did not harden himself, or put off religion as some do. He gave up himself to Jesus, who loved him and died for him. He was then so happy that he wished others were as happy too. He had a brother a few years older than he was, and he set himself to talk to him and pray for him every day. His brother at first did not like to be teazed about religion. But one night, after his elder brother had gone to bed, he came and besought him to yield his heart to Christ, and then he knelt down by his bedside and began to pour out his soul in prayer. Presently the tears of penitence and affection started from the eyes of him for whom he was pleading; and throwing his arms around the neck of the earnest lad, he said, "Oh, my brother, you have conquered me; my heart is melted. I do repent of my sins. I will give myself to Christ, and live to his glory." From that moment the good work was begun in his heart. The prayer of faith was answered; and he who was now brought into the kingdom of Christ became a member and, after some time, an officer of a christian church, and still lives to adorn his profession by a life of consistent and active piety.

It may be interesting to know the history of this promising lad. The pastor of the church urged his father to give him the advantages of education, believing that a cultivated mind, combined with so much benevolence and christian zeal, would qualify him for much usefulness. The father at first refused, not wishing to lose the service of his son. After further reflection, however, he consented, and the youth entered upon a course of study. He afterwards devoted himself to the ministry, and has been occupied for some years as a faithful and successful preacher of the gospel.

So you see what a good thing it is, first to seek the Saviour yourself, and then do all you can to bring others to Him. This is both getting good and doing good.

THE WAR IN AMERICA.

It is a dreadful thing to think of, but some of the greatest wars that have lately taken place in the world have been between nations professing the christian religion. The war in America is one of this character; in which professing christians of all denominations are engaged on each side—Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Independents, Methodists, Baptists, and Papists—all lately one nation, and speaking the same language. Some of their chief battles too, like Waterloo, have been fought on the sabbath day! Horrid scenes are pictured by various writers. Here are a few.

HOW ONE FEELS ON GOING INTO BATTLE.

The following animated sketch of the soldier's feelings when about to engage the enemy is from an American, who has been in battle:—

"I remember well my feelings during the first battle in which I was engaged. The night before the battle we received orders to prepare to attack the enemy early on the morrow. All was now bustle, hurry, and anxiety; guns were cleaned, ammunition inspected, straps adjusted, canteens filled, knapsacks lightened, letters written, &c. We had several men in our company who had always boasted of their bravery and prowess—men who had been 'spoiling for a fight,' as they said. These were now as still as mice—they did not peep. One of them, who had taken a master's degree in all kinds of profanity, now borrowed a Bible, sat down and read in it for some time, and intimated to his messmate the propriety of repeating their 'Now I lay me,' &c., before going to sleep that night. It is not your blustering, profane bravado that is the brave man on the field of battle; it is your quiet, patient, retiring men.

I confess I felt uneasy—a feeling of dread and anxiety stole over me. Battle was certain; the enemy was strongly posted, and we had desperate work before us. I wanted to go into the battle, yet I dreaded it like death. I slept but little that night. The morning came, and our column moved quietly and sternly forward though a wood. The first intimation we had of the enemy was the skirmishing between his outposts and our vanguard, the former falling back as the latter advanced. We passed out of the wood, and rapidly deployed into line of battle—a gently-sloping hill hiding the enemy from our view. A part of our force had been sent round to make a flank and rear attack on the enemy, and while doing so it was of the

utmost importance that we should hold his attention in front. We marched steadily up the hill till the whole line of the enemy burst upon our view; there we halted, and for some minutes not a gun was fired on either side. There stood the two armies, each waiting for the other to begin the work of death. The faces of our men looked pale and determined: some of them stood like statues; others were nervous and uneasy. It was the time to test the courage of men. A line of cannon was bearing directly upon us. Death to many of us was certain. Who will it be? thought I. A singular feeling came over me; a confused image of a mother and sister appeared flitting and floating before my imagination like dissolving shadows, while the tremendous reality in front oppressed me with dreadful forebodings.

A few moments passed, like those that intervene between drawing a cap over a criminal's face and letting fall the drop, when a puff of smoke from one of the cannon, followed by a crash and a bomb, went screaming over us. Our men ducked down their heads like geese. Fire was now opened on us along the enemy's entire line. Their first shots were aimed too high. They gradually lowered them. Every discharge brought their balls fearfully nearer. We were impatient to return the fire, but dare not till the command was given. Our colonel passed along in front of the line, and urged us to stand firm till the proper time, and the day would be ours. It is a task to hold men exposed to an enemy's fire without allowing them to return it. They will soon run one way or the other. The enemy's shots now began to howl around us, plough through our ranks, and tear up the earth about our feet. A ball cut off the bayonet of my comrade on my left; a moment more and one struck him in the breast, severing him almost in twain. He reeled and fell like a dog. The hot blood from his heart spirted full in my face. Great God, how I felt it! A faint, sickening sensation came over me. I stooped down over him. He smiled faintly, spoke my name, gasped, and expired. He was frightfully mangled; I was maddened to desperation. All thoughts of fear vanished; I could have fought thousands.

The command, 'Fire!' ran along the line, and a tremendous crash of musketry answered to the command. We now loaded and fired for life. Dense volumes of sulphurous smoke hung like a pall over us, and shut the enemy from our sight. The battle grew warm and bloody. The rattle of musketry, the screaming of shell, the thunders of artillery, the whistling of bullets, the shouts of command mingled with curses, prayers, and groans of the wounded and dying, filled the

air. Our men, black with smoke and powder, looked like devils incarnate as they plied their work of death. At length, a breeze rolled away the smoke that shrouded us, and disclosed our other columns bearing down upon the enemy's flank. Now was the decisive moment.

'Charge bayonets!' rang out. With loud shouts we rushed to the assault. A storm of grape and canister was hurled against us as we neared the batteries. Like maddened tigers, our men leaped forward with the cold steel. The struggle over the guns was desperate. It was a butchery savage in the extreme. The enemy soon broke and fled, leaving us masters of the field. Since that time I have not felt the least dread or hesitation on entering a battle. After the first few shots, I fire away as coolly as when hunting squirrels."

HORRORS OF CIVIL WAR IN MISSOURI.

Doubtless no pen will ever describe these horrors in their full extent and terrible blackness. Thoughtful men prophesied, before the war set in, some awful scenes, without, probably, comprehending a tithe of the distress, woe, and horrors which were in store for our scourged people. If one will open the pages of Edmund Burke and scan the picture he has painted of the war in the Carnatic, he will have a faint idea of the waste and ruin which have desolated so large a part of our afflicted State. Read anywhere the history of the civil broils which have in different ages and among different people set neighbour against neighbour, and given a field of employment for the robbers and ravagers of property, and the assassins of reputation and life—which have covered almost every square league of territory with hostile camps—which have spilt the blood of citizens in battle or in murder—which have carried terror over whole districts, and into the bosoms of innumerable homes—which have set brother against brother, father against son, in mortal strife, and a faint idea may be gathered of the dreadful condition to which Missouri is this day reduced. Her own children imbrue their hands in each other's blood, and fire each other's dwellings; while enemies from without, who come in panting to glut a revenge which is insatiable, rejoicingly assist in this devilish work, and add to its horrors and abominations. To-day a Union leader, as was Cook in the Western part of the State recently, will be seized and his life taken on the spot; to-morrow a judge of one of the courts, who sympathised with the South, will be murdered, while a close prisoner, in the hands of the head of an armed force, who has sworn to protect

him, but cannot make good his pledge, and the case seems almost hopeless. There is no balm in Gilead, and no physician there. Missouri has within her borders no men who can, as Missourians, stand up, and, facing those dreadful exigencies, tell her people how they could be met, and what is the remedy. There is mutual hate and distrust. No man believes another honest in any course of pacification that either may recommend. Men are prone to think and believe the worst of each other. It is a time when every private enemy can gratify his revenge, for there is nothing that malice can invent which will not be credited by one man of any other man who even so much as differs in opinion from him. At such a time, this distressed and harassed people ought to welcome, even from without, any administration which promises to govern with a wisdom adequate to the emergency. We have a confidence in the power now pending here, and we cherish hopes that, through the justice and discrimination of its exercise, some relief may be promised for our unhappy State.—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

A correspondent of the *New York Times* gives the following description of the scene presented after the battle of Fort Donnelson:—

"Many of the enemy upon the battle-field, after we had obtained possession of a part of the entrenchments on Saturday afternoon, were horribly wounded, mostly by our Minié rifles and Enfield muskets, and usually in the face or on the head.

THE POMP AND GLORY OF WAR.

Poor fellows lay upon the ground with their eyes and nose carried away, their brains oozing from their crania, their mouths shot into horrible disfiguration, making a hideous spectacle that must haunt those who saw it for many future days, and rise in horror through many distempered dreams. I saw an old, grey-haired man, mortally wounded, endeavouring to stop with a strip of his coat the life-tide flowing from the bosom of his son, a youth of twenty years. The boy told his father that it was useless; that he could not live; and, while the devoted father was still striving feebly to save him who was perhaps his first-born, a shudder passed through the frame of the would-be preserver, his head fell upon the bosom of the youth, and his grey hairs were bathed in death with the expiring blood of his misguided son. I saw the twain half an hour after, and youth and age were locked lifeless, in one another's arms.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

A dark-haired young man, of apparently twenty-two or three, I found leaning against a tree, his breast pierced by a bayonet. He said he lived in Alabama; that he had joined the rebels in opposition to his parents' wishes; that his mother, when she found he would go into the army, had given him her blessing, a Bible, and a lock of her hair. The Bible lay half-opened upon the ground; and the hair, a dark lock tinged with grey, that had been between the leaves, was in his hand. Tears were in his eyes as he thought of his anxious mother, pausing, perhaps, amid her prayers, to listen for the long expected footsteps of her son, who would never more return. The lock of hair, just then, more than the sacred volume, occupied the attention of the dying young man; and I saw him lift the tress again and again to his lips, as his eyes looked dimly across the misty sea that bounds the shores of life and death, as if he saw his mother reaching out to him with the arms that had nursed him in his infancy, to die, alas! fighting against his country, and against her counsels whose memory lived latest in his departing soul.

THE DYING ROMAN CATHOLIC.

A Secession soldier—a member of the 10th (Irish) Tennessee Regiment, I believe—was lying just inside of the fortifications. His glazing eyes gave assurance that life was embraced in minutes. He held a rosary and crucifix in his hand, and his moving lips were doubtless offering a prayer. He had evidently endeavoured to kneel, but was too weak. One of our soldiers saw and hurried to him, to assist him in his attitude of prayer; and while engaged in this kind office a shot from the rebel cannon struck and killed them both.

A SCENE OF CARNAGE.

Unionists and rebels were promiscuously mingled, sometimes grappled in the fierce death-throe, sometimes facing each other as they gave and received the fatal shot or thrust, sometimes lying across one another, and again heaped in piles which lay six or seven deep. I could imagine nothing more terrible than the silent indications of agony that marked the features of the pale corpses which lay at every step. Though dead, and rigid in every muscle, they still writhed and seemed to turn to catch the passing breeze for a cooling breath. Staring eyes, gaping mouths, clenched hands, and strangely contracted limbs, seemingly drawn into the smallest compass, as if by a mighty effort to rend asunder some irresistible bond which held

them down to the torture of which they died. One sat against a tree, and, with mouth and eyes wide open, looked up into the sky as if to catch a glance at its fleeting spirit. Another clutched the branch of an overhanging tree and hung half suspended, as in the death-pang he raised himself partly from the ground. The other hand grasped his faithful musket, and the compression of the mouth told of the determination which would have been fatal to a foe had life ebbed a minute later. A third clung with both hands to a bayonet which was buried in the ground, in the act of striking for the heart of a rebel foe.

THE REBEL SHARPSHOOTERS.

Great numbers lay in heaps, just as the fire of the artillery mowed them down, mangling their forms into an almost undistinguishable mass. Many of our men had evidently fallen victims to the rebel sharpshooters, for they were pierced through the head by rifle bullets, some in the forehead, some in the eyes, others on the bridge of the nose, in the cheeks, and in the mouth. This circumstance verified a statement made to me by a rebel officer among the prisoners, that their men were trained to shoot low and aim for the face, while ours, as a general thing, fired at random, and shot over their heads. The enemy, in their retreat, carried off their wounded, and a great many of their dead, so that ours far outnumbered them on the field. The scene of action had been mostly in the woods, although there were two open places of an acre or two where the fight had raged furiously, and the ground was covered with dead. All the way up to their entrenchments the same scene of death was presented. There were two miles of dead, strewn thickly, mingled with fire-arms, artillery, dead horses, and the materials of the battle-field. It was a scene never to be forgotten—never to be described."

But enough of such horrors! We give these that our readers may have some idea of the dreadful realities of war, which is yet, as it ever has been, a cruel and desolating scourge. To relieve their minds, we advise them now to take one book, the book many of these men professed to regard, and read on from the fifth chapter of the Gospel by Matthew, and then retire and pray that all war, and slavery, the sole cause of this war, may curse the world no longer.

Poetry.

THE CHRISTIAN WARRIOR.

CHRISTIAN Soldier, battle on,
Stand your ground;
For soon the conflict shall be won,
Stand your ground;
Hold fast your confidence, my friend;
Still for eternal life contend,
And be thou faithful to the end—
Stand your ground.

When clouds of darkness gather round,
Stand your ground;
And when temptations fierce abound,
Stand your ground;
For though all hell should you enclose,
And all the world combined oppose,
By faith resist your numerous foes—
Stand your ground.

Should storms of persecution rise,
Stand your ground;
Bear thou the cross, the shame despise,
Stand your ground;
JESUS is with you in the field,
He will be your protecting shield;
Then never never flinch or yield—
Stand your ground.

O! think of those now gone before,
Stand your ground;
Who fiercer persecution bore,
Stand your ground.
Their sufferings were not few nor small,
And yet they nobly bore them all;
And now, O hark! to you they call,
Stand your ground.

And when death's dews are on your [brow,
Stand your ground;
For none but Christ can save you now,
Stand your ground;
Then when to heaven you wing your [flight,
You too shall say with great delight,
I stood my ground and won the fight,
So stand your ground.

B. S. N.

Anecdotes and Selections.

FOUR WAYS TO HEAVEN.—Soon after Mr. Wesley began to preach in the open air at Tiverton, persecution arose. Towards the end of the year 1752, the mayor being in company with some gentlemen, asked them if it would not be best to drive the methodees out of town, observing that there was little reason for any new religion in Tiverton when there were already so many. "You know," says he, "there is the old church and the new church, they are both one religion; then there is the Presbyterian in Pitt Street; Calvinists, Peter Street; and the Baptists, Newport Street; four ways of going to heaven already! Enough in conscience, I think, and if they won't go to heaven by one or other of these ways, they shan't go to heaven at all herefrom whilst I am mayor of Tiverton!"

LOOK AT HOME.—A minister of the gospel had two daughters, who were much too fond of dress, which was a great grief to him. He had often reproved them in vain; and, preaching one sabbath-day on the sin of pride, he took occasion to notice, among other things, pride

in *dress*. After speaking some considerable time on the subject, he suddenly stopped short, and said, with much feeling and expression, "But you will say, *Look at home*. My good friends, I *do* look at home, till my heart aches."

PLAIN DEALING.—Mr. Dod having preached against the profanation of the Lord's-day, the servant of a certain nobleman, who was one of his hearers, came to him and said, "Sir, you have offended my lord to-day;" Mr. Dod replied, "I should not have offended *your* lord, except he had first been conscious to himself that he had first offended *my* Lord; and if *your* lord will offend *my* Lord, let him be offended."

VALUE OF YOUR SOUL.—If the globe were one mass of the purest *gold;* if the Stars were so many *jewels* of the finest order; if the Moon were a *diamond;* and the Sun a *ruby;* they were less than nothing, when compared with the infinite value of *your* soul.

The Fireside.

THE BIBLE IN THE FAMILY.

A COPY of the Bible should be found in every family, and be read in every family every day. For it is instructive as a history. It gives a true account of the creation; the fall of man; the flood to punish the wickedness of one age; the rise and fall of nations; God's dealings with his people; the coming of Christ; what he did, and the glory that followed, with predictions of many great events yet to come.

The heathen in their blindness grope in the dark, and make painful but useless sacrifices to obtain the favour of their gods and be saved. The Bible points to the path which leads from sin, pollution, and sorrow, to holiness, joy, and heaven.

The Bible contains God's warnings against sin; invitations in tones of melting love to come to him and be saved; and promises of Divine support and the blessings of gospel grace to all men.

What a treasure is this book! It has been well said that a nation would be truly blest if it had no book but the Bible. What Tully said of a book in which he delighted may be said of this: "It improves youth; delights old age; is the ornament of prosperity—the refuge of adversity; pleases at home—is no incumbrance abroad; lodges with us; travels with us, and retires into solitude with us."

This book, I say, should be in every family. It should be given to children, servants, and friends, as a best present, and to the poor, who cannot purchase it. Each person in the family, as far as practicable, should have a copy as his own. It should be in the kitchen for daily and ready perusal; and a good copy should grace as an ornament every parlour. If this were, like the volume of the law in Solomon's temple, wrapped up in a rich golden cloth, it would not be treating it with too much respect, nor preserving it with too much care.

The Penny Post Box.

THE EVERLASTING CRYSTAL PALACE.

[Eleven years ago we had our first Crystal Palace Exhibition, which was taken down and a permanent one erected at Sydenham. A new building for an International Exhibition has just been opened, and thousands are crowding to see its wonders. An old friend has sent us the following lines, and when we tell our readers that the writer calls himself a "Turnip-hoer," they will, we believe, receive them with that kind consideration and favour which they deserve.]

Old Testament.		New Testament.
Jer. x. 12	FAR high above the earth and sky,	2 Pet. iii. 13
Gen. i. 1	Beyond this world of space and time,	Heb. xi. 3
1 Kings viii. 27	Where evil spirits cannot fly,	Luke x. 18
Isa. lxv. 25	Nor sinful creatures ever climb,	1 Cor. vi. 9, 10
Isa. lxv. 19	In those celestial pleasant plains,	Eph. i. 20
Isa. xxxiii. 24	Are known no sickness grief or pains.	Rev. xxi. 4; xxii. 3
Isa. lxiv. 4	There in the boundless realms of light,	Heb. xi. 3
Psalm cii. 25	And near the eternal throne of God,	2 Cor. v. 1.
Isa. lxvi. 1	The King has built a palace bright,	Rev. xxi. 5
Psalm xci. 1	His holy people's blest abode;	Rev. xxi. 3.
Psalm xv. 1	And none but those who love him here	1 Cor. ii. 8
Isa. lxiv. 4	Shall in that glorious house appear.	1 Cor. vi. 9
Job xxvi. 13	There all is splendid and sublime;	Matt. xxv. 31
Psalm xlviii. 1	There awful grandeur reigns serene;	Rom. i. 20
Ps. cxlviii. 6	And nought that feels the tooth of time	Rev xxi. 11
Ps. lxxxix. 11.	Is in that spacious building seen.	1 Pet. i. 23
Psalm iii. 9	And founded on eternal hills,	Rev. xiv. 7
Jer. xxxi. 12	Midst living fountains, streams, and rills,	Rev. xxi. 6
Isa. lxi. 3	From every age, and time, and place,	Rev. vii. 9
Isa. lx. 21.	The choicest plants are gathered in;	Rev. xxi. 24
Lam. iv. 2	And all that can a palace grace,	Eph. ii. 21
Ps. xlviii. 13	Free from disorder, toil, and sin.	Eph. ii. 20
Deut. xi. 12	The soil, the clime, the air is pure,	Rev. xxii. 3
Deut. xi. 21	And all for evermore endure;	Heb. i. 8
Psalm xxxvi. 8	The sweetest fruits and richest gems	Rev. xxii. 2
Isa. lxii. 12	From all the world are gathered here.	Rev. vii. 9; xxi. 26
Ps. xcii. 12, 13	And beauteous flowers on golden stems,	Eph. ii. 6
Ps. xlv. 8	Shed their sweet fragrance thro' the air;	Rev. ii. 7
Isa. lx. 15	And ever bloom without decay,	Rev. xxi. 4
Psalm xcii. 13	And flourish in eternal day.	Rev. xxii. 5
Isa. lx. 19	No wind or storm, no cloud or night,	Rev. xxi. 25
Isa. lx. 20	In that blest region is known.	John xiv. 2
Isa. lx. 19	God, like a sun for ever bright,	Rev. xxi. 23
Ps. lxxxiv. 11	Shed's rich refulgence from his throne;	Rev. xxii. 3, 5
Isa. lxv. 18	And health and life and joy abounds,	Rev. v. 9
Ps. lxxxvii. 7	And heavenly music rapturous sounds.	Rev. xiv. 2, 3

Old Testament.		New Testament.
Psalm xvi. 11	In that blest palace I would dwell,	Phil. i. 23
Ps. lxxxiv. 4	To gaze upon my Saviour's face;	Rev. xxii. 4
Ps. xlix. 8	His great redemption loudly tell,	Eph. i. 7
Ps. xlviii. 2	Who raised the structure by his grace;	John xvii. 14
Ps. xlviii. 12	While countless pillars ranged above,	Rev. iii. 12
Ps. xlviii. 9	Show forth his wisdom, power, and love.	1 Pet. ii. 9

Romford. W. C.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

CURIOUS THINGS IN OLDEN TIMES.

Yew Trees.--Planting these in churchyards must have been a very ancient custom, for in 1307 King Edward I. gave orders that none should be removed.

Town Criers were important persons when people could not read a printed bill. They mostly ended their announcements with "God save the King."

Church Bells had often Latin inscriptions on each of them, such as —"I call the people"—"I call the parson"—"I wail the dead"—"I keep off lightning"—"I keep off pestilence," and so on of the rest.

The Curfew, or eight o'clock bell, was first ordered to be tolled by William I. It meant, "Cover, or put out your fires." But he was a tyrant, and was afraid the people would meet at night to rebel against him.

Burying inside Churches was regarded as more holy and a great privilege. One of the Saxon kings ordered that none but those of very godly life should be buried in a church.

The Old Cru'ser.—In some ancient churches a monument may be found for an old Crusader who went to fight in the holy land, which the common people call the Old Cru'ser for shortness.

Villain, in ancient times, was not the name of a big rogue, as it is now, but of a very poor man. And so the place where a few poor villains lived was called a village.

Hints

FOR FORMING AN ANTI-SLANDER SOCIETY.

EVERY Member is expected to agree to these Resolutions:—

I.—I resolve to keep my tongue from evil speaking, lying, and slandering.

II.—To discountenance talebearers and defamers.

III.—When tempted to tell anything injurious to another, I will consider:—

1st.—Is it true: is it the whole truth?

2nd.—Is it in accordance with brotherly kindness to tell it?

3rd.—Am I obliged, by my duty to God or to my neighbour, to tell it?

4th.—Am I in danger of gratifying a feeling of envy and resentment, which, as a christian, I ought to deny and subdue?

IV.—I will not receive an evil report from persons who enjoin secrecy, with a view to screen themselves and privily slander their neighbour.

V.—I will endeavour to discountenance persons who circulate evil reports

.btful authority, especially those preface their slanders with, ' say," "some persons say," "it ırted," "I've heard, but I can't om whom," &c. For scripture nceth him that loveth a lie as s him that maketh a lie.

—I will not knowingly exaggerate represent.

—I will abstain from bitter, e, and scornful speeches, and njurious *insinuations*, unchari- ooks, hints, nods, and shrugs.

I.—I will regard the power of ı as a gift from God, to be used ɜ worship, praise, and service; ɔ promote my own happiness, vement, and welfare, and that of low-men.

—I will adhere to the spirit of ıove resolutions as touching all say, write, print, or publish.

Gems.

: KNOWLEDGE OF SIN is taught law. But we should not have ı it in all the extent of its enor- f Christ had not come and died ɔ us from its endless curse.

ɛ KNOWLEDGE OF CHRIST is ; by his life, but we should not nown him in all the surpassing f his character if he had not ɔr us.

: KNOWLEDGE OF THE LOVE OF ɴ CHRIST to my soul by the Holy given unto me, is better than ease, freedom from trouble, or eatest worldly prosperity.

: KNOWLEDGE OF THE DIVINE SES is a richer mine of wealth soul than all the gold that has found for the past twenty years ifornia or Australia.

: KNOWLEDGE THAT GOD IS NEAR ıd can help me in any danger ıreatens me, makes me feel more han if I was guarded by a regi- of soldiers.

: KNOWLEDGE THAT GOD IS MY :R and will take care to give me my daily food, is taught me in those words, "There is bread enough and to spare in my Father's house."

THE KNOWLEDGE THAT NO AFFLICTION or any trouble can come nigh me except permitted by my Father, relieves me of all present fear, and all apprehension of future evil.

THE KNOWLEDGE THAT HEAVEN IS MY HOME makes me less anxious about my present dwelling place, for in a little time I must leave it and go to my Father's house.

Poetic Selections.

MY FATHER!

FAREWELL, dear father! thou art gone
To thy long wished-for, heavenly home;
Thy care-worn spirit now has fled
To the blest regions of the dead.
Though often dark the path you trod,
That path hath led thee to thy God;
Led thee to seek a home above,
In that sweet land—the land of love;
Led thee to seek that blessed shore,
Where sorrowing mortals weep no more.
A life of trial thou didst bear,
But now a conqueror's crown dost wear;
Thou didst love well thy Saviour here,
Now thou wilt always praise him there!
Thou hast gone through death's dark flood,
Washed thy robes in Jesus' blood;
Joined the sons of bliss on high,
Joined the triumphs of the sky:
Now thy weary soul may rest
On thy long-loved Saviour's breast.
In Him thou didst not trust in vain,
He did thy sinking soul sustain:
Upheld thee in the last dark hour,
And kept thee from the tempter's power;
Angels then hovered round thy head,
And blest with peace thy dying bed!
But we, thy children, now are left,
Of our best earthly friend bereft;
Yet God our father still shall be—
And so we will not weep for thee!
For though thy loss to us is pain,
We know 'tis thine "eternal gain:"
Thy body rests beneath the sod,
But thy glad spirit is with God.
We will not weep, but we will pray
For grace to guide us on the way;
That when this troubled life is o'er,
We too may reach that blissful shore,
And there our much-loved father greet,
Who when on earth did never fail
To pray for us, that we might meet
At last before the Saviour's seat,
And join with both our parents to adore
His mercy, love, and grace, for evermore!

The Children's Corner.

LINES ON CREATION.

By a Sabbath Scholar.

THE writer of these lines says:—"I am but a poor lad, and have received no education but at our sabbath school, which, I am sorry to say, I have not been able to attend this last twelve months, because I have such shabby clothes. But I learned that at school which I shall never forget while I live. Excuse me if the lines are not to your taste."

Nottingham. H. B.

GOD made the sun which shines so bright,
To rule the day and give us light;
The moon and every star that shines,
For years, for seasons, and for signs;
And all we see of heaven above,
Proclaims his wisdom, power, and love.

He clothed the earth with grass and flowers,
With herbs and trees and lovely bowers;
The lofty hills, the fruitful dales,
The mountain tops, and flowery vales,
Proclaim, like his great works above,
His power, his wisdom, and his love!

He made the bubbling fountains flow
To water earth as on they go,
To seek the seas whose waters roll
From shore to shore, and pole to pole;
The earth and seas, like heaven above,
Proclaim his wisdom, power, and love.

The birds that fly and sweetly sing,
The insect tribes of every wing;
Fishes and beasts, and creeping creatures
Of various forms and curious features,
He made; and even these proclaim
His wisdom, power, and love the same.

And then, to crown the wondrous plan,
In his own image he made man;
Of all his works the last and best,
That he might rule o'er all the rest;
And here, as angels do above,
Proclaim his wisdom, power, and love!

When man by disobedience fell,
To save his soul from death and hell,
God sent his Son, who died for sin,
That we eternal life might win.
This more than all the rest must prove,
That God is wisdom, power, and love!

arly left an orphan. My passion for the stage was such, ıs determined to study for an actor's profession at all risks. ıt thirteen when I first applied to a manager, who was evi- avourably impressed, and who told me that if I was willing for small pay, I might work my way up, "if it was in me." 'an as a stage-boy, ready to do any service required of me; lave ever toiled harder to please than I did.

and day I studied. Every motion of my superiors was ; every gesture criticized. Oh! how often I have thought ɜn—had my Bible but been so studied!

not inclined to dissipation, but was fearful of offending by a hen I was tempted to indulge in forbidden things. Still, I as a drunkard, never was a blasphemer. God was good to e I thought not of him. Many of my companions were friends, still less for guides. There was Jerry Althorp—a ıw, in a convivial sense—he died a miserable death. There ın Monk and Fred Larrys—O yes, a host of them; I can ıeir faces, but they are gone. Where? The drunkard's s their last refuge. I dare not say what scenes I witnessed; have met men as reckless in any other profession, but I do ɪ I should. However, after seven years of toil, I began to ɪ fair remuneration, and seven years more saw me on the ɪ to fame. I was very successful in all my undertakings; lly, for the sake of a permanent and profitable salary, I ɔ remain with L——, a popular stage manager in one of our ınd wealthiest cities, for a term of years. I was a general with the public, and my appearance never failed to call ıement applause, so that I became vain of my own personal ıce, and of the popularity I had acquired. Extreme pride kept the fashionable vices of the day. I looked down with con- ı those who indulged in debasing follies. The same dread ɪances forbade me to use oaths or words of doubtful mean- void which I preferred paying a fine.

I commenced my engagement with L——, I began to itting in the pit, a fair-haired boy, some fifteen years of age, ident admiration of myself, and close attention to whatever I id, gratified and pleased me exceedingly. Night after night l be in the same place, always excited, always entering into it of the play. He was extremely delicate in appearance,

with blue eyes, and hair as soft as that of a young child. Two years passed, and still the boy came, though not so frequently. Sometimes he appeared in the boxes with a lady, but he oftener made his appearance alone.

My attention was always directed towards him now, from the fact that there was a change gradually taking place in his appearance. The pallid cheek was flushed to an extreme crimson, and the manner was more excited, the eyes having grown painfully lustrous. So I watched him for a year longer; then he disappeared, and gradually I forgot him.

But God had not forgotten *me*. It chanced that in a new play, the part of an eccentric clergyman was cast for me, and as there was a living original, I determined to visit him, on some pretext or other, and study him, so that I might present my part more perfectly. One sunny day I walked to his residence, and on inquiry found that the good man was not at home, but was expected soon. As I was ushered into a side room, for the purpose of waiting till he returned, a lady was wheeled in on an invalid's chair. I immediately arose, and was on the point of retreating, but she requested me to remain, saying that her father would return in a few minutes.

Never shall I forget the appearance of this fair young woman. She could not have seen more than seventeen summers, and I was sure that the seal of death was even then stamped upon her brow. There was a beauty in her countenance such as I had never met with before; and as with the candour of a child she soon began to converse with me, and told me, out of the fulness of her heart, simply and fervently, of the arduous duties in which her father was engaged, and of the good he was daily doing, my spirit failed me. I had come for the purpose of setting forth the actions of this incomparable man in the light of ridicule.

I said to her at last, being overwhelmed with confusion, and desirous of finding some excuse to leave, "Have you not been suffering from illness?"

A flash of light broke over and played along her features, as she exclaimed, "Oh, I have many months ago given up the hope of life! I have been very ill. I shall never be better than you see me now—and I so long for my heavenly home!"

There was no acting in that reverent glance upward—the folding of the hands—the flitting tremor of the delicate lips. I felt as if a sword had cut me to the heart. The pure sweet presence smote me with a powerful conviction. I sat there, convicted by the Spirit of God; and when the good old pastor returned, I told him, trembling,

for what I had come, and now for what I remained—christian counsel.

That part of my experience seems so wonderful to me as I look back! I entered that old parsonage a careless, trifling, proud, and wayward man; I came from it humbled, repentant, and a sincere seeker after the peace and holiness that gave to that dying woman the face of an angel.

Years passed, and found me at length no longer an actor by profession, but a minister of Christ. Gladly I gave up my lucrative employment, and became, comparatively, a poor man. Christ and his cross were all my theme, and in my own soul I found compensation far outweighing that of gold.

One day a man, who appeared to be a servant, came to my house, and left a message for me. It was to the effect that a young gentleman, very ill, residing in —— street, wished to see me. I hurried to the place designated, an elegant mansion in the upper part of the city, and was ushered into a chamber where, on a luxurious couch, with all the indications of wealth surrounding him, the sufferer lay extended in what seemed to be a deathly sleep. His brow was of a strange whiteness, and back from its broad arch swept masses of silken, light air, damp and clinging to the pillow. His large eyes moved under the red-veined lids, and a troubled, grieved, careworn look gave to features exceedingly youthful the emaciated appearance of age. I sat down silently by his side, thinking him unconscious, when suddenly he glanced up at me, and an expression I could not interpret passed over his face—it seemed a mingling of regret, loathing, and passion.

"You—you have—come," he said slowly, with difficulty, "to see—the wreck you have made!"

I was startled—awe-struck. Suddenly the features became familiar to me.

"Yes—you! you—a minister of the gospel now! Undo your work—before you preach to sinners—give me back what I have lost—my soul!"

"My dear young friend," I said trembling with excitement.—He interrupted me.

"Friend! friend! you shall not call me friend! I say you have ruined me. Here on this sick bed—where I have seen spectres worse than ever the imagination of man could paint, stalking about me—here—prayerless—Christless—dying!—I say you have ruined me! Thralled by your power, I followed you like a slave, until I was happy nowhere but in the atmosphere of that accursed theatre.

Curses on it! curses on it! It has drained me of every good; sapped my virtue; destroyed my soul. Come"—and he laughed with a mocking shout that froze my blood with horror—"undo your work! Is it fair—is it fair, I ask you—that you, *my* destroyer, should be saved, and I be lost?"

"O! do not talk thus!" I cried in agony of spirit. "Sorely have I repented of my past life; most deeply conscious am I that I have led men astray—forgive me—here on my knees I pray you to forgive me, as I will pray God to forgive you, if you will only listen to me. Let me beseech of you to turn to Christ as I have turned. The past I cannot blot out—would that I could! I have repented in abasement and humiliation—now let me lead you to that merciful Redeemer who alone can wash away our sins."

He looked at me steadily for a moment. His lips trembled—and with a long low groan he clasped his thin hands over his face and burst into tears.

We wept together! never had a visit to the bed of the dying seemed so inexpressibly solemn—his deep-drawn, gasping sobs, heaving chest, and tears heavily falling over the white face; while in utter self-abasement I reflected upon the power for life or death man wields over his fellow-man.

"Oh!" he sobbed—"I have lost all that makes men honoured—I might have lived years—long years. But I am going to the grave a shame and grief to my mother, a disgrace to my name. And lying here day after day I have thought of you—how, in my eager admiration, I followed you, and learned to love, through your representations, the enticements of the stage—and I have hated—yes—I have cursed you."

"I deserve it all," was my reply. "I need this humbling testimony; but oh! I cannot bear to think that you will die still cursing me. I will do my best to restore your soul—I will point you to the Lamb of God—I will tell you that, vile as you are in your sight and the sight of heaven, Jesus Christ will take your sin away though it be like scarlet, and clothe you in the robe of his righteousness. I will tell you how there is more rejoicing in heaven over one sinner who repents, than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance. Jesus came not to the good, but to the vile, the very vilest. Oh! will you forgive me if I seek to lead you to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world?"

There was a pause. At length—

Do this—give me hope—hope—a little hope that Christ will ›pt me—oh! pray for me—and I will forgive and bless you," he , holding out one of his pale hands wet with tears.

›f my prayers I cannot speak. Oh, to have him die thus! Oh, eel that his soul would be required at my hands!—he, the beau- l temple, prostrate in ruins through my agency. Wonder not . I say words cannot express my agony. I prayed and wept over as I had never prayed and wept before; and the tears fell yet er when I heard from his lips before I left him that he rested all n Christ, and that he *would* and *did* give himself up to the leemer of soul.

:arly the next morning my steps took the direction of that dling, within which, I can truly say, the most terrible moments ıy life had been passed. Alas! the solemn stillness, the closed ds, told the news. Death had been there in the stillness of night.

was led again into that room—led, half-blinded by tears, to the . Serenely beautiful gleamed that noble brow. The locks, no ;er damp, were not tossed back in a troubled mass as yesterday, through their threads of amber the fingers of love had passed, they lay twined upon a forehead colder and whiter than marble. › look of age had passed away, and beautiful, beautiful exceedingly, the smile that touched the lips and brightened the face.

'He was very happy," said his mother, for a moment abating her ent grief; "he said I must tell you that he was willing to die— ; there was a light before him; but, oh, pity me! pity me, for I childless!"

Vith the mother I prayed as I had prayed with the son, and sub- ıently, as I bent over his coffin, I seemed to hear from the gentle of him who had passed into heaven, instead of the terrible but reproach, "You have ruined me," the blessed, heavenly message . my soul had longed for, "Christ has saved me!"

'he day shall declare it.

'his incident is supposed to have taken place in America; and no bt many such a tale might be told of the sad influence which the 'e has had on young and ardent minds. The Editor is reminded he fascination which it had, when a boy, over himself. And he fesses that to deny himself of ever frequenting the theatre again one of the severest acts of self-denial that as a christian he was ed to exercise. But, God helping him, he did; and it has been l for him that he did.

Poetry.

COMING TO THE RIVER.

THERE came a little Child, with sunny hair,
All fearless, to the brink of Death's dark river,
And with a sweet confiding in the care
Of Him who is of life the joy and giver;
And as upon the waves she left our sight,
We heard her say, "My Saviour makes them bright."

Next came a Youth, with bearing most serene,
Nor turned a single backward look of sadness;
But as he left each gay and flowery scene,
Smiling, declared, "My soul is thrilled with gladness;
What earth deems bright, for ever I resign
Gladly, but this to know, that Christ is mine!"

An aged Mourner, trembling, tottered by,
And paused a moment by the swelling river;
Then glided on beneath a brighter sky,
Singing, "Christ Jesus is my strength for ever;
Upon his arm my feeble soul I lean,—
My glance meets his without a cloud between!"

And scarce her last triumphant note had died,
Ere hastened on a man of wealth and learning,
Who cast at once his bright renown aside;
These only words unto his friends returning:
"Christ for my wisdom thankfully I own,
And as a little child I seek his throne."

Then saw I this: that whether guileless child,
Or youth, or age, or genius, won salvation,
Each self-renouncing came; on each God smiled;
Each found the love of Christ rich compensation
For loss of friends, earth's pleasures, and renown;
Each entered heaven, and "by his side sat down."

Anecdotes and Selections.

A PRAYER.—O Lord my God, search me and know my heart; me and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in and lead me in the way everlasting. Make me self-suspicious, evil passions should be lurking within me, which through the force temptation might break forth into awful sins. Help me to keep heart with all diligence, knowing that out of it are the issues of

and to keep it under the influence of love—love to Thee, and love to men. Save me always from giving way to anything like malignant feeling,—from all bitterness, wrath, anger, malice, envy, and revenge. Conscious of my sinfulness and guilt, may my constant argument and plea for mercy and pardon, be the precious blood of the sacrifice of Christ. By that may all mine iniquities be cleansed away. And do Thou, O most merciful Father, sanctify me wholly, body, soul, and spirit, that I may appear before Thee at last without spot or blemish or any such thing, through Jesus Christ, my only Mediator, to whom be glory for ever. Amen.

"THAT'S ME!"—A poor Hottentot in South Africa lived with a good Dutchman who always attended to family prayer. One day he read, "Two men went up into the temple to pray." The negro, whose heart was already anxious, looked earnestly at his master, and whispered to himself, "Now I shall learn how to pray." The Dutchman read on, "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men." "No, I am not; but I am worse," whispered the Hottentot. Again the Dutchman read, "I fast twice in the week; I give tithes of all that I possess." "I dont do that. I can't pray in that manner. What shall I do?" said the poor negro. The good man read on until he came to the publican, who would not lift up his eyes unto heaven." "That's like me!" thought the negro. "Stood afar off," read the other. "That's where I am!" he thought again. "But smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me, a sinner." "That's me! that's the prayer for me!" cried the poor fellow; and he used it until he found peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Reader! you are not a negro, but you are a sinner, and so the prayer will suit you.

OPEN THE PEW DOOR.—It is told of an individual, now advanced in life, and distinguished both in the political and religious world, that when he first came up to London to study for the bar, he casually (as men speak) entered St. John's chapel one Sunday evening. After standing a long while in the aisle, and failing to get a seat, he felt vexed and chafed, and was retiring. One of the settled congregation, however, saw him going, followed him to the outer door, brought him back, and made room for him in his pew. The sermon that he then heard was instrumental to his conversion, and he walked from thenceforth in the way that leadeth to everlasting life. The incident is not only encouraging to ministers, but instructive to pew-holders; the opening of a pew door may lead to the salvation of a soul.

PRESENT AND FUTURE.—It is strange that the experience of so many ages should not make us judge more solidly of the present and the future, so as to take proper measures in the one for the other. We dote upon this world as if it were never to have an end, and we neglect the next as if it were never to have a beginning.

FAITH.—When Charles V. imperiously required the Confession of Augsburg to be abandoned, and gave the Protestant leaders only six months more in which to make up their minds finally, the cause of the Reformation was thought hopeless. But Luther exclaimed: "I saw a sign in the heavens, out of my window at night; the stars, the hosts of heaven, held up in a vault above me; and yet I could see no pillars on which the Master had made it to rest. But I had no fear it would fall. Some men look about for the pillars, and would fain touch them with their hands, as if afraid the sky would fall. Poor souls! Is not God always there?"

OUR COVENANT WITH GOD.—Joseph Alleine having, shortly before his death, a conflict with satan, said, "Away thou foul fiend, thou enemy of all mankind, thou cruel tormentor! Art thou come now to molest me, now I am just going—now I am so weak, and death upon me? Trouble me not, for I am none of thine! I am the Lord's, Christ is mine, and I am his—his by covenant. I have sworn myself to be the Lord's, and his will I be; therefore begone!" These last words he often repeated, "which," says Mrs. Alleine, "I took much notice of as the means used to expel the devil and all his temptations."

The Fireside.

WOMAN AND HOME.

THERE is a bundle of delights bound up in the sweet word home. The word is typical of comfort, love, sympathy, and all the other qualities that constitute the delights of social life. Were the every day enjoyments of many pious, intelligent, and affectionate families of our country faithfully portrayed, they would exceed, in moral heroism, interest, and romance, most of the productions of the most able pen of fiction. The social well-being of society rests on our homes; and what are the foundation stones of our homes but woman's care and devotion?

The man that battles with the world should go forth from a domestic sanctuary that is made bright and beautiful by woman's sympathy and self-denying toil. The chilling air of selfishness and neglect in the home circle is as destructive as frosts to early blossoms.

A good mother is worth an army of acquaintances, and a true-hearted, noble-minded sister, is more precious than the "dear five hundred friends." The love we experience for domestic blessings increases our faith, is an infinite goodness, and it is a foretaste of a better world to come. Our homes are the support of the government, and all the associations and organizations that give blessings and vitality to social *existence,* are herein originated and fostered.

Those who have played around the same doorstep, basked in the same mother's smile, in whose veins the same blood flows, are bound by a sacred tie that can never be broken. Distance may separate, quarrels may occur, but those that have a capacity to love anything must have at times a bubbling up of fond recollections, and a yearning after the joys of by-gone days. Every woman has a mission on earth. Be she of high or low degree—in single blessedness or double—she is recreant to her duty, if she sits with folded hands and empty head and heart, and frowns on claims to her benevolence, or makes no efforts for the welfare of others. There is "something to do" for every one—a household to put in order, a child to attend to, some parent to care for, some class of unfortunate, degraded, or homeless humanity to befriend. "To whom much is given, of them much shall be required." That woman is poor indeed that leaves the world without having exerted an influence that will be felt for good after she has passed away.

There is little beauty in the lives of those women who are drawn into gay circles of fashionable life, whose delight is public display, whose home is their prison. At home woman appears in her true glory; in the inner sanctuary of home life, can she be most like those who walk above in the light of life and joy! Our homes ought to be little emblems of heaven, but without woman we cannot make them such.

The Penny Post Box.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1862.

THE EDITOR puts one of his own letters into the Box this time; for being, a few days ago, near London, he went up to see this great sight, and now wishes to tell his readers a few things about it.

The building, which is very large, covering twenty-six acres, looks like a great gaol outside with its plain brick walls, relieved only in its ugliness by two glass domes 160 feet high and 250 feet wide at the bottom, each of them larger than the dome of St. Paul's.

But as soon as we enter we find that inside all is light and spacious, grand and beautiful, the whole of the ground floor and the galleries being covered with specimens of the most wonderful natural and artificial productions in the world.

Two whole days, from ten in the morning, when it was opened, until seven in the evening, when it closed, did we spend in looking at this vast collection. We dare not begin to tell you now of even any of them, but we will tell you of some of the chief curiosities before long.

There was one display in this Exhibition not in the Crystal Palace of 1851. We refer to the extensive Picture Galleries, the walls of which are ornamented by some of the most celebrated works of British and Foreign artists. We could have spent days in looking at them.

We never recollect being more thoroughly wearied in body and mind than we where when we came away. A good cup of tea at "Cook's Visitor's Home"* refreshed us; and when we went to rest we slept soundly, with visions of lovely and brilliant objects floating before us.

We thought we would see this great sight, and we are glad we did; but when we left it we thought of those words, "Thou shalt see greater things than these."

* Cook's Visitor's Home is in Fulham Road, Brompton, opposite the south end of Pelham Crescent, and near the Exhibition. Lodgings which for clean beds, good food, and cheapness, we strongly recommend.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

OF THE BRITISH POST OFFICE.

This is one of the best-managed of our public institutions. A Report is published yearly. We select from that for 1860.

If each of the 564 millions of letters delivered in 1860 had been only as thick, without their envelopes, as two leaves of this book, and had been laid one upon another, they would have made five thousand columns each as high as the London Monument.

The increase of letters for 1860 over 1859 was nineteen millions; and over 1839, which was the last year of dear postage, 488 millions.

Three millions and-a-half of the letters in 1860 were London letters, that is, they were written in London and delivered in London. The whole delivery in London was 137 millions.

One million and-a-half of the letters of 1860 were registered as containing money.

Two millions of letters in 1860 were returned to their writers, most of them because the writing was so bad that the address could not be made out.

Ten thousand were posted in the same year without any address. And thousands are posted every day in this way, "John Smith, London;" as if London were a village.

The stamps that come off letters through careless sticking on, are no less than 50,000, costing perhaps about £200.

Hints

Inconstancy in man or woman is one of our sources of trouble in this life. Happy he or she who finds a constant friend—constant alike in storm or sunshine.

Consistency, especially in a religious profession, is its chief ornament; on the other hand, inconsistency is its foulest blot.

Worldly Riches, like wild nuts, tear many clothes in getting them, fill no belly with eating them, injure the stomach, and inflate the bowels with wind.

Never put on the mask of pretending to be more rich, or wise, or great than thou art. Such a mask always gives pain, and sometimes falls awkwardly off.

True Courage is not cheap or common. You may buy a soldier's brute courage for a shilling a day, but at what price could you buy the moral courage of a martyr for the truth?

ION BLESSINGS ARE BEST.—The a palace is not so good as that mountain top, nor is the water arble fountain so sweet as that clear bubbling brook.

OPPOSITE COURSES you may see men pursue. Some grasp-all they can get as if they were here for ever, and others as s in spending as if they had month to live. Which is the fool?

YOUR DUTY.—Do it, whatever it or thus you will lay up trea-which Memory in after life will look at.

I OR POOR.—No man is rich expenses are more than his); and no man is poor whose ngs are greater than his out-.

Gems.

AT SINNERS, when brought to as Paul was, show his power form, as a good Physician, the nighty cures.

IS A BAD DISEASE which only *can* cure. But we are not to ourselves bad that we may have t cure.

JOY WE FEEL when Christ has us of the disease of sin, is not than he feels when he sees that im of his blood has healed us.

GO TO A PHYSICIAN because ve a good opinion of his ability, e likes that. Well: just go to in the same way, for he is most l with those who think highly power to save.

T PUT OFF going to Christ for aling of your soul because you bad. That is why you should ectly, just as you would to the n with a bad wound likely to y.

DESPERATE CASES we dont trust ourselves or quacks to cure our ; and we must not do so with uls, which we cannot cure, and no man can cure. Jesus only can do this great thing for us.

WE ALWAYS SPEAK WELL of a doctor who has performed a great cure for us, and we are ready to tell everybody of him. So we should tell others what Christ has done for our souls.

SOME PHYSICIANS charge very high fees for their attendance and prescriptions to cure our bodily diseases; but Christ charges nothing for saving our souls, and gives us a splendid mansion in his Father's house to live in rent-free for ever!

Poetic Selections.

THE OLD TURNIP HOER'S REFLECTIONS.

Oh, what have I been doing?
'Tis sixty years ago
Since I went first a-hoing
Of turnips with my hoe.

I fear I've not been bringing
Much glory to my God;
I feel my nature clinging
To this polluted clod.

I feel such vile affections
Within my soul prevail,
I fear my sinful actions
Will cause my hopes to fail.

Yet God is good and gracious,
He knows my nature well;
His grace is efficacious
To keep my soul from hell.

I trust it to his keeping
To guard it safe on high;
He's witness to my weeping,
He knows my every sigh.

I shortly must be dying,
I know that death will come,
My soul must soon be flying
To its eternal home.

Oh, let me then be steady,
And watch, and read, and pray,
That so I may be ready
If death should come to-day.

Let all my words and actions
Be such God will approve,
And let my best affections
Be set on things above.

Oh, let me love the Saviour,
And trust in him alone;
Be it my lasting favour
To praise him on his throne.

Romford. W. C.

The Children's Corner.

FLOWERS AND BLOSSOMS.

LOOK at those flowers; examine them with attention. Can they be more perfect, can their colours be more beautiful, or their forms more elegant. Can the pencil of the painter equal the warmth of the blossoming peach, or imitate the richness of the cherry-tree in bloom? So far from imitating, no one can conceive all their beauties; and if there were no other proofs of the power and wisdom of God on the earth, the flowers and blossoms would display them. Every tree that blossoms, every plant, every flower, manifests that wisdom and goodness so abundantly diffused throughout the world.

There is an infinite diversity among the blossoms of trees; though all are beautiful, they differ in degree, one surpassing another; but there are none which do not possess some beauty peculiar to themselves. Some have flowers of a pure white; others have streaks of red and various shades, and add to beauty and elegance the most exquisite fragrance. What multiplied varieties of beautiful blossoms exist! From the consideration of these we may receive profit and instruction.

The blossoms of a fruit-bearing tree please more than the splendour of the tulip, because, from the tree we expect, when the blossoms are over, to receive fruit; while the other pleases for a moment and is seen no more. Let us not then prefer the mere lustre and charms of external beauty; the rosy tints of health, the elegance of form, and the freshness of youth, are fleeting, and soon fade; they alone cannot secure present peace nor durable happiness. Those blossoms only which promise fruit worthy of God, and useful to mankind, deserve our regard, and merit our approbation. As the beauties of the blossoming trees hastily perish, so will youth, now in the spring of life, and fluttering in the gaiety of their charms. Let us, then, whilst in the morn of life, and in the vigour of health, by the fear of God and the love of the Saviour, so cultivate our minds that they may in after life produce abundant fruits of piety and virtue. Then shall we not only be blessed ourselves, but we shall be made a blessing to others; and the blossoms of early piety will bring forth fruit unto life eternal.

NOTICE.—*Will the youth who wrote the "Lines on Creation," signed "H. B.," in our last, at page 76, send his proper address to Mr. J. F. Winks, Leicester, who has received a present for him.*

COME! COME!! COME!!! COME!!!!

"COME, four times over," perhaps you say, "What can these four *comes* mean?" Read on and you will know.

1. COME WITH US TO THE HOUSE OF GOD.

I believe that God never gave to man a more blessed boon than the day of rest. But like all God's gifts it has been sadly abused or neglected. The sabbath is a day on which we are to rest; but not the rest of a brute, sleeping lazily before a fire. How many of you spend your idle, joyless Sundays just like a dog before a hearth. You lie as long as you can, get up as late as you can, loll, lounge, smoke, drink, gossip, till it is time to lie down again, spending the most lazy, useless, lifeless, cheerless day of all the seven, and then wake up next morning, jaded and weary, in heart at any rate, and begin the dreary round of joyless work. That is not a man's rest; it is a brute's. Man is a spirit, and man's spirit rests only in God. The rest which man wants is a pure breath of the air of that heavenly region which is the native home of his spirit, that he may brace himself for his daily toil by intercourse with Him who has ordained the task, in loving fatherly wisdom, and whose approval is never wanting when the work has been faithfully done. The man who has lifted his soul up from the earth by such contemplations on the first day of the week, will find himself strong to resist the temptation to grovel during the rest. He will go to his work, hard as it may be, uncongenial as it may be to his tastes and habits of thought, with a higher view of it, what it is, what it means, what it secures. He sees, taking a wide view, how good it is; he knows who ordained it, who can help him against the deadly temptations which beset it, and who can crown it, be it humble as it may, with blessed fruits which shall enrich eternity.

A God-fearing man, who gathers his household around him for prayer, and goes up with them to the house of God to worship, and get fresh strength for the work of life, belongs at once to a higher class. Life means more to him and to his. Work means more, and produces more. Higher faculties are in play within him, higher joys and ends are within his reach. His children breathe a purer atmosphere; they are nursed to a more vigorous and manly stature of body, mind, and spirit; they are prepared to honour their parents —and it is man's highest honour, the honour which well-trained children reflect on the home that reared them—in this life serving

their own generation nobly according to the will of God, and then to rejoin those who have gone on before them in the heavenly mansions on high. "*Come with us to the house of God.*" Learn with us wherein the true rest of a man's spirit consists, what it is which lightens life's burdens, soothes its sorrows, sanctifies its discipline, and crowns its labours. "*Come with us, and we will do you good.*"

2. Come with us to the Word of Truth.

As with the Lord's-day, so with the Bible, there is a certain prejudice against it in the minds of many who have never studied its pages, or attempted to estimate fairly the good work it has done for the world. It were well worth the while of a thoughtful working man, who has had infused into his mind certain prejudices about the Book, to consider how many of the thoughts which are dearest to him about himself, his fellow-men, about truth, and charity, about life, immortality, and God, have come to him through the Bible.

I will suppose that sickness has entered your home. There is a fair young child, the darling of your heart, the little thing, whose voice always welcomed you home at night, whose prattle never failed to cheer you as she sat on your knee by your fireside at tea. Death has marked her. Day after day you come home, and miss the familiar welcome; you steal up to the bedside, and watch with an agony whose measure none can *guess* at, the swift progress of the destroyer. At length the moment of the last struggle comes. One choking gasp—perhaps the word "Father," "Mother," seemed to hang on her lips, but it is over. She lies there, fair as a plucked lily, and as perishing; soon you have to bury her out of your sight. Tell me, will it hurt you then to open your Bible and read there that the glorious King of Heaven, the King who reigns in the world into which your darling has passed, said once, when a man upon earth, "*Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.*" Would it be a dark thought that He who took them in his arms and blessed them, has there gathered your little lamb in his arms, and folded her in his bosom, with a tenderness which casts even yours into the shade!

Or, let us say you have fallen into trouble. You are out of work, or disabled by illness; food, firing, clothing, are all too scanty, and there seems to be worse in store. All around you is dark, and the prospect is darker still; will it hurt or help you to open your Bible, and read of men whose case was still darker, and more hopeless than yours? But they trusted in God, and he delivered them.

Or it may be that the dear companion of your pilgrimage, the

sharer of all your joys and sorrows through long and faithful years, lies dead at length; and you must write "There I buried Rachael" in your way-book of life, and go sadly, tearfully, through the rest of your journey alone. I think that if she died in the faith and hope of the Gospel, these words will come home to your spirit with a strange grandeur and power, as you stand by her new-made grave, "I am the resurrection and the life.

Or when you yourself grow old and weary, and see the form of the angel of death advancing, it may be feel the point of his dart, will it depress and distress you to read out "*Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me?* There is no condition, there are no circumstances for which blessed words are not to be found in that book; words such as no mere man could speak to you. "Come with us to the Word of Truth." Learn with us to make it the man of your counsel, the way-book of your pilgrimage. "*Come with us, and we will do you good.*"

3. Come with us to the Living Saviour.

We do not say, "Come with us to our church fellowship to swell our numbers." "Come with us to our Saviour," is our invitation; He will make known to you, and lead you to do his will. But come. We want you to get at the root of all your suffering and wretchedness; all that makes the sadness of life and the bitterness of pain—a bad heart. Yes! Every honest-minded man will say, the test of it all is there. If I had but a better heart I should have a better life, a better hope, a better end. It is just that which Christ can give, and Christ alone. That is what he means when he calls himself a Saviour. One who can cure the disease of sin, renew the heart, reform the nature, kindle within the spirit the love of God, of truth, of purity, and inspire the hope of heavenly glory. This is to save a man. And for this the Lord came, wrestled, suffered, died; that he might have the right and the power to save men; and he has now the right and the power to say to the worst sinner upon earth, "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee: go in peace."

He is waiting to say so to you. There are thousands around you to whom he has said it, who, believing "that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins," can look up with loving confidence in the face of God. He has lifted their burdens, he has dissipated their dread. He has filled them with the hope which maketh not ashamed, "the peace which passeth all understanding, and the joy which is unspeakable and full of glory." And they, rejoicing in this

salvation, say to you, echoing his word—Come. Come with us to the living Saviour; come and listen to his message of mercy; come, stand before the cross of Calvary, look on him whom you, too, have pierced, and mourn, and hear for yourself the blessed words, "Thy faith hath saved thee, go in peace."

4. Come with us to the Father's Home on High.

The life struggle will soon be ended. It will soon seem but a slight matter to you how you struggled through. It is said of all Paul's companions, some on boards, some on broken pieces of the ship, all escaped safe to land. It is a picture of the life-course of many noble and faithful men. Life seems to them but one long battle with the fierce waves, breasting them, struggling with them; often choked, often whelmed, but borne on by a mighty sustaining hand to the eternal shores. Oh! the rapture of the moment when the feet shall press it, and first feel the touch of that blissful shore. The peril, the darkness, the battle, the anguish, behind us for ever; before us the gleaming gate of Paradise, the innumerable company of angels, the general assembly and church of the first-born, the dear ones who have gone on before us, and who are already walking in white before the throne of God and of the Lamb. Come with us to Him who is the "The Way." No man cometh unto the Father, or to His love, but by Him. Come with us to the Cross—no Cross, no Crown. Come with us to the battle—no battle, no victory. Come with us to the school of discipline—no suffering, no glory. "*Come with us, and we will do you good.*"

Poetry.

CHRIST OUR BEST FRIEND.

Why walk so long the downward road?
Why wander so far off from God?
When none are so concerned as He
Thy happiness and peace to see.

Though thou art treating Christ so ill,
He's waiting to be gracious still;
"Come unto me," he kindly says,
"And walk in wisdom's pleasant ways."

Would'st thou a faithful friend possess
In every trouble and distress,

To Christ apply in time of need,
For he will prove a friend indeed.

And when thy heart and flesh shall fail,
If thou would'st over death prevail,
Jesus alone can give the power
To triumph in a dying hour.

When call'd before the judgment bar,
If thou would'st stand accepted there,
Make Christ thy friend while life is given,
Or else thou wilt never enter heaven.

This favour seek without delay;
This is thy soul's salvation day;
Then, after death, Jesus will be
Thy friend throughout eternity.

J. D.

Anecdotes and Selections.

: SLAVEHOLDER A TYRANT.—Whosoever shall separate by ce husband and wife, parent and child, or prohibit parents from ing, or children from reading the word of God, tramples upon ordinance and upon the dearest rights of man, and the sweetest f the human heart. And this truth is applicable to the whole erhood of man. All are entitled to the privilege of marriage; all sponsible for the discharge of its duties; all parents should teach children; all children should obey their parents; all should be tted and enabled to read the word of God. For all, learned or ate, white or black, bond or free, God ordained the marriage ution, and defined the duties of the family; and no one can le upon the rights of those united in marriage by the laws of or forbid the duties which he requires of parents and children, ut heinous sin against God, and cruel tyranny against his er. But all these things, and worse than even these, the ican slaveholder does with his slaves—he tortures and kills them rutes; and, worse than all, he *breeds* them for the market.

WISH THAT PRAYER WAS WRITTEN.—One of our visitors at go found a man very much afraid that he was about to die. He stranger to the Bible, and yet felt the need of its comforting . When urged by the visitor to pray for pardon and peace, he e could not pray—he never did. The visitor then, in order to his mind into the light of God's word, repeated to him a part of 1st Psalm. When he paused, the man exclaimed, "O, I wish prayer was written!" The beauty and appropriateness of this ar Psalm as a prayer for the penitent will be acknowledged by Is not the Bible the best prayer-book?

NEGRO PREACHING.—A friend related to us, not long since, an instance of negro shrewdness which is worthy of record. He stepped into a colored church not far from Washington, and found the preacher, by no means a remarkably polished specimen of the race, just ready to commence his sermon. He announced his text: "Are not two sparrows sold for a fardin, and not one of dem sparrows shall fall to de ground widout your Fader." The text was repeated two or three times very sonorously, and with responses and amens from the congregation, and the preacher proceeded, "Now, brudderen, I show you dat dis ere passage was meant for our 'couragement; see what it says, 'Ar not two sparrows sold for a fardin,' and not one of dem sparrows dat isn't wuf but half a cent, fall to de ground widout your Fader.—Now, brudderen, if God cares so much for dem sparrows dat isn't wuf but half a cent, how much more will he care for a big darkie like you, and you, that's wuf 1500 dollar?"—Here came amens, and shouts of "Glory to God." Well pleased, apparently, with the effect of his eloquence, the preacher repeated the question, and then proceeded thus: "We see, too, brudderen, how much more God care for brack man dan he do for white man—brack man wuf 1500 dollar, and white man not wuf one red cent, not wuf so much as dem poor sparrows." At this, filled with the sense of his own worthlessness, our friend left the church.

OPEN THE DOOR.—Jesus yet stands knocking at the door of your hearts. Hear his voice! Can you not hear it? Can you not hear it in the kind Providence which guards your life and sustains your steps? Can you not hear it in his word and in his gospel? Every promise has a clarion tongue with which you are entreated to open the door. Every threatening has a voice in which you are warned and urged to open the door. Every groan of Gethsemane is echoed in the chambers of your conscience, and bids you open the door. Every cry from Calvary resolves itself into an appeal to you to open the door. The thorns and spear and nails and cross, the gall, the vinegar, the mocking robe and the knotted scourge, the blood, the water, the agony, and the sweat, all have an eloquence, thrilling though mute, and beseech you to open the door. The Spirit and the Bride unite to bid you open. The Lamb of God himself entreats you to open. The Father, as he listens to intercessions of his well-beloved Son, adjures you to open. Yes, let all men open the door, for there is no door at which the heavenly messenger is not knocking.

CLOSE TO THE CROSS.—O, be content with no distant place, fling all the tendrils of your soul around the cross—engraft each sympathy and hope upon the cross—live, move, and have your being near the cross—buy, sell, rejoice, lament, repose, awake, beside the cross—let morning, noon, and night find you close to the cross—and let the summons to die reach you at the cross. Yes, live and die on Calvary. Are you *close to it?* or are you content with just being in sight of it? *Can you* see the Sufferer's majestic face, can you behold his smile, can

you hear his softest sigh? If not, you are not close enough. Can you catch the red stream as it trickles from his open veins? can you bedew the Sufferer's bleeding feet with your own gushing tears? If not, you are not close enough. Come closer, closer, closer still. Is there anything intervening between you and the cross? any divided love, any worldly obstacle? any unstrangled lust? If so, you are not close enough. Has the world some lingering hold upon you yet? Does Mammon pluck you by the sleeve, and say come back? O heed him not, for in pressing to the cross you press forward to a prize his costliest treasures cannot purchase; for he who is close to the cross, is close also the crown. Let nothing separate you from the love of it, and if any impediment creeps in between you and the refuge that you seek, thrust it aside; let no glittering bribe, and no smiling blandishment seduce you. But leave the world behind and set the cross before you; and as you cling around it, let your cry go forth:

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

SELF QUESTIONS.

HAVE I felt my need of a Saviour?
Have I beheld in Christ a Saviour all-sufficient?
Do I believe the Gospel concerning Him?
Have I looked to Him with sincerity of heart?
Have I a delightful consciousness of being saved?
Has the sense of guilt been taken away?
Is my conscience at peace through Jesus Christ?
Can I now think of God with joy?
Can I address him with confidence as my Father?
Is all feeling of misgiving removed when I approach him?
Am I in the habit of looking to Christ still to be saved?

PRAYER.—O Thou my God and Saviour, thy heart is the home of pity, thy compassions are wonderful and divine. Thou didst look upon a sinful and dying world not in hatred but in mercy. And though man had deserved all the effects of thy displeasure, and to be left to fill up the measure of his iniquities, that thy wrath might come upon him to the uttermost; yet contrary to his deserts, thou didst determine a method of deliverance worthy of thy wisdom and glory. Thy own Son thou didst commission with authority and power to work out the redemption of our race, and now thou hast proclaimed him as the all-sufficient Saviour of all that believe in him, and thou hast given thine own attested assurance, that whosoever looketh to him shall live. Help me, oh help me to look to him in faith, and to look to him continually that I may live—live a divine, a holy, a consecrated life to thy praise. I am not worthy to be called thy Son, make me thy willing and devoted servant for the Redeemer's sake, Amen.

The Fireside.

PAY WHEN YOU BUY.

Those who wish to make the best of their income must carefully avoid running into debt. It is almost past belief what a difference is found in the expense of housekeeping, by only the difference of being a week before or a week behind hand in paying for what you buy. It is very common for poor people to get what they want through the week, and pay for it when they take their wages on Saturday; and the shopkeepers reckon those very good customers who do so. But the most thriving of the working classes are those who take the wages to pay for what they are going to consume in the next week; not for what they have consumed in the past week. Some who are in the habit of doing this, say that they had a hard struggle to accomplish it at first, but since they have known the comfort and advantage of it, they would not give it up, even if they had for a time to work harder, and live upon plainer food. This thrifty plan will, in several ways, enable a family to live better than they otherwise could do. They can go where they please for their provisions, and of course they will go where they think they can get the best and the cheapest. But if they have a score at one shop, they dare not go elsewhere, however much they may be imposed upon. Then they can have just what they choose, while the person who is in debt is often obliged to put up with what the butcher or the shopkeeper chooses to give. Besides, there is a little advantage of a halfpenny a pound in soap, and several other articles, on taking three pounds at a time. Nor is this all, soap goes much further by being cut up and dried two or three weeks before using. Similar advantages may be gained in several other things: coals, for instance; working people who are a few shillings forward can lay in a little stock in summer when they are cheapest, and when also they are least required for present use. It is a sad thing in cold weather, when people require most food, for a family to be more than usually stinted, to raise the high price which fuel bears at that season of the year. Besides, when people *always* pay for things at the time of purchasing them, there is no danger of being called upon to pay for them twice. Perhaps some may be ready to say, It is all very well to talk about things in this way, but those who give such advice to poor people would find it no easy task. Well: it is no easy task. But that is not the question. Is it a good plan; and if it is, though it be a hard task, is it not worth while to have a try at it? Now, I happen to have known an old couple—they are dead now—who, when they were married, had little enough; but they made up their minds not to eat or wear what they had not paid for, and they stuck to the plan for above forty years, brought up a large family well, had always good food and clothing, and saved

to help them at the end of their days. And all this came of
›eing frightened at the hard task of always paying beforehand
hey bought.

The Penny Post Box.

ON TRUSTING IN GOD ALWAYS.

rybody else, I have my troubles and cares, and one day,
ling a paper from Australia, I met with a short paragraph
thought would do for the "Penny Post Box;" for it did
and I thought it might do good to others. I do not know
› it; but it is so plain, that I hope all your readers will under-
and feel encouraged to trust in their heavenly Father for all

AN OLD DISCIPLE.

›s of perplexity and difficulty, what a blessed thing it is
o the secret place of prayer alone with God; to hide oneself
vilien from the strife of tongues; and how often it seems to be
' God that we should have no one but himself to speak to about
gs which lie heaviest on our hearts. How sweet it is to trust
th steady faith, assured that though he may, and does often see
bring us into sorrow, he will never bring us into sin; assured
›ver deeply we may be tried, or sorely tempted, his almighty
› on our side while we keep in the way of his word. It is never
at we be disobedient to him; never his will that we be useless
h; never his will that the flesh within overpower the spirit;
will that we grow careless about him, and neglect his word, and
mmunion with himself; and however outward circumstances may
se things, if he gives us no human help to keep us right, we know
so himself. We have but to yield ourselves entirely to him,
im to guide and teach us; to trust him to do what he promises
, and he will keep our hearts warm and full of love to him; he
us the joyful sense of his presence with us, and his blessing on
› we shall be always anxious to please him in every act of our
›, and be more than ever afraid of sinning against him. Let us
all our difficulties and perplexities direct to the Lord: let us kneel
l in simplicity spread the whole matter before him, asking him to
vhat we ought to do, and give us strength to do it; and then,
; trust, leave the matter with him. He loves to be treated in
He loves to accept us in Christ his beloved Son; to hear and
l our cries presented in his dear name, to show thus the infinite
his sight of his precious blood, by the virtues of which poor
nce far off, are brought near, and are made sharers of his own
e and love in the heart of the loving God our Father. He knows
g, great and small, that happens, and will certainly order all
ght for those whose sins he has forgiven for Jesus' sake.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

ACCIDENTAL DISCOVERIES.

MANY of the most wonderful discoveries made by man, and appropriated to his use, are said to have been found out by accident. We mention a few.

Glass.—Pliny, the Roman writer, relates that some sailors landed at the foot of Mount Carmel, near the river Belus, for fresh water in which to cook their food; but finding no stones near, they brought from the ship some blocks of salt or soda, to rest their pots upon, which, when the fire was hot, melted, and ran like a clear liquid, but which, when cold, became hard and transparent.

Telescopes.—Glass being once discovered, was afterwards used for many useful purposes—spectacles among the rest. Two children of a spectacle maker, playing one wet day in their father's workshop, put one of the glasses before another, and looking through them, saw that a weathercock looked much larger. They told their father, who soon turned the discovery to good account by the invention of the telescope.

The Pendulum.—How to measure time was once a great difficulty. Letting out grains of sand or drops of water was tried. King Alfred used burning candles. Galileo, the famous Italian philosopher, who improved the telescope to survey the heavens, was one day in the cathedral of Pisa, when he saw that a lamp just fed with oil, had been left swinging to and fro. From this he caught at the idea of measuring time by a swinging instrument called a pendulum; but it took him fifty years to complete it.

Suspension Bridges.—Sir Thomas Brown wished to make a cheap bridge *over the* Tweed. One dewy morning in Autumn, when walking in his garden, he noticed a spider's web suspended across his path from one branch to another, from which he caught the idea of an iron bridge suspended from iron chains.

We might relate many more such facts, but can only mention briefly—the discovery of the loadstone by the end of a Sicilian shepherd's crook coming in contact with that wonderful material;—the discovery of the great law of gravitation by Sir Isaac Newton, when he saw an apple drop from a tree in his garden;—and the more recent discovery of the power of steam by James Watt, when a boy, as he watched it lifting up the lid of his mother's tea-kettle.

Hints

POETRY may be said to be music in words, as music may be said to be poetry in sounds. Both are pleasant if perfect, but discords in either are disagreeable.

POLITENESS is two often only an outward garment, which some men put on to walk out in. Could you crack that nut, you might find—what? the kernel of civility; no—only dust.

NICKNAMES.—Of all the abominable things done by abominable men, nothing can be more abominable than the giving of a nickname. It will stick like a bur; and the most unjust or ridiculous will stick the fastest.

OLD AGE should be tranquil, just as childhood should be playful. Hard work at either end of human existence is out of place, and felt to be an unbearable burden.

OPPORTUNITY for getting good should never be neglected. Seize it when it comes, for it may never come again. Its visits are like those of angels, few and far between.

G GOOD.—Have you opportu- : doing only a little good? Do n't wait till you can do some hing. If you wait to do that, y never do anything.

EVISH PERSON would throw a round himself to keep off the e; but his fretful temper does so much harm as himself.

IT AND MODESTY are twin sisters. re often seen in company. You ways be sure that if one is pre- e other is not far off.

Gems.

ING OR WALKING.—It is not *about* Christ, but walking *with* it shows a man to be a christian.

GATE OF LIFE is open ever, is so narrow at first that we squeeze ourselves to get in. n, however, we find there is r us and millions more.

ARE TOLD IN THE BIBLE that pented the LORD that he had nan on the earth;" but we are old he repented that he had ed him.

HING GRIEVES CHRIST MORE have his love slighted by us; g pleases him more than when ive it with joy.

MAY YET LIVE IN US, but if we love Christ, we cannot live in must lose its dominion *over* us, ll not leave its habitation *in* us.

RUE CHRISTIAN would ten thou- imes sooner suffer *for* Christ, at Christ should suffer *by* him.

KEEPS HIS SAINTS in tempta- preventing-mercy; in trials, by ng-mercy; and in suffering, by ing-mercy.

SOMETIMES LEAVES US EMPTY, may be more earnest in coming to supply all our need out of es in glory by Christ Jesus.

IS NOT FAR OFF.—He is near y one of us, nearer than we are another, and if we feel aright, ll wish him to be so.

Poetic Selections.

EPITAPH

ON SYLLA'S TOMB, INSCRIBED AT HIS REQUEST.

"That no man ever surpassed him in doing good to his friends, or evil to his enemies."

AN ancient Roman warrior once
Would have his tomb relate,
"That for his friends no man did more,
And also plainly state,
That evil to his enemies,
No man had done so great."

Those precepts which the Scriptures teach
This warrior never knew,
That to the man who injured him
He should no evil do,
And always to his enemies
Be kind and loving too.

May He who gave this blest command
My great exemplar be;
Help me to pray for, and bless those,
Who evil do to me;
And may my life and conduct prove
That I have learnt of Thee.

Newport, I. W. J. D.

"A LITTLE MORE."

READER, you will of course think this refers to your neighbour, and not to yourself. You are mistaken.

[*At Thirty.*]

FIVE hundred dollars I have saved—
A rather moderate store.
No matter; I shall be content
When I've a little more.

[*At Forty.*]

Well, I can count ten thousand now;
That's better than before:
And I may well be satisfied
When I've a little more.

[*At Fifty.*]

Some fifty thousand! pretty well,
But I have earned it sore:
However I shall not complain
When I've a little more.

[*At Sixty.*]

One hundred thousand! sick and old;
Ah! life is half a bore;
Yet I can be content to live
When I've a little more.

[*At Seventy.*]

He dies—and to his greedy heirs
He leaves a countless store;
His wealth has purchased him a tomb,
And very little more.

The Children's Corner.

WE SHOULD ALL PRAISE GOD.

"Praise ye the Lord. Both young men, and maidens; old men, and children: Let th praise the name of the Lord: for his name alone is excellent; his glory is above the ea and heaven."

SUN, moon, and stars, by day and night,
At God's command all give us light,
And when we wake, and while we sleep,
Their watch, like guardian angels, keep.

The bright blue sky above our head,
The soft green earth on which we tread,
The ocean rolling round the land,
Were made by God's almighty hand.

Sweet flowers that hill and dale adorn,
Fair fruit-trees, fields of grass and corn,
The clouds that rise, the showers that fall,
The winds that blow—God sends them all.

The beasts that graze with downward eye,
The birds that perch, and sing, and fly,
The fishes swimming in the sea,
God's creatures are as well as we.

But us he formed for better things;—
To worship the great King of kings,
With lifted hands and open face,
And thankful hearts to seek his grace.

Thus God loves man, and more than thus,
He sent his Son to die for us;
And now invites us when we die,
To come and live with Him on high.

But we must live with Him below,
For none but such to heaven will go;
Lord Jesus hear our humble prayer,
And let us see thy glory there.

A FUNERAL AMONG SLAVES.

THE conversation, at dinner, rambled over a wide range of subjects, and was carried on mainly by the Colonel and myself; but toward the close the lady said to me—

"Mr. K——, Sam and young Junius are to be buried this evening. If you have never seen a negro funeral, perhaps you'd like to attend."

"I will be happy to accompany you, madam, if you go," I replied.

"Thank you," said the lady.

"Pshaw! Alice, you'll not go into the woods on so cold a night as this!" said the Colonel.

"Yes, I think I ought to. Our people will expect me."

It was about an hour after nightfall when we took our way to the burial ground. The moon had risen, but the clouds, which gathered when the sun went down, covered its face, and were fast spreading their thick black shadows over the little collection of negro houses. Near two new made graves were gathered some two hundred men and women, as dark as the night that was setting around them. As we entered the circle the old preacher pointed to the seats reserved for us, and the sable crowd fell back a few paces, as if, even in the presence of death, they did not forget the difference between their race and ours.

Scattered here and there among the trees, torches of lightwood threw a wild and fitful light over the little cluster of graves, and revealed the long, straight boxes of rough pine that held the remains of the two negroes, and lit up the score of russet mounds beneath which slept the dusky kinsmen who had gone before them.

The simple head-boards that marked these humble graves chronicled no bad biography or senseless rhyme, and told no false tales of lives that had better not have been, but, "SAM, AGE 22;" "POMPEY;" "JAKE'S ELIZA;" "AUNT SUE;" "AUNT LUCY'S TOM;" "JOE;" and other like inscriptions, scratched in rough characters on those unplaned boards, were all the records there. The rude tenants had passed away and "left no sign;" their birth, their age, their deeds, were alike unknown—unknown, but not forgotten; for are they not written in the book of His remembrance—and when He counteth up His jewels, may not some of them be there?

The queer, grotesque dress, and sad, earnest looks of the black group; the red fitful glare of the blazing pine, and the white faces of the tapped trees gleaming through the gloom like so many sheeted

ghosts gathered to some death-carnival, made up a strange wild scene —the strangest and the wildest I had ever witnessed.

The covers of the rude coffins were not yet nailed down, and when we arrived, the blacks were one by one passing before them, taking a last look at the faces of the dead. Soon, old Junius, holding his weeping wife by the hand, approached the smaller of the two boxes, which held all that was left of their firstborn. The mother, kneeling by its side, kissed again and again the cold, shrunken lips, and sobbed as if her heart would break; while the strong frame of the father shook convulsively, as choking down the great sorrow which welled up in his throat, he turned away from his boy for ever. As he did so, old Pompey said:

"Don't grebe Junee, he'm whar de wicked cease from troubling, whar de weary am at rest."

"I knows it; I knows it, Uncle. I knows de Lord am bery good to take 'im 'way; but why did He take de young chile, and leab de ole man har?"

"De little sapling dat grow in de shade may die while it'm young; de great tree dat grow in de sun must lib till de axe cut him down."

These words were the one drop wanting to make the great grief which was swelling in the negro's heart overflow. Giving one low deep sigh, he folded his wife in his arms, and burst into a flood of tears.

"Come now, my chil'ren," said the old preacher, kneeling down, "let us pray."

The whole assemblage then knelt on the cold ground while the old man prayed; and a more sincere, heart-touching prayer, never went up from human lips to that God "who hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth." Though clothed in rags, and in feeble old age, a slave, at the mercy of a cruel task-master, that old man was richer far than his master. His simple faith, which looked through the darkness surrounding him into the clear and radiant light of the unseen land, was of far more worth than all the wealth and glory of this world. I know not why it was, but as I looked at him in the dim red light which fell on his upturned face, and cast a strange halo around his bent form, I thought of Stephen, as he gazed upward and saw the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God.

Rising from his knees, the old preacher turned slowly to the black mass that encircled him, and said:

"My dear brudderin and sisters, de Lord say dat 'de dust shill return to de earth as it war, and de spirit to him who gabe it, and

now 'cordin' to dat text, my friends, we'm gwine to put dis dust, (pointing to the two coffins,) in de groun' whar it cum from, and whar it shall lay till de blessed Lord blow de great trumpet on de resurrection mornin'. De spirits of our brudders har, de Lord hab already took to Hisseff. 'Our brudders,' I say my chil'ren, 'case ebery one dat de Lord hab made am brudders to you and to me, whedder dey'm bad or good, white or brack.

Dis young chile, who hab gone 'way and leff his pore fadder and mudder suffrin' all ober wid grief, he hab gane to de Lord, *shure.* He neber did no wrong; he allers 'beyed his massa, and he neber said no hard word, nor found no fault, not eben w'n de cruel, bad oberseer put de load so heaby on him dat it kill him. Yes, my brudderin and sisters, he hab gone to de Lord; gone whar dey don't work in de swamps; whar de little chil'ren don't tote de big shingles fru de water up to dar knees. No swamps am dar; no shingles am cut dar; dey don't need 'em, 'case dar hous'n haint builded with hands, for dey'm all builded by de Lord, and gib'n to de good niggers, ready made, and for nuffin'. De Lord don't say, like as our massa do, 'Pomp, dar's de logs and de shingles' (dey'm allers poor shingles, de kine dat won't sell; but he say '*dey'm* good 'nuff for niggers, ef de roof do leak.') De Lord don't say: 'Now Pomp, you go to work and build you' own house; but mine dat you does your task all de time, jess de same!' But de Lord—de bressed Lord—He say wen we gets up dar, 'Dar' Pomp, dar's de house dat I'se been buildin', for you eber since 'de foundation of de worle. It'm done now, and you kin cum in; your room am jess ready, and ole Sal, and de chil'ren dat I tuk away from you eber so long ago, and dat you sob'd ober as ef you'd neber see dem agin, *dar dey am, all on 'em, a waitin' for you.* Dey'm been fixin up de house 'spressly for you all dese long years, and dey'be got it all nice and comfible now.' Yas, my frens, glory be to Him, dat's what our Heabenly Massa say, and who ob you wouldn't hab sich a massa as dat? a massa dat don't set you no hard tasks, and dat gibs you 'nuff to eat, and time to rest and to sing and to play; a massa dat don't keep no Yankee oberseer to foller you 'bout wid de big free-lashed whip; but dat leads you Hisseff round to de green pastures and de still waters; and wen you'm a-faint and a-tired, and can't go no furder, dat takes you up in His arms, and carries you in his bosom. What poor darkey am dar dat would'nt hab sich a massa? What one ob us, eben ef we had to work so hard as we does now, wud'nt tink hisseff the happiest nigger in de hull worle, ef he could hab sich hous'n to lib in as dem? dem hous'n 'not made with hands, 'ternal in de heabens!'

"But glory, glory to de Lord! My chil'ren, wese all got dat Massa, ef we only knowed it, and He'm buildin' dem hous'n up dar, now, for ebery one of us dat am tryin' to be good and to lub Jesus and one anoder. *For ebery one ob us*, I say, and we kin all git de fine hous'n ef we try.

"Recolember, too, my brudders, dat our great Massa am rich, bery rich, and He kin do all He promise. *He* won't say, w'en wese worked ober time to git some little ting to comfort de sick chile, 'I knows, Pomp, you'se done the work, and I did gree to gib you de pay; but de fact am, Pomp, de frost hab come so sudden dis yar, dat I'se loss de hull ob de sebenfh dippin', and I'se pore, so pore, de chile must go widout dis time.' No, no, brudders, de bressed Lord He neber talk so, He neber break 'case de sebenfh dip am shet off, or 'case de price ob turpitine gwo down at de Norf. He neber sell his niggers down Souf, 'case He lose His money on de hoss-race. No, my chil'ren, our HEABENLY Massa am rich, RICH, I say. He own all dis worle, and all de oder worles dat am shinin' up dar in de sky. He own dem all: but he tink more ob one ob you—pore, brack folks dat you am—dan ob all dem great worles! Who wouldn't belong to sich a Massa as dat? Who would'nt be His nigger—not His slave—He dont hab no slaves—but His chile; and 'ef His chile, den His heir, de heir ob God, and de joint heir wid Christ.' O, my chil'ren! tink ob dat! de heir ob de Lord ob all de earth and all de sky! What white man can be more'n dat?

"Don't none ob you say you'm too wicked to be His chile: 'case you an't. He lubs de wicked ones de best, 'case dey need His lub de most. Yas, my brudders, eben de wickedest, ef dey's only sorry, and turn roun' and leab off dar bad ways, he lub de bery best ob all, 'case Jesus am all lub and pity.

"My chil'ren, Sam war wicked, but dont *we* pity him; dont *we* tink he had a 'ard time, and don't de bad oberseer who'm layin' dar in de house jess ready to gwo and answer for it to de Lord—don't we tink he gabe Sam bery great provincation!"

"Dat's so," said a dozen of the auditors.

"Den, don't you 'spose dat de bressed Lord know all dat, and dat He pity Sam too? If we pore sinners feel sorry for him, an't de Lord's heart bigger'n our'n and an't He more sorry for him? Don't you tink dat ef he lub and pity de bery worse whites, dat he lub and pity pore Sam, who warn't so bery bad, arter all? Don't you tink He'll gib Sam a hous'n? Pr'aps 'twon't be one ob de fine hous'n, but won't it be a comfible house, dat hain't no cracks, and one dat'll keep out de wind and de rain? And don't you s'pose, my chil'ren, dat it'll

be big 'nuff for Juley, too—dat pore, repentin' chile, whose heart am clean broke, 'case she hab broughten dis on Sam—and won't de Lord—de good Lord—de tender-hearted Lord—won't he touch Sam's heart, and coax Him to forgib Juley, and to take her into His hous'n up dar? I know he will, my chil'ren. I knows———"

Here the old negro paused abruptly; for there was a quick swaying in the crowd—a hasty rush—a wild cry—and Sam's wife burst into the open space around the preacher, and fell at the old man's feet. Throwing her arms wildly around him, she shrieked out:

"Say dat agin, Uncle Pomp! for de lub ob de good Lord, O, say dat agin!"

Bending down, the old man raised her gently in his arms, and folding her there, as he would have folded a child, he said, in a voice thick with emotion:

"It am so, Juley. I know dat Sam will forgib you, and take you wid him dar."

Fastening her arms frantically around Pompey's neck, the poor woman burst into a paroxysm of grief, while the old man's tears fell in great drops on her upturned face, and many a dark cheek near was wet, as with rain.

This scene had lasted a few minutes, and I was turning away to hide the emotion that was fast filling my eyes, and creeping up with a choking feeling to my throat, when the Colonel, from the farther edge of the group, called out:

"Take her away—take her away, Pomp?"

The old negro turned toward his master with a sad, grieved look, but gave no heed to the words.

"Take her away, some of you, I say," again cried the Colonel. "Pomp, you mustn't keep these niggers all night in the cold."

At the sound of her master's voice the woman fell to the ground as if struck by a Minie ball. Soon several negroes lifted her up to bear her away; but she struggled violently, and rent the woods with her wild cries for "one more look at Sam."

"Look at him, then, and go, and dont let me see you again," shouted the Colonel.

She threw herself on the face of the dead, and covered the cold lips with her kisses; then rose, and with a weak uncertain step, staggered out into the darkness.

"The system" that had so seared and hardened that man's heart must be of the devil.

The old preacher said no more, but four stout negro men stepped forward, nailed down the lids, and lowered the rough boxes into the

ground. Turning to Madam P——, I saw her eyes were red w weeping. She rose to go just as the first earth fell, with, a dull, hes sound, on the rude coffins; and giving her my arm, I led her fr the scene.

Such scenes as this are doubtless often seen in the South States of America. Who that has a spark of natural sympathy his bosom, to say nothing of christian feeling, does not long for day when the GREAT REDEEMER of humanity shall appear on bel of these poor, despised, and down-trodden men? Is it not writ of Him, "He shall judge the poor of the people, he shall save children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor. shall redeem their soul from deceit and violence: and precious s their blood be in his sight."

Poetry.

THE SYMPATHY OF JESUS.

As oft, with worn and weary feet,
  We tread earth's rugged valley o'er
The thought how comforting and sweet!
  Christ trod this weary way before;
Our wants and weaknesses he knows,
From life's first dawning to its close.

Does sickness, feebleness, or pain,
  Or sorrow in our path appear?
The recollection will remain,
  More deeply did He suffer here;
His life how truly sad and brief—
Filled up with suffering and grief.

If satan tempt our hearts to stray,
  And whisper evil things within;
So did he in the desert way,
  Assail our Lord with thoughts of sin;
When worn, and in a feeble hour,
The tempter came with all his power.

Just such as I, this earth he trod,
  With every human ill but sin;
And though indeed the very God,
  As I am now, so He has been.
My God, my Saviour, look on me,
With pity, love, and sympathy.

Anecdotes and Selections.

THE FAITHFUL PASTOR.—Dr. Gilly relates an anecdote, as it was told him by a well known Irish character, Thaddeus Conolly, who used to spend much of his time in wandering through Ireland, and instructing the lower classes in their native language. "I went," said he, "one sabbath, into a church, to which a new minister had been lately appointed. The congregation did not exceed half a dozen, but the preacher delivered himself with as much energy and affection as if he were addressing a crowded audience. After the service, I expressed to the clergyman my wonder that he should preach so fervently to such a small number. 'Were there but one,' said the preacher, 'my anxiety for his conversion would make me equally energetic.'" The following year Conolly went into the same church, the congregation was multiplied twenty-fold; the third year he found the church full.

THE DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER.—Some years ago a vessel, which was blessed with a pious chaplain, and was bound to a distant part of the world, happened to be detained by contrary winds over a sabbath at the Isle of Wight. The chaplain improved the opportunity to preach at Brading. His text was, "Be ye clothed with humility." Among his hearers was a thoughtless girl, who had come to show her fine dress, rather than to be instructed. The sermon was the means of her conversion. Her name was Elizabeth Wallbridge, the celebrated Dairyman's Daughter, whose interesting history, by the Rev. Legh Richmond, has been printed in various languages, and widely circulated, to the spiritual benefit of thousands. What a reward was this for a single sermon preached "out of season!"

THE NEGRO'S ADVICE.—A young minister received a call from two different societies at once, to become their pastor. One was rich, and able to give him a large salary, and was well united; the other was poor, and so divided that the former minister had been driven away. In this condition he applied to his father for advice. An aged negro servant who overheard what they said, made this reply: "Massa, go where there is the least money and the most devil." He took the advice, and was made the happy instrument of uniting a distracted church, and converting many souls to Christ.

TRIBULATION WORKING PATIENCE.—There was a little boy who was so crippled that he could not open his Bible, which he had always before him. A gentleman asked him why he was so fond of reading it. "I like to read the Bible," said he, "because it tells me of Jesus Christ." "Do you think you have believed on Jesus Christ?" "Yes I do." "What makes you think so?" "Because he enables me to suffer my afflictions patiently."

IMPRESSION NOT CONVERSION.—A celebrated preacher of the seventeenth century, in a sermon to a crowded audience, described the terrors of the last judgment with such eloquence, pathos, and force, that some of his audience not only burst into tears, but sent forth piercing cries, as if the Judge himself had been present, and was about to pass upon them their final sentence. In the height of this commotion, the preacher called upon them to dry their tears and cease their cries, as he was about to add something still more awful and astonishing than anything he had yet brought before them. Silence being obtained, he, with an agitated countenance and solemn voice addressed them thus: "In one quarter of an hour from this time, the emotions which you have just now exhibited will very likely be stifled; the remembrance of the fearful truths which excited them will vanish: you will return to your occupations, or sinful pleasures, with your usual avidity, and you will treat all you have heard 'as a tale that is told!'"

The Fireside.

ON FINDING FAULT WITH CHILDREN.

IT is at times necessary to censure and to punish. But very much more may be done by encouraging children when they do well. Be, therefore, more careful to express your approbation of good conduct than your disapprobation of bad. Nothing can more discourage a child than a spirit of incessant fault-finding on the part of its parent. And hardly anything can exert a more injurious influence upon the disposition both of the parent and child. There are two great motives influencing human actions; hope and fear. Both of these are at times necessary. But who would not prefer to have her child influenced to good conduct by the desire of pleasing, rather than by the fear of offending. If a mother never expresses her gratification when her children do well, and is always censuring them when she sees anything amiss, they are discouraged and unhappy. They feel that it is useless to try to please. Beside, their dispositions become hardened and soured by this ceaseless fretting; and at last, whether they will do well or ill, if they are equally found fault with, they relinquish all efforts to please and become heedless of reproaches. But let a mother approve of her child's conduct whenever she can. Let her show that his good behaviour makes her sincerely happy. Let her reward him for his efforts to please by smiles and affection. In this way she will cherish in her child's heart some of the noblest and most desirable feelings of our nature. She will cultivate in him an amiable disposition and a cheerful spirit. Has your child been, during the day, very *pleasant* and obedient? Just before putting him to sleep for the night,

his hand and say, "Henry, you have been a very good boy y. It makes me very happy to see you so kind and obedient. oves children who are dutiful to their parents, and he promises to them happy." This approbation from his mother is, to him, a reward. And when, with a more than ordinary affectionate tone, ay, "Good night, my dear boy," he leaves the room with his little full of feeling. And when he closes his eyes for sleep, he is r, and resolves that he will always try to do his duty, if it be o please his mother.

The Penny Post Box.

TAKE CARE WHERE YOU SEND YOUR BOY.

NT to say a word or two about this. We must take care of the God bless them! for they will be the men of England soon. But first tell a tale—a sad one—by way of caution.

godly parent being very anxious that his son should rise in the , apprenticed him to an ungodly master, because the house was stable and the business lucrative. On one occasion when the isited his home, his father was unusually fervent in family prayer, ng that his son might be preserved from sin and converted to when they arose from their knees, the lad said, "Father, what u think I thought when you were praying for me?" I do not , replied the parent. "Why, I thought," said the son, "that you ut me into the devil's mouth, and was now praying very earnestly e might not swallow me." What a reproof? What could the say? Yet do not some religious parents act thus? And is it not inconsistent? Ought we not to nurse our children for the Lord? d we not seek the conversion and salvation of their souls, before thing else? What is outward respectability, compared with in- sanctification? What is wealth in comparison with salvation? r, many parents sow the seeds of their own misery, by seeking mporal advancement of their children, before their consecration d. By apprenticing them into ungodly families, they do all they frustrate the object they profess to seek, and to render their rs useless. Our children will not believe our professions, until see that we are more concerned for their souls than their bodies; eek their eternal salvation before their temporal advancement. ody is but the casket, the jewel is within; time is but an intro- n, eternity is the state; we should therefore take more care of wel, than of the case that encloses it; and use time as an oppor- to prepare our souls and our families for eternity.

A FATHER.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

ORANGES.

THE Azores, or Western Islands, whence the finest or St. Michael oranges come, furnish us with the largest supply. The imports thence have doubled in the last five years. The expense of walling and planting an acre of orange garden is stated to be about £15 for the wall, £8 for sixty-five trees, and £2 for labour. It yields half a crop of beans or Indian corn during seven years, but no oranges; from eight to eleven years half a crop of oranges is obtained; afterwards a full crop, which is sold for £10 to £15. Each tree on arriving at maturity will produce annually, on an average, 12,000 to 16,000 oranges; one grower is said to have picked 26,000 from a single tree. The trees bloom in March and April, and oranges are gathered for the London market as early as November. The Portuguese never eat them before the end of January, at which time they possess their full flavour. St. Michael is the great mart. In 1801 the value of the fruit imported thence was but £10,000; in 1850, £65,000; and in 1859, £84,123. It was estimated that the produce of fruit in this island during 1859 was 252,000,000 of oranges, and £40,000 lemons; of these all the lemons and 49,000,000 oranges were consumed on the island. The export of oranges from St. Michael was 179,379 boxes in 1852; 123,327 boxes in 1855-6; 100,079 in 1856-7; 179,922 in 1857-8; and 130,858 boxes in 1858-9. In the season 1858-9 the growers obtained an average of 10s. 5d. per box, which is considered a very fair remunerative price. The value of the fruit imported now reaches *nearly £600,000* annually.

Hints

MEMORY IN MAN ought to
light and wide storehouse of pr
things; not a dark and narrow lu
room of old rubbish, all in dis
and covered with dust and cobw

A PROUD MAN cannot be l
How can he? For as he so
must reap. If he despises c
then he must expect that othe
despise him.

A HUMBLE MAN, be he rich or
will look with kindness on all
So he sows, and so he reaps
others a good crop of kindne
return.

MONEY AND MIND.—It is a
thing to have *money* to do good
but a far better thing to have a v
mind to do good with it.

ONE WORD.—How much will
depend on a man being able t
one short word. "Will you g
have a pint?" for want of a No
empty a man's pocket, and b
wife and children.

MARRIAGE, says the good old
is honourable in all. Even a
man may get on better with a
to cheer and help him on. Bu
must be a wife, not a doll.

HARMLESS MIRTH injures no
It may, if wisely used, be m
cordial for a heavy heart. But f
fun and low jesting are not conve
for they are mostly used at the ex
of others.

MISERY, in some form or other,
most men. And it is well it do
by it we better learn how to fe
others.

THE BIBLE has done more to
men wise, peaceable, kind, and l
in this life, than all the books
world put together.

Gems.

I AND WORKS.—By faith in our souls are justified, no f that; and it is equally true r good works, done for his stify our faith.

ON AND HOLINESS.—If God, st's sake, forgives our sins, he that he may also make us id without blame before him

AND HOPE.—We now joy in t he has blotted out the guilt sin with the blood of Christ, hope is that by that blood we ne day be entirely free from r.

E AND LOVE.—Peace comes love. We first have peace the blood of Christ's cross, n we love him because he first

RTY AND PAIN are not joyous vous, except we have grace to them the louder voice of God is up to the place where they known no more.

IENCE AND HAPPINESS are They may be said to be like amese youths, so united that cut the vital bond that joins ey both die. On earth, as in they were once united, and the devil parted them, Christ rejoin them in happy union

AND THE SAVIOUR are ever an irrepressible conflict in the man. No two elements in an be more opposed. Oh, my ich shall win? It is for *thee* ggle.

F AND GOD.—When shall I d with myself? Never, until ased with God, and rejoice in ays as the great source of all iness through Jesus Christ.

Poetic Selections.

"LET US GIVE THANKS!"

LET us give thanks, with grateful soul,
To Him who sendeth all;
To him who bids the planets roll,
And sees a "sparrow fall."
Though grief and tears may dim our joys,
By care and strife oppress;
'Tis man, too often, that alloys
The lot his Maker blest:
While sunshine lights the boundless sky,
And dew-drops feed the sod—
While stars and rainbows shine on high—
Let us give thanks to GOD.

We till the earth in manhood's health,
We plant the acorn cup;
The fields are full of richest wealth,
The green plant springeth up;
The sweet, refreshing waters gush
From mountain and from vale;
The vineyards blush with purple flush,
The fragrant woodbines trail;
And while the harvest waves with gold,
And clover scents the sod—
While limpid streams are clear and cold—
Let us give thanks to GOD.

The flowers yield their odour-breath,
As gentle winds go past;
The grasshopper that lurks beneath
Chirps merrily and fast;
The ring-dove coos upon the spray,
The larks full anthems pour;
The bees start with a jocund lay,
The waves sing on the shore;
Hosannahs fill the wood and wild,
Where human step ne'er trod;
And Nature, like an unweaned child,
Smiles on its parent, GOD.

Say, shall the bird, and bud, and bloom,
Thus teach, and teach in vain?
Shall all the love-rays that illume,
Be dark while we complain?
Shall hearts be dead and eyes be blind
To all that mercy deals?
Shall soul and reason fail to find
The shrine where instinct kneels?
Ah, no!—while glory lights the sky,
And beauty paints the sod—
While stars and rainbows shine on high,
Let us give thanks to GOD.—

But higher than our highest praise
For earthly favours given,
Let us give thanks to Him who sent
His only Son from heaven:
Who spared him not, but on him laid
Our sin, and grief, and pain;
That we through his atoning death,
Eternal life might gain.
Now unto God and to the Lamb
Be ceaseless praises given,
By all who dwell on earth, and all
The joyful hosts of heaven!

The Children's Corner.

"WHO IS HE TALKING TO?"

THIS was a question asked by a young girl, and it came about in this way. Her father was a poor man with a large family. She went into service as a nurse in a family where daily prayers were offered to Almighty God. This was new to her; at home she had never heard a prayer. She was full of wonder when she saw her master, night and morning, kneeling in one corner of the room, talking, as she thought to some one that she could not see. Who could it be? Unwilling to ask any of the family with whom she lived, yet anxious to know, she obtained leave to go home. She had no sooner reached the cottage, before she asked her mother who it was that her master talked with, when kneeling in a corner of the room night and morning. She told her that she did not know, being herself like a heathen, though in a christian land. Not satisfied, she asked her father, who answered in a rough and thoughtless manner, "The devil I suppose."

She returned, and one morning, after her master had been talking with the unknown being, she said, "Sir, who have you been talking with this morning?" The question was so unexpected, that at first he felt unable to answer her. After recollecting himself a little, he said, with reverence, "I have been trying to talk with God." "God!" said she, with astonishment, "where is he? where does he live?" Many questions of a similar nature she put with much interest and feeling, to which her master gave her such answers as were calculated to awaken the liveliest feelings of her mind in regard to Jehovah. After she had learned all her little mind could contain of divine things, she desired one day to go home and see her parents, with an earnestness that could not be resisted. Go she must; leave was granted; she went to her father's cottage, a place where prayer was not wont to be made, with her little bosom beating with a high tone of pious feeling on the importance of prayer. She went to her father, and said, "Father, pray." She urged him with warmth; but he utterly refused. She then went to her mother, and asked her to pray; but with no better success. She could not endure any longer; her feelings must vent themselves in words. She said, "Let us pray." She knelt down and prayed, as well as she could. Her parents were brought under conviction, which terminated in their conversion to God; and this event was the beginning of an extensive revival of religion.

GOTTLIEB, THE GERMAN BOY.

A POOR boy, about ten years of age, entered the warehouse of a rich merchant, Samuel Ritcher, in Dantzic, and asked the bookkeeper for alms. "You will get nothing here," grumbled the man, "so be off!"

Weeping bitterly, the boy turned toward the door, and at that moment Herr Ritcher entered.

"What is the matter here?" he asked, turning toward the bookkeeper.

"A worthless beggar boy," was the man's answer, and he scarcely looked up from his work.

In the meanwhile Herr Ritcher glanced toward the boy, and remarked that, when close to the door, he picked up something from the ground.

"Ha! my little lad, what is that you picked up?" he cried. The weeping boy turned and showed him a needle.

"And what will you do with it?" asked the other.

"My jacket has holes in it," was the answer. "I will sew up the big ones."

Herr Ritcher was pleased with the reply, and still more with the boy's innocent, handsome face.

"But are you not ashamed," he said, in a kind though serious tone, "you so young and hearty, to beg? Can you not work?"

"Ah, dear sir," replied the boy, "I do not know how, and I am too little yet to thrash or fell wood. My father died three weeks ago, and my poor mother and little brothers have eaten nothing these two days. Then I ran out in anguish and begged for alms. But alas! a single peasant only gave me yesterday a piece of bread. Since then I have not eaten a morsel."

It is quite customary for beggars by trade to contrive tales like this, and thus harden many a heart against the claims of genuine want. But this time the merchant trusted the boy's honest face. He thrust his hand into his pocket, drew forth a piece of money, and said—"There is half a dollar. Go to the baker's, and with half the money buy bread for yourself, your mother and brothers, but bring the other half to me."

The boy took the money, and ran joyfully away.

"Well," said the surly bookeeper, "he will laugh in his sleeve and never come back again."

"Who knows?" replied Herr Ritcher; and very soon he beheld the boy returning, running quickly, with a large lot of black bread in one hand and some money in the other.

"There, good sir," he cried almost breathless, "there is the rest of the money." Then being very hungry he begged at once for a knife to cut off a piece of the bread. The book-keeper reached him in silence his pocket-knife.

The lad cut off a slice in great haste, and was about to bite it. But suddenly he bethought himself, laid the bread aside, and folding his hands, rehearsed a silent prayer. Then he fell to his meal with an hearty appetite.

The merchant was moved by the boy's unaffected piety. He enquired after his family at home, and learned that his father had lived in a village about four miles from Dantzic, where he owned a small house and farm. But his house had been burned to the ground, and much sickness in his family had compelled him to sell his farm. He had then hired himself out to a rich neighbour; but before three weeks were at an end he died, broken down by grief and excessive toil. And now his mother, whom sorrow had thrown upon a bed of sickness, with her four children, were suffering the bitterest poverty. He, the eldest, had resolved to seek assistance, and had gone at first from village to village, then had struck into the high road, and at last, having begged everywhere in vain, had come to Dantzic.

The merchant's heart was touched. He had but one child, and the boy appeared to him as a draft at sight which Providence had drawn on him as a test of his gratitude.

"Listen, my boy," he began; "have you then really a wish to learn?"

"Oh, yes, I have indeed!" cried the boy. I have read the catechism already, and I should know a good deal more, but at home I had always my little brother to carry, for my mother was sick in bed.

Herr Ritcher suddenly formed his resolution.

"Well then" he said, "as you are good, and honest, and industrious, I will take good care of you. You shall learn, have meat and drink and clothing, and in time earn something more. Then you can support your mother and brothers also."

The boy's eyes flashed with joy; but in a moment he cast them to the ground again, and said sadly, "My mother all this while has nothing to eat."

At this instant, as if sent by providence, an inhabitant of the boy's native village entered Herr Ritcher's house. The man confirmed the lad's story, and willingly consented to carry the mother tidings of her son Gottlieb, and food, and a small sum of money from the

merchant. At the same time Herr Ritcher directed his book-keeper to write a letter to the pastor of the village, commending the widow to his care, with an additional sum for the poor family, and promising future assistance.

As soon as this was done, Herr Ritcher at once furnished the boy with decent clothes, and at noon led him to his wife, whom he accurately informed of little Gottlieb's story and of the plan he had formed for him. The good woman readily promised her best assistance in the latter, and she faithfully kept her word.

During the next four years, Gottlieb attended the schools of the great commercial city; then his faithful foster-father took him into his counting room, in order to educate him for business. Here as well as there, at the writing desk as on the school-bench, the ripening youth distinguished himself, not only by his natural capacity, but by the faithful industry with which he exercised it. With all this, his heart retained its native innocence. Of his weekly allowance, he sent the half regularly to his mother until she died, after having survived two of his brothers. She had passed the last years of her life, not in wealth, it is true, but, by the aid of the noble Ritcher, and of her faithful son, in a condition above want.

After the death of his beloved mother, there was no dear friend left to Gottlieb in the world except his benefactor, who now encouraged him to do some business on his own account. He began by using his savings, which he could now dispose of at his pleasure, to a trade in Hamburg quills. When he had gained about a hundred and twenty dollars, it happened that he found in his native village a considerable quantity of hemp and flax, which was very good, and to be had at a reasonable price. He asked his foster-father to advance him two hundred dollars, which the latter did with great readiness. And the business prospered so well that, in the third year of his clerkship, Gottlieb had already acquired the sum of five hundred dollars. Without giving up his trade in flax he now trafficked also in linen goods, and the two combined made him, in a couple of years, about a thousand dollars richer.

This happened during the customary five years of clerkship. At the end of this period, Gottlieb continued to serve his benefactor five years more, with industry, skill, and fidelity; then he took the place of the book-keeper, who died about this time, and three years afterward he was taken by Herr Ritcher as a partner into his business, with a third part of the profits.

But it was not God's will that this pleasant partnership should be of long duration. An insidious disease cast Herr Ritcher upon a

bed of sickness, and kept him for two years confined to his
All that love and gratitude could suggest Gottlieb now did to
his benefactor's kindness. Redoubling his exertions, he beca
soul of the whole business, and still he watched long nights
old man's bedside, with his grieving wife, until, in the sixty-fif
of his age, Herr Ritcher closed his eyes in death.

Before his decease he placed the hand of his only daughter, s
girl of two-and-twenty years, in that of his beloved foster-son
had long looked upon them both as his children. They unde
him; they loved each other, and in silence, yet affectionate
earnestly, they solemnized their betrothal at the bedside of
dying father.

In the year 1828, ten years after Herr Ritcher's death, the
of Gottlieb Bern, late Samuel Ritcher, was one of the most re
able in all Dantzic. It owned three large ships, employed in
gating the Baltic and North Sea, and the care of Providence s
to watch over the interests of their worthy owner—for wor
remained in his prosperity. He honoured his mother-in-law
son, and cherished her declining age with the tenderest affe
until, in her two-and-seventieth year she died in his arms.

As his own marriage proved childless, he took the eldest
each of his two remaining brothers, now substantial farmers, in
house, and destined them to be his heirs. But in order to c
them in their humility, he often showed them the needle whic
proved such a source of blessing to him, and bequeathed i
perpetual legacy to the eldest son in the family.

Poetry.

COMING TO CHRIST.

Sometimes I catch sweet glimpses of his face,
But that is all.
Sometimes he looks on me and seems to smile,
But that is all.
Sometimes he speaks a passing word of peace,
But that is all.
Sometimes I think I hear his loving voice
Upon me call.

And is this all he meant when thus he spoke—
"Come unto me?"
Is there no deeper, more enduring rest
In him for thee?

Is there no steadier light for thee in him?
O come and see.

O come and see! O look, and look again;
All shall be right;
Oh taste his love, and see that it is good,
Thou child of night.
Oh trust thou, trust thou in his grace and power,
Then all is bright.

Nay, do not wrong him by thy heavy thoughts,
But love his love.
Do thou full justice to his tenderness,
His mercy prove;
Take him for what he is: O take him all,
And look above!

Then shall thy tossing soul find anchorage,
And steadfast peace;
Thy love shall rest on his; thy weary doubts
For ever cease.
Thy heart shall find in him, and in his grace,
Its rest and bliss!

Christ and his love shall be thy blessed all
For evermore!
Christ and his light shall shine on all thy ways
For evermore!
Christ and his peace shall keep thy troubled soul
For evermore!

BONAR.

Anecdotes and Selections.

A LIE TURNED INTO TRUTH.—One day, as Archbishop Leighton was going from Glasgow to Dumblane, there happened a tremendous storm of lightning and thunder. He was observed, when at a considerable distance, by two men of bad character. They had not courage to rob him; but wishing to adopt some method to extort money from him, one said, "I will lay down by the way-side as if I were dead, and you shall inform the archbishop that I was killed by the lightning, and beg money of him to bury me." When the archbishop arrived at the spot, the wicked wretch told the fabricated story: the archbishop sympathized with the survivor, gave him money, and proceeded on his journey; but when the man returned to his companion, he found him really lifeless! Immediately he called out, "Oh! sir, he *is* dead! Oh! sir, he *is* dead!" On this the archbishop, discovering the fraud, left the man with this important reflection: "It is a dangerous thing to trifle with the judgments of God!"

THE DAISY AND THE PLOUGH.—A plough is coming from the far end of a long field, and a daisy stands nodding and full of dew-dimples. That plough is sure to strike the daisy. It stands as simple and radiant as ever; and yet that crushing plough which is turning and turning others in its course, is drawing near, and in a moment it whirls the heedless flower under the sod! And as is the daisy, with no power of thought, so are ten thousand thinking flowers of life, blossoming in places of peril, and yet thinking that no plough of disaster is running in toward them to overturn them. Sometimes it dimly dawns upon us, when we see other men's mischiefs and wrongs, that we are in the same position with them, and that perhaps the storms which have overtaken them, will overtake us also. But it is only for a moment, for we are artful to cover the ear, and not listen to the voice that warns us of our danger.

THE NOBLEMAN AND THE PRAYER-MEETING.—A nobleman was in the habit of attending a prayer-meeting in the country village where he lived, and where a few poor people were accustomed to assemble to seek the presence of the Divine majesty. It was at first customary for these humble persons to make way for him if he came in a little after the appointed time; but he expressed his unwillingness to receive this remark of respect, saying he should be satisfied to occupy the lowest station. In other places he thought he had a right to claim the distinctions of his rank; but there he felt himself in the same situation as themselves. Such conduct displayed the genuine feelings of piety, which rising superior to the artificial distinctions of society, rejoices in the fellowship of christians.

BARROW AND ROCHESTER.—The celebrated Lord Rochester one day met Dr. Barrow in a park, near London, and being determined, as he said, to put down *the old rusty piece of divinity*, accosted him by taking off his hat, and, with a profound bow, exclaimed, "Doctor, I am yours to my shoe-tie." The doctor, perceiving his aim, returned the salute with equal ceremony, "I am yours to the ground." His lordship then made a deeper bow, and said, "Doctor, I am yours to the centre." Barrow replied, with the same formality, "My lord, I am yours to the antipodes." Rochester made another attempt, by exclaiming, "Doctor, I am yours to the lowest pit of hell." "There, my lord," said Barrow, "I must leave you," and immediately walked away.

THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT AND THE BIBLE.—The Prince having sent to the British Museum to borrow a copy of Martin Luther's Bible, a messenger was sent with it to the Palace, and shown into a room where he saw the Queen and His Royal Highness engaged in the study of the Bible. The Prince wished to refer to a passage which had been the subject of investigation, and expressed his great satisfaction in *finding* his views supported by the text of Luther's Bible.

LYING TO CHILDREN.—The Rev. Robert Hall had so great an aversion to every species of falsehood and evasion, that he sometimes expressed himself very strongly on the subject. The following is an instance, stated in his life by Dr. Gregory. Once, while he was spending an evening at the house of a friend, a lady who was there on a visit, retired, that her little girl of four years old might go to bed. She returned in about half an hour, and said to a lady near her, "She is gone to sleep; I put on my nightcap, and lay down by her, and she soon dropped off." Mr. Hall, who overheard this, said, "Excuse me, madam, do you wish your child to grow up a liar?" Oh dear, no sir; I should be shocked at such a thing." "Then bear with me while I say, you must never act a lie before her: children are very quick observers, and soon learn that that which assumes to be what it is not, is a lie, whether acted or spoken." This was uttered with a kindness which precluded offence, yet with a seriousness that could not be forgotten.

GOOD REASON FOR SOBRIETY.—A gentleman, on entering a stage-coach, rubbing his head, with a yawn, said, "My head aches dreadfully; I was very drunk last night." A person, affecting surprise, replied, "Drunk, sir! what! do you get drunk?" "Yes," said he, "and so does every one at times, I believe. I have no doubt that you do." "No, sir!" he replied, "I do not." "What, never?" "No, never; and, amongst other reasons I have for it, one is, I never find, being sober, that I have too much sense; and I am loth to lose what little I have." This remark put an end to the conversation.

FRESHNESS OF GOD'S PROMISES.—God's promises are fresh with everlasting youth. The stars never wear out; they are just as bright now as when Abraham saw them directing his way by night. The sun is not weary from the number of its years; there are no wrinkles on its brow. The cups of God are replenished by outpouring, and they increase their fulness by that which they yield. And so God's promises are of the nature of laws. The heaven and the earth shall pass away, but they shall not change in one jot or tittle, nor ever pass away.

FORGIVE.—You say, I can forgive, but I cannot forget! And shall God say the same to you? Shall He forgive and not forget? He says, "I will blot out their transgressions, and remember their iniquities no more." And if we would not have Him remember our iniquities against us, we must not remember theirs against others; for not to forget them is not to forgive them; and if not forgiven, God will not forgive us.

LOVE AND WORSHIP.—I never know how to worship until I know how to love; and to love I must have something that I can put my arms around—something that, touching my heart, shall leave, not the chill of ice, but the warmth of summer. There must be something that will come near my heart—something that I can love—or I cannot worship. Now all this I find in Christ, and hence it is that I love him and worship him.

How much Religion have you?—Suppose you throw a n into a haystack do you think you can find it?" He said, "N could not see it." Said I, "Suppose you throw in a crowbar, then? Do you think you could see that?" He said, "Yes." "V said I, "You must have *religion enough so that it will be seen*, and it will be known."

A Prayer for Divine Righteousness.—O Lord, my God, ho man who is sinful and condemned be just with Thee? Blesse ever blessed, be Thy name for the revelation of Him whom Thou set forth as a propitiation through faith in His blood, to declar righteousness in the remission of sin, that Thou mightest be jus the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus. May this doctrine be life, and comfort, and joy. May my own experience attest its ef and truth. Far be from me the wish to appear before Thee w righteousness of my own. Grant that I may ever feel a solicit be complete only in Christ, and to be his entirely under the sancti power of Thy Spirit. Then, though justly condemned, I shall livered from condemnation and be accepted in Thy beloved; whi rectitude of my life shall attest the power of Thy mighty grac Thy name shall have all the glory for ever. Amen.

The Fireside.

WE WAIT FOR THEE.

The hearth is swept—the fire is bright,
The kettle sings for tea;
The cloth is spread, the lamp's alight,
The muffins smoke in napkins white,
And now I wait for thee.

Come home, love, come; thy task is done,
The clock ticks listeningly;
The blinds are shut, the curtains down,
The arm-chair to the fireside drawn,
The boy is on my knee.

Come home, love, come; his deep fond eye
Looks round him wistfully;
And when the whispering winds go by,
As if thy welcome steps were nigh,
He crows exultingly.

In vain—he finds the welcome vain,
And turns his glance on mine
So earnestly, that yet again
His form unto my heart I strain,
That glance is so like thine.

Thy task is done—we miss thee here;
Where'er thy footsteps roam,
No hand will spread such kindly cheer,
No beating heart, no listening ear,
Like those who wait thee home.

Ah, now along the cross-walk fast,
The well-known step doth come;
The bolt is drawn, the gate is past,
The boy is wild with joy at last—
A thousand welcomes home!

The Penny Post Box.

A SHORT SERMON FROM A SHORT TEXT.

: is said to be the soul of wit; and quaintness may be said to ;ent. In this sermon both are united. I dont know the ;, but he must have been a clever fellow to have said so much e room. He shoots his arrows fast. One would think some of ıst stick. In the hope it may be useful I give this copy of it, n reading it any one should take care never to stick himself ıe mud of debt I shall be glad, and he will be more happy.

Text.—"*Owe no man anything.*"

out of debt. Avoid it as you would war, pestilence, and Shun it as you would the devil. Hate it with a perfect Abhor it with an entire and absolute abhorrence. Dig pota- stone walls, peddle tin ware, do any thing that is honest and ıther than run in debt. As you value comfort, quiet, indepen- :eep out of debt. As you value good digestion, a healthy a placid temper, a smooth pillow, sweet sleep, pleasant dreams, 'akings, keep out of debt. Debt is the hardest of all task- the cruelest of all oppressors. It is a millstone about the t is an incubus on the heart. It spreads a cloud over the rmament of a man's being. It eclipses the sun, it blots out , it dims and defaces the beautiful blue of the sky. It breaks ıarmony of nature, and turns to disorder all the voices of its It furrows the forehead with premature wrinkles, it plucks ›f its light, it drags all nobleness and kindness out of the port 'ing of a man. It takes the soul out of his laugh, and all ss and freedom from his walk. Come not under its accursed ı. Pass by it, as you would pass by a leper or one smitten by ıe. Touch it not. Taste not of its fruit, for it shall turn to s and ashes on your lips. Finally we say, to each and to all, peak especially to young men,

KEEP OUT OF DEBT.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

THE HAWTHORN TREE.

RELIGION, which was given to bless mankind with cheerfulness and hope, has ever been converted by the crafty, in ignorant ages, into rods of terror and torches of superstition; and they did not fail to seize on the hawthorn bush as an instrument with which they might impose on the credulous. Thus, in some parts of France, the country people affirm that the hawthorn groans and sighs on the evening of Good Friday; and on this superstition they have made it the emblem of lamentation. There are others who gravely adorn their hats with a bunch of hawthorn, in the belief that during a storm the thunder will not dare to reach them, from respect to their head-dress. We have also in England our Glastonbury-thorn stories to match those of our neighbours. Sanctified deceit affirmed that this thorn was the identical staff of Joseph of Arimathea, the councillor who buried Christ, who, according to the tradition of the Abbey of Glastonbury, in Somersetshire, attended by twelve companions, came over into Britain, and founded in honour of the blessed Virgin the first christian church in England. As a proof of his mission, he is said to have stuck his staff into the ground, which immediately shot forth and blossomed; and the vulgar to this very day believe that this tree blossoms annually on Christmas Day! This thorn, plants of which may be had in many nurseries, is no other than a variety of the common hawthorn, which blossoms earlier in the season than others, and in mild seasons often in January and February, and sometimes even as early as *Christmas*.

Hints

AGAINST BEARING FALSE WITNE

It is forbidden by God. "T shalt not bear false witness ag thy neighbour." (Ex. xx. 16.)

It is deceitful. "A false wi (sheweth forth) deceit. (Prov. xi

It is telling lies. "A false wi speaketh lies." (Prov. vi. 19.)

It becomes a habit. "A false ness will utter lies." (Prov. xiv.

It will be punished. "A false ness shall not be unpunishe (Prov. xix. 5.)

It will be his ruin. "A false wi shall not be unpunished; an that speaketh lies shall peris (Prov. xix. 9.)

It is a public nuisance. "A that beareth false witness again neighbour is a maul, and a swor a sharp arrow." (Prov. xxv. 18.)

It comes out of a bad heart. out of the heart proceed (with bad things) false witness." (xv. 19.)

It is of the devil. "Ye are of father the devil, and the lusts of father ye will do. He was a mur from the beginning, and abode n the truth, because there is no tr him. When he speaketh a li speaketh of his own: for he is and the father of it." (John viii.

It was brought up to condem Son of God. "Now the chief p and elders, and all the council, s false witnesses against Jesus, t him to death; but found none though many false witnesses yet found they none. At last car false witnesses." (Matt. xxvi. 5

So at whatever cost to thy to others,

"TELL TRUTH AND SHAME THE I

Gems.

)ULL AXE NEVER LOVES GRIND-
s, but a keen workman does;
e puts his tool on them in order
t may be sharp. And men do
ve grinding, but they are dull
e purpose which God designs to
out with them, and therefore
grinding them.

LTY SILENCE.—If you find a
as everlasting as God, stand by
t of it; and if men would muz-
u, talk on. Talk living, and die
g; and make other men talk.
is no harm that can come from
g of such things. The harm is
lty silence.

E VERY WORD "GOD" suggests
kindness, goodness. The very
of God is infinite care, infinite
ess, infinite goodness. We give
he name of Good; it is only
oning it that it becomes God.

LINESS AND SIN.—Not until we
heaven, and see the glory of
ss, shall we fully know the
is nature of sin. The contrast
en be striking and complete.

DEMPTION BY BLOOD—the blood
rist will never cease to be the
of the saved in heaven; for as
will never lose memory, they
ever forget that by *that* blood
were redeemed from everlasting
ge.

IFECTION.—Were we to live ten
and years in this world we should
e completely perfect, because we
a sin-body in a sin-world; but
ven we shall be "just men made
t," holy in soul and body, in a
world. Who longs not for *that*
tion?

W WELCOME WILL DEATH BE to
who feeling how imperfect they
nourn for sin, feel its burden,
its bitters, and long for complete
verlasting deliverance from its
What a happy change will
make in such!

Poetic Selections.

THE BELIEVER'S ECHO.

THUS faith, producing love to God and man,
Say, Echo, is not this the Gospel plan?
Echo—"The Gospel plan."

Must I my faith in Jesus constant show,
By doing good alike to friend and foe?
"To friend and foe."

But if a brother hate and treat me ill,
Must I return him good, and love him still?
"And love him still."

If he my failings watches to reveal,
Must I his faults as carefully conceal?
"As carefully conceal."

But if my name and character he tears,
And cruel malice too, too plain appears,
And when I sorrow and affliction know
He loves to add unto my cup of woe;
In this uncommon, this peculiar case,
Sweet Echo, say, must I still love and bless?
"Still love and bless."

Whatever usage ill I may receive
Must I still patient be, and still forgive?
"Still patient be, and still forgive."

Why, Echo, how is this? Thou art, sure, a dove;
Thy voice will teach me nothing else but love.
"Nothing else but love."

Amen, with all my heart, then be it so!
'Tis all delightful, just and good, I know,
And now to practice I'll directly go.
"Directly go."

Things being thus, then let who will reject,
My gracious God me surely will protect.
"Surely will protect."

Henceforth on Him I'll roll my every care,
And both my friend and foe embrace in prayer.
"Embrace in prayer."

But, after all these duties, when they're done,
Must I, in point of merit, them disown,
And trust for life in Jesus' blood alone?
"In Jesus' blood alone."

Echo, enough! thy lessons please me well;
Till next we meet again, Farewell! farewell!
"Farewell! farewell!"

The Children's Corner.

"REMEMBER THE SABBATH-DAY TO KEEP IT HOLY."

GOD spake these words from Mount Sinai; as if he had said, (forget that when I had finished my creation, I instituted the Sa and remember why I did so, and for what purpose. In Gen. ii. read that God blessed the seventh day; by which we are to unde that God spake good of the Sabbath. And, my young friend blesses you when by his promises he speaks to you; and you ble when, from a sense of his kindness, you are thankful for his m and speak good of his name.

The Sabbath-day should always be kept holy; and on this day should be rest from the labours of six days. No work should b on the Sabbath that can be done on other days; works of merc of kindness alone, excepted.

The day should be devoted to rest of body and improvem mind. God says he has hallowed it; and we should have a car we do nothing on this day that he will not approve. We ougl only to rest the body from labour and toil, but the mind should a at rest; that is, not employed in earthly schemes and plans. reading should be different on this day from what it usually is, a pleasant stories and tales that amuse and instruct us should b aside; and the Bible, or some other good book, fitted for the should be selected by us and read seriously.

We should feel that it is a holy and sacred day, and should e vour to make our lives and conversation correspond to it. The ings that flow to us from the observance of the Sabbath are inn able; and its institution shows the goodness and love of God to It is necessary, not only to the body of man, but also to the a employed in his service. If we should take this rest away, the l would be too great, and man and beast would fail under it. Wi this day, religion, which has done so much for us, would soon fai the mind of man would soon forget its origin and end. Dr. (says, "Those who habitually disregard its moral obligations, a man not only good for nothing, but are wretched in themselves, a to society, and often end their lives miserably." Children, "Re ber the Sabbath-day to keep it holy." And on every returning Sa morning let your cheerful song be—

"Welcome sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes."

UNCLE.

THE PREACHER'S AXE.

At a meeting held lately in Edinburgh, on behalf of the missions of the Primitive Methodist church, Dr. Guthrie, who presided, said:—"Many years ago, while in the neighbourhood of Newcastle, he met with one or two excellent gentlemen, who told him, in talking of the moral and religious state of the colliers round Newcastle, that there was a village in that part of England that had long been in a most dark, and deplorable, and wretched condition. Church-going was a thing unknown, the sabbath-day was an institute unobserved, the parents were given up to the slavery of drunkenness, and the children were rising up without any education at all. The ministers of the Church of England, to their credit, came down upon this field, laboured for some time, and gave it up in despair. After they had abandoned the field it was tried, he thought, by the Independents. The same results. After these the Presbyterians tried it. No result. The people sat under the word unmoved, or rather they did not sit under it at all, for they would not come to church. Then he thought his excellent friend, Mr. Jonathan Watson's body—the Baptists—tried it. They were as powerless. Then came a body which should have been able to say with Cæsar, 'I came, I saw, I conquered,' the Wesleyan Methodists. Even they, with all their power and vigour, with all their zeal, found this field unworkable, and they abandoned it in despair. Last, not least, appeared their friends the Primitives. What a forlorn hope! Nevertheless, one of the Primitive Methodists, full of faith, full of zeal, burning with ardour like an angel from heaven, came down on the place. He called a meeting for worship on the sabbath. There were about two thousand of the population. He appointed the meeting, appointed the hour, was there, and out of two thousand of the population there were only fifteen persons present. Well: he preached them a most rousing sermon, and closed by calling to their recollection the day of judgment was coming upon the inhabitants of that wretched heathen village, who would have to stand at the bar of God, and there would no doubt be witnesses there against them for their carelessness, infidelity, and practical heathenism; and that, should there be such witnesses, and he could help in doing away with them, he would do so. Says he, 'This very pulpit will be a witness against you; bring me an axe!' The people were amazed when he called for an axe; and they were more astonished when, having got the axe, he smashed the pulpit all to atoms! 'Now,' said the preacher, 'one witness is gone.' He then announced that he would preach on the succeeding

sabbath, and that they would have one more offer of salvation l their doom would sound. Next sabbath-day came. By this the news of the pulpit being smashed with the axe had gone way down into the coal-pits around; and then, when he cam Lord's-day, there were not fifteen, but one hundred people i chapel. This was hopeful. Nevertheless, he preached with power, and zeal, and fire, and fervour, than ever; and looking on the benches, he said, 'These empty benches will be wit against you; bring me the axe!' To the astonishment of his he the preacher proceeded, and this time demolished the empty ben and announced that for the third and last time he would pre the succeeding sabbath, and offer them mercy, and if they rejec it was at their own peril. The third sabbath came, but the n this strange minister had gone down to the very bottom of the d coal-pit, and when he came next Lord's-day, there was not a bu in the village to hold the people who were anxious to hear him addressed them in an open field, and there were thousands o sons present; and from that day to this that village had been l on as a garden of the Lord. He (Dr. Guthrie) came home from England with the story. He told it to Dr. Duff, the Indian missionary, and said to him, 'What do you think of 'Ah,' replied Dr. Duff, 'that's preaching; the preaching that right preaching is the thing that tells upon the people who have to address.'

There were many people in this world whom one style of p ing suited, and there were other people whom that style of pre did not suit at all. If a person went into a carpenter's shop not find all the tools of the same kind and character. Som straight and some were crooked, some were sharp as a raz some were blunt as a beetle, some were smooth and some rugged; and if it were proposed to the carpenter that he shou have all one kind of tools, the carpenter would shake his he say, 'That wont do for me, I have all kinds of work, and I have all kinds of tools to do it with.' He did not say t preached like the Primitive Methodists, though he sometimes he could. The Primitive Methodists had a peculiar style of p ing, and there was occasion for it. There were people to w was necessary to preach as the prophets of old preached. people took offence at the Primitive Methodists for their p style of preaching. They preached by action. But pray wh the prophet of old do? He took his hair, and divided it int *parts*, and cut one part with a knife, and another part he burn

her part he flung to the winds of heaven. The prophet, in that , preached by action. He (Dr. Guthrie) did not care how a man ached, if he made a lodgment for the truth and a lodgment for love of Christ. The Primitive Methodists, by their striking, ng, peculiar style of preaching—preaching, perhaps, that would suit St. John's congregation, nor his friend, Mr. Watson's—but aching admirably adapted for the people of England whom they been called to labour among—preaching by action. And the ult was that the Primitive Methodists had told on a class of people no other body could tell on, and by their exertions thousands ouls had been won to Christ. He would like to know what uld have been going on in Lancashire, where people were starving, re men did not know where to turn for bread for their starving ilies, if they had not heard of religion. It was not the power of bayonet, it was not the power of the police, it was the power of Bible which had taught them that patience and forbearance which so much characterised their conduct of late. He said, there- , that to the Methodist body in England, in all its many sections, owed at this time the marvellous spectacle and magnanimous ence that these operatives of England were at present exhibiting re the world."

PARSON SAM AND HIS FIDDLE.

the days of slavery in Jamaica, a negro called Sam was a servant gentleman's family. Though a slave he had a comfortable situa- , and little to do except to wait upon his master. He excelled laying on a violin, and was accustomed to play that instrument he merry-makings of the negroes and the balls of the Europeans. was brought, however, to listen to the Word of Life. It reached heart, he felt the importance of religion, he embraced the Gospel, became a decided christian. Fearing that this musical instru- nt might now prove a snare, he broke it. How well it would be many, who slight their salvation through their eager attention to sic, if they did the same. He broke his instrument, for he thought e sold it he might be tempted to buy another with the money, by breaking it he guarded against such a temptation. One day master informed him that he would soon be wanted to play his urite instrument, he replied, "fiddle broke massa."—"It must mended Sam."—"Broke all to pieces massa."—"Well we must a new one, Sam."—"Me tink dat no good massa, be soon broke." master began to suspect that this breaking of fiddles must have

something to do with religion, to which, unhappily, he was no friend. "I hope you do not go to pray, and go after these madheaded folks, Sam."—"To tell de truth me gone, massa." His owner now threatened him with punishment, and told him he should be flogged; the negro, however, was firm. "Dat no good, massa, whip no flogge de Word out." His master then declared that he should be turned out of his comfortable situation, and sent to work on the plantation; he, however, had counted the cost; he remained immoveable, and his owner's threat was executed. Now dismissed from a situation of comfort to toil in a field of labour, under the burning sun of Jamaica, he felt, for a time, a degree of depression, unable to comprehend the will of the Most High. He, however, soon perceived that an opportunity for doing important good was now before him. In his master's family he mingled with a few domestics; now he was in the midst of three hundred slaves. He began, therefore, to talk with them, to tell them about his Saviour, and to invite them to go and hear his minister.. Many of them yielded to his invitations, and in a little while of these three hundred, about one hundred and fifty became regular hearers of the everlasting Gospel. His master heard of his holy activity, and felt still more incensed. He called for him, and addressed him with severity. "How dare you trouble my negroes? I will have no praying negroes."—"Me no tink they are troubled, massa; they do not seem much troubled, massa. Do they work worse, or are they more saucy, massa?"—"That is nothing to you; how dare you trouble my negroes?"—"To tell de truth, massa, me tink dat de bread dat is good for my soul, is good for budder neger; and me tink dat if it is a good ting for me to escape hell, it is good for budder neger; and if heaven is a good place for me, it is good for budder neger; and me pray for my rich massa; and me tink dat if my rich massa would once go and hear de missionary, he would always go afterwards." This was too much for the master's patience; he called the negro *parson Sam*, banged the door, and sent him away. The poor christian departed with a grateful heart, thankful to God that he had escaped with nothing more severe than angry words; and he began to do as every one should do who receives the mercies of the Lord—he thought what more could he do for his good and gracious God. His master possessed other estates, and had from one to two thousand negroes upon them. Sam turned his attention to them. When his hard day's work beneath a tropical sun was finished, he would steal away of a night to one or other of these plantations, to talk to those slaves about his Saviour, and invite them to go and hear the missionary. Sometimes he did this as often as two or three

;hts in a week. At other times when the Saturday came, which s allowed for himself, he would embrace the opportunity thus ɔrded, go to a plantation, and invite the negroes to go down with a to hear "Massa Missionary." Thus he persisted in this course benevolent zeal till he had brought about *five hundred* persons to :ome regular hearers of the Gospel, many of whom had felt its wer, and of whom, at the time this narrative was given, upwards *forty* had been baptized, while a number more were serious ;uirers after salvation.

It is quite possible that even in England, in the place where the ıder lives, and in the very place of worship the reader attends, there y be some empty pews or benches which look very bare and very ly, and which would look much better if they were well filled. nnot *you*, an English free man, persuade a few scores to come and them as easily as this negro slave persuaded hundreds? No one uld find fault with you for doing so. The fact is, we want, in every ce, more Parson Sam's.

Poetry.

WHAT A SERMON SHOULD BE.

It should be brief: if lengthy it will steep
Our hearts in apathy, our eyes in sleep;
The dull will yawn, the heavy-headed doze,
Attention flag, and memory's portal close.

It should be warm; a living altar coal,
To melt the icy heart and charm the soul;
A sapless, dull harangue, however read,
Will never rouse the soul, or raise the dead.

It should be simple, practical, and clear;
No fine-spun theory to please the ear;
No curious lay to tickle letter'd pride,
And leave the poor and plain unedified.

It should be tender and affectionate,
As His warm words who wept lost Salem's fate:
The fiery law with words of love allay'd,
Will sweetly warn and awfully persuade.

It should possess a well-adapted grace
To situation, audience, time, and place;
A sermon form'd for scholars, statesmen, lords,
With peasants and mechanics ill accords.

It should with evangelic beauties bloom,
Like Paul's at Corinth, Athens, or at Rome;

While some will only eloquence esteem,
A bleeding Saviour is the gospel theme!
It should be mix'd with many an ardent prayer,
To reach the heart, and fix and fasten there;
When God and man are mutually address'd—
God grants a blessing, man is truly blest.
It should be close and well applied at last,
To make the sacred nail securely fast:
The pointed words, "Thou art the man," will make
A David tremble, or a Felix quake. J. M.

Anecdotes and Selections.

AN ENGLISH SABBATH TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—I cannot forget that in my youth, in those late times, when we lost the labours of some of our most godly teachers, for not reading publicly the Book of Sports and dancing on the Lord's-day, one of my father's own tenants was the town piper, hired by the year, (for many years together,) and the place of the dancing assembly was not a hundred yards from our door. We could not, on the Lord's-day, either read a chapter, or pray, or sing a psalm, or catechise, or instruct a servant, but with the noise of the pipe and tabor, and the shoutings in the street, continually in our ears. Even among a tractable people we were the common scorn of all the rabble in the streets, and called puritans, precisians, and hypocrites, because we rather chose to read the Scriptures than to do as they did, though there was no savour of Nonconformity in our family. And when the people by the book were allowed to play and dance out of public service-time, they could so hardly break off their sports that many a time the reader was fain to stay till the pipers and players would give over. Sometimes the morris-dancers would come into the church in all their linen, and scarfs, and antic-dresses, with morris-bells jingling at their legs; and as soon as common prayer was read, did haste out presently to their play again.—*Baxter.*

SIXPENCE A WEEK.—I remember some years ago, says Mr. Jay, to have buried a corpse. Outside of the audience that surrounded me I saw a female wrinkled with age and bending with weakness; one hand held a motherless grandchild, the other wiped away her tears with the corner of a woollen apron. I pressed towards her when the service was closed. "Have you lost a friend?" She heaved a sigh, as she said, "The Lord bless her memory!" I soon found the deceased had allowed her for several years sixpence a week. O my God! is it possible that so small a sum may cause a widow's heart to sing for joy, and save the child of the needy? Who would waste a *sixpence*, who would indulge themselves in extravagance, who would not deny themselves, to *be able to secure* the blessing of those that are ready to perish?

A Refuge in a Storm.—A few years since, in a fearful gale on Christmas-eve, an old man-of-war's man and his wife, who lived in a light-house constructed on wooden piles driven into the sand, were awakened by the violence of the storm. The whole place rocked and shook through and through, as if each wave would be its destruction. There seemed scarcely a hope of safety. In the midst of the tempest these people had one comfort—the Bible. The wife only could read, and putting her mouth close to her husband's ear, for the roaring of the storm, she read to him from God's word, expecting every moment to be their last. So they continued till morning broke, and the storm ceased. We have often thought how powerfully this scene might be made to stand forth by the hand of the painter.

Lessons from Tombs.—When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies within me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every immoderate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon the tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see tombs of parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must soon follow; when I see kings lying with those who deposed them—when I consider rivals laid side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their disputes,—I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind; when I read the several dates of some of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some centuries ago, I think of that great day when we shall all meet before the judgment seat of Christ.

Goodness commands Respect.—While a lady was distributing tracts in a rough neighbourhood, a gentleman who had been standing by said to her, "May I ask you what induces you to come to such a place as this with tracts?" She explained to him that the people there needed such instruction, and that many of them would not receive tracts from any but ladies; and that since the duty must be performed by females, it as really devolved upon her as upon any other. "But, Madam, are you never insulted?" She replied that she never had been. "Well," said he, "I saw you speaking to a sailor and giving him a tract; I was afraid so rough a man would have insulted you, and that was the reason I waited." Here he paused a short time, and then added, "But I see how it is; *your employment commands respect.*"

Dont trample on the Fallen.—Would you throw a brick-bat at one who had fallen overboard? Would you gather stones and pile them on the wall that had fallen on a man? Would you throw a keg of gunpowder near the person who had fallen into the fire? Then why heap words of reproach upon him who has erred from the path of duty? Why denounce him and spurn him from your presence? Shame on you! shame! Go and lift him up.

I can't—You can—Try.—"I can't do it,"—Yes you can, try,—try hard, try often, and you will accomplish it. Yield to every discouraging circumstance, and you will do nothing worthy of a great mind. Try, and you will do wonders. You will be astonished at yourself—

at your advancement in whatever you undertake. "*I can't*" has ruin many a man—has been the tomb of bright expectation and of ard hope. Let "I will *try*" be your motto in whatever you undertake, a if you press onward, you will steadily and surely accomplish y object, and come off victorious. Try—keep trying, and you will wi

The Fireside.

ON MARRIAGE.

"MARRIAGE is honourable in all," for if we consider carefully the c dition of a married man and that of an old bachelor, we shall see l little reason the latter has to congratulate himself that he has ne been "caught." The married man has some one to think of all little comforts; to sympathize alike in his adversity and in his p perity; to soothe his ill-humour when he is annoyed; to amuse when he is dull, and to nurse him when he is ill; but who cares fo old bachelor?—unless, indeed, he should chance to be rich, and t he is surrounded by courtiers, all eager to please him; but with w hope?—only that they may benefit by his death.

Marriage has in it more of safety than the single life; it hath more ease, but less danger; it is more merry and more sad; it is fu of sorrows and fuller of joys; it lies under more burdens, but is s ported by all the strength of love and charity; and those burdens delightful. Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves ki doms, and fills cities and churches, and heaven itself. Celibacy, the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in perpetual sweetness, but alone, and is confined and dies in singularity; but marriage, like useful bee, builds a house, and gathers sweetness from every flov and labours and unites into societies and republics, and sends out c nies, and feeds the world with delicacies, and obeys the law, and ke order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of m kind, and is that state of good to which God hath designed the pres constitution of the world.

Oh! surely marriage is a great and sacred responsibility. It is a b in which two souls venture out on life's stormy sea, with no aid but th own to help them; the well-doing of their frail vessel must in fut solely rest upon themselves; no one can take part either to mar or m their bliss or misery. From her husband alone must henceforth flow the happiness that the wife is destined to know; he is the only bei she must care to please; all other men are now to be to her but shado glancing on the wall. And he—what is his share in the compact? h does he fulfil his promise—redeem his pledge? For does he not sw to guard, and cherish, and look leniently on the faults of the gentle g he takes to his heart? and in return for all her duty and sweet obe *ence, be* true to her in sickness and health, in wealth and in pover

ever and for ever? And blessed are the unions in which those feel-
rs are fostered and preserved.
Marriage is not an arbitrary institution. It is the physical and moral
ion of one man and one woman, who thus become one person; and
injury offered to marriage, to its unity, its holiness, is a violation of
tural law, a senseless rebellion against the Creator, a source of
series and disorders innumerable.

The Penny Post Box.

MAXIMS—IN PROSE AND VERSE.

IAVE been trying to write a few. I do not know what may be
ught of them, but I venture to give them as they are. They may
some good, and cannot do harm. Let those who can, send you
ne better. WILL WATCH.

Persevere against discouragements.

Easily said, but not easily done.
True: but thus only is victory won.

Always have some work in hand.

Idleness never will lead thee to wealth;
It will sour thy temper and ruin thy health.

Dont put yourself in a bustle.

Steadily onward pursue your own way;
Making haste slowly will soon win the day.

Be punctual in your engagements.

Honestly filling up each obligation,
Is sure to gain for you a good reputation.

Dont put off doing a good thing.

For thyself or for others do good when you may;
Dont think of to-morrow, but do it to-day.

Make up your mind to do right.

Wait not for others to shew you the way.
Waiting for them, how long will you stay?

Be temperate in all your conduct.

In eating and drinking, and waking and sleeping,
Or want and its woes will on you come creeping.

Never anticipate uncertain troubles.

The clouds now above you may soon pass away.
To-morrow may turn out a sunshiny day.

Keep your expenses within your income.

"They often fail who go on horseback—but
They seldom fail who do their work on foot."

Remember your last account.

Men may misjudge you, but God will do right.
Do all things now as in His holy sight.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

TEN DECISIVE BATTLES.

THE battle of Chalons, A.D. 451; in which Ætius defeated Attila, the Hun, the self-styled "Scourge of God," and saved Europe from entire devastation.

The battle of Tours, 735; in which Charles Martel, by the defeat of the Saracens, averted the Mohammedan yoke from Europe.

The battle of Orleans, 1429; in which the English were defeated, and the independent existence of France secured.

The defeat of the Spanish Armada, 1588; which crushed the hopes of the Papacy in England.

The battle of Blenheim, 1704; in which Marlborough, by the defeat of Tallard, broke the power and crushed the ambitious schemes of Louis XIV.

The defeat of Charles XII. by Peter the Great, at Pultowa, 1709; which secured the stability of the Muscovite empire.

The battle of Saratoga, 1777; in which General Gates defeated Burgoyne, and which decided the contest in favour of the American Revolutionists.

The battle of Valmy, 1792; in which the Continental allies, under the Duke of Brunswick, were defeated by the French, under Dumouriez; without which the French Revolution would have been stayed.

The battle of Waterloo, 1815; in which the Duke of Wellington hopelessly defeated Napoleon, and saved Europe from his grasping ambition.

The fall of Sebastopol in 1855; by which the ambitious designs of the powerful Czar Nicholas of Russia were frustrated, and the fears of Europe removed.

All these contests had a great influence in their results upon the world.

What may be the result present horrid contest in An know not. But surely, the of slavery.

And yet, shall the sworc for ever? How long, O L long!

Hints

AGAINST DRUNKENNES

WILLIAM COBBETT, once a pl and at last a Member of Pa says—"When this vice has t hold of a man, farewell indus well emulation, farewell atte things worthy of attention, love of virtuous society, far cency of manners, and fare even an attention to person thing is sunk by this pred and brutal appetite. In hc instances do we see men w begun life with the brightest p before them, and who have without one ray of comfort an lation. Young men, with g tunes, good talents, good good hearts, and sound const only by being drawn into th of the drunkard, have bec degrees the most loathsome picable of mankind. In the the drunkard there is no h for any one. All is uncerta anxiety. He is not the same any one day at a time. No o of his outgoings or his in When he will rise, or when h down to rest, is wholly a r chance. That which he swa what he calls pleasure brings surely as the night brings th ing. Poverty and misery ar train. To avoid these result called upon to make no Abstinence requires no exper complish it. Our own will is

te; and if we have not the will
)id contempt, disgrace, and
, we deserve neither relief nor
ision."

:SPEARE says—"O, that men
put an enemy in their mouths,
I away their brains! that we
with joy, revel, pleasure, and
se, transform ourselves into
'

lrunken man is like a drowned
ı fool, and a madman: one
t above heat makes him a fool;
ond mads him; and the third
ı him."

Gems.

ECTION.—Whatever doubt there
ı of this being attainable by the
ın on earth, the certainty that
be his portion in heaven should
both hope and joy.

ISES AND VEXATIONS are as dis-
; forces to loosen us from earth,
ake us long for the state in
they will be unknown.

:ULATION is so necessary to the
ın, that a pious woman once
ıat if we had it not, she believed
ould in love send an angel from
to bring it to us.

)RGIVING SPIRIT.—"I am deter-
" said a good man, "by the
of God, to forgive everybody
ıing, but myself nothing."

ENDER CONSCIENCE is an ines-
ı blessing. It keeps watch over
ırt, and is as quick to shut out
the eyelash to keep out a fly.

' CAN I BE MORE HAPPY? I
ell you. Was Jesus Christ
' You say, yes. Then do as he
He was always doing good; and
re you try to do good the more
you will be.

NKFUL FOR CHRIST we shall be
ul for everything else. But
ankful for Christ, we shall not
ıkful for anything.

IST'S RIGHTEOUSNESS is the
e coin of heaven, bearing the
stamp, and dealt out to us
freely from the royal treasury. I
must not try to pass the bad coin of
my righteousness at the bar of eternity.

GRIEVE FOR NOTHING but sin, and
grieve that you dont grieve enough
for it; for you cannot grieve for it too
much. Rejoice in nothing but Christ,
and rejoice in him always for all
things. You cannot rejoice too much,
for all things are yours in Him.

Poetic Selections.

THE BACHELOR'S PRAYER.

THOU great Redeemer of my soul,
My body too is thine;
And all my temporal concerns
I to thy choice resign.

Do thou direct my every step,
And guard from every snare;
I know I am no longer safe,
Than while I am thy care.

Fix me in that estate wherein
I most may honour thee;
If what I wish would move me thence,
Lord, never let it be!

Grant a companion, if thou please,
A real child of thine;
And with thy blessing fill the hands
Thou shalt together join.

Choose thou for me, whose piercing eye
Can fathom every breast:
If I should choose, how soon may I
Be curst instead of blest.

If riches would but lift me up,
Or somehow me ensnare,
Grant poverty to keep me low,
And grace the weight to bear.

But rich or poor, or fair or plain,
Give me a wife with grace:
In whom I may without a stain
The Saviour's image trace.

Her may I love, not idolize,
And mutual be the flame;
In quiet thus our days shall pass,
And we will praise thy name!

Better to live, if thou so please,
In cottage mean and cold,
Than in a mansion-house to dwell,
Tormented with a scold.

Yet if I needs must have a shrew,
With temper sour and rough,
O may thy grace the plague subdue,
When I've been tried enough.

One flesh with me may no one be,
And member of the devil,
But well met here, may we meet there,
Where never enters evil.

The Children's Corner.

THE TWIN SISTERS.

I WAS once asked by a friend to go with her to visit a sick ch reaching the house, we were shown by the mother into a room in a little low bed, were two pretty children of five years, twi The sick one had begged to be laid in her own bed beside he The child was suffering from that terrible disease, croup, and t liarly hoarse breathing we heard told too well that her ho numbered. The twin sister by her side, in full health, was t herself, all unconscious of the death sleep that was stealing other one. They were in their little bed together for the la for in the morning one would wake to this world, so beautiful hood, so full of hope; but the other, (ah, happier child!) wo *her* eyes on that world made so beautiful by the glory of the who is the light thereof," that "hath no need of the sun," wh pain, nor sorrow, nor death.

It was a touching sight, those twin sisters in that little bed side, so near to each other, yet so widely separated,—one within the gates of the city, and just about to walk its golden the other left here to walk alone, perhaps long years, till the fe grow weary, and she should long to be at rest.

Little children, do not be afraid when I tell you that death i near you,—it is ever at your side, you have but to turn your e you will see it. It comes to your playmate at school, who has hand in yours, his head bending over the same book; to the teac guides you in the way of knowledge; to the home you love, an it may be, your father, or mother; ay, even to your little bed, sleeper at your side awakes in heaven. But will you rememb there is one *as* near you, yes, *more near*—the blessed Lord Je you love *Him*, if you trust *Him*, death will not make yo nothing can hurt you then; even death will be but the ent life,—a life far more blessed than this.

I saw this child the next evening. All was still: I heard tressed breathing, I saw no sign of suffering on that sweet fac pleasant smile, that seemed to tell me she was in the arm gentle Shepherd,—

> "In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
> For all who are washed and forgiven;
> And many dear children are gathering there,—
> For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

AN ENGLISH HIGHWAYMAN.

One hundred years ago, in the days of bad roads and dark nights, the mounted highwayman was the terror of travellers. We hear of robberies now, in towns as well as in the country, by footpads, who suddenly spring upon their victim and make off; but in those days, mounted on a fleet horse, with pistol in hand, such fellows as the infamous Dick Turpin made a regular trade of highway robbery, until caught at last, as they generally were, and then, in those days of hanging, the gallows was their certain doom. Here is a tale of an English highwayman who dared to ply his daring and guilty trade in the daytime.

"Dr. Conder, during his residence at Cambridge, having taken a ride to Peterborough, on his return across the fens, saw a gentleman in a private lane, at some distance, standing by his horse. As he approached, the supposed gentleman mounted, and coming up to him, demanded his money. The doctor immediately recognised him as a former inhabitant of Cambridge, but thought it prudent to conceal his knowledge. Not satisfied with receiving all his cash, to the amount of several guineas, the highwayman asked him for his watch. This being a family piece he pleaded hard to retain it, but the man persisting in a menacing tone in his demand, he surrendered it, though not without much reluctance.

The doctor was a man of tender sympathy. This amiable quality soon suppressed all concern for personal safety and the property thus violently wrested from him, and led him to commiserate an unhappy man, whose evil practices were leading him in hasty strides to the chambers of death, and to attempt to reclaim him. He immediately addressed him with great civility, inquired what way he was going, and proposed, if agreeable, to ride in company, assuring him at the same time that he need not entertain the least apprehension upon his account. His obliging manner won upon the highwayman, and opened the way to a familiar conversation.

During the robbery itself, the man, with all his assumed courage, could not conceal the agitation of his mind. From this circumstance the doctor took occasion to suggest that his present mode of subsistence, separate from its moral turpitude, was both unwise and dangerous, as the small sums generally collected at one time in these adventures were inadequate to the risk, as they required the frequent exposure of his person, and must subject him to perpetual alarms. The robber urged the common plea of necessity. The doctor repre-

sented that it was an unpleasant and commonly a fatal necessity, as it was not only a trespass upon the rights of society and the authority of God, but would subject him to a dreadful penalty in the life that now is, as well as in that which is to come. Here he entreated him to desist from these pernicious habits—urged him to repentance, assuring him that there was forgiveness, through Jesus Christ, for the most atrocious offenders; and that he did not doubt, if he implored direction from above, but Providence would so direct his way as to enable him to 'provide things honest in the sight of all men.'

This conversation appeared to make a deep impression; the immediate effect of which was, the robber took the watch, and returned it to him, saying, 'he conducted himself so like a gentleman, that he could not think of retaining it.' The doctor replied that he greatly valued the watch, and received it with pleasure; but acknowledged that he had a higher object in view than the restoration of his property.

As they continued their discourse, he took the money out of his pocket, and tendered that also to the doctor, saying that his conscience would not permit him to keep it. But the doctor absolutely refused receiving it, begging him not to consider it as forced from him, but as a gift of benevolence to a necessitous man. At this instance of generosity he appeared additionally affected.

Coming nearer to Cambridge, the robber told him that he was under the necessity of leaving him, and on parting said he hoped he should attend to his advice. He then took a cross-road to reach the town; but having previously committed other robberies in the neighbourhood, the constables were on the look-out for him, and he was soon identified and seized. The doctor leisurely continued his ride, and on his arrival at Cambridge was greatly surprised to meet him in the street, in the custody of those who apprehended him. On his commitment to prison, he sent for his spiritual monitor, who found him in very great distress. During his confinement, both before and after trial, he made him repeated visits, which were rendered eminently useful; and at his execution Dr. C. had every reason to believe he died penitent."

Repentance for sin, in immediate prospect of certain death, is always of a doubtful character. But we must not judge any man. God only knoweth the heart; but the example of the crucified malefactor affords hope that such repentance may be sincere, and find forgiveness and salvation. Let no man, then, ever despair of *the mercy of God*; and let no man presume, for that would be at a *dreadful risk of* his own soul.

Poetry.

TO THE DEPARTING YEAR.

A FEW short hours, and thou, O year! shalt be
  Where years have found a grave;
A sparkling drop in Time's fast filling sea—
  A gem upon its wave—
One setting star among a countless host,
A glancing meteor, seen but to be lost!

Like mortals, once this dying year was young,
  And Winter saw its birth;
Upon its youth Spring sweetest flowers flung,
  And Summer lent it mirth;
For its decline we heard sad Autumn sigh;
Winter, who saw it born, will see it die.

Thy many hours have fled, O bygone year!
  And with the past thou art,
And voices which I loved, no more are here
  To glad my lonely heart;
But memory lends to thee a cheering ray,
And hope gives promise of a brighter day.

Old year! we know full well what *thou* hast been,
  And now for *thee* we grieve;
The stranger year as yet we have not seen,
  But may we not believe
That Heaven upon its dawning hours shall cast
A halo brighter even than the last?

Farewell! farewell! though with departed years
  Thou soon forgot must be,
And passing time shall bring new hopes and fears
  To wile our thoughts from thee,
Thy joys, like angel voices, oft shall come
To chase our sadness and dispel our gloom.

We may not bid the coming year farewell,
  Earth may have claimed her kindred dust e'erwhile;
And friends who wept the blossom when it fell
  Have dried their tears, and e'en begin to smile;
Then, Heavenly Father! may we gain the prize
Of faith in Christ made perfect in the skies! M. S. H.

Anecdotes and Selections.

JOHN HUSS, when the chain was put about him at the stake, said, with a smiling countenance, "My Lord Jesus Christ was bound with a harder chain than this for my sake; and why should I be afraid of this old rusty one?" When the faggots were piled up to his very neck, the Duke of Bavaria was officious enough to desire him to abjure. "No," said Huss, "I never preached any doctrine of an evil tendency; and what I taught with my lips I now seal with my blood." He said to the executioner, "Are you going to burn a *goose*? In one century you will have a *swan* you can neither roast nor boil." If he were prophetic, he must have meant *Luther*, who had a swan for his arms. The flames were then applied to the faggots, when the martyr sung a hymn with so loud and cheerful a voice, that he was heard through all the cracklings of the combustibles and the noise of the multitude. At last, his voice was short after he had uttered, "Jesus Christ, thou Son of the living God, have mercy upon me!" and he was consumed in a most miserable manner.

RIGHT TO READ THE BIBLE.—By a law in the 34th of Henry VIII., it was enacted that no woman, except noblewomen and gentlewomen, might read to themselves alone, or to others, any texts of the Bible; nor artificers, apprentices, journeymen, husbandmen, nor labourers, were to read the Bible or New Testament in English to themselves, or to any other person, privately or openly. With what pleasure ought we to reflect on our deliverance from those times of darkness, and that *now* we live in a land of bibles, and in a time when they are circulating in almost every part of the world. But in Spain until this day the bible is a forbidden book, under penalty of long imprisonment.

SPIRITUAL TYRANNY.—Few men were more bigoted or cruel than Archbishop Laud. He sharpened the spiritual sword, and drew it against all sorts of offenders, intending that the discipline of the church should be felt as well as spoken of. There had not been such a crowd of business in the High Commission Court since the Reformation, nor so many large fines imposed, as under this prelate's administration. The fines, we are told, were assigned to the repair of St. Paul's, which gave rise to an unlucky proverb—"that the church was repaired with the sins of the people." And the Mansion House of the Lord Mayor was built chiefly by fines on nonconforming citizens.

THE FOX'S TAIL.—A lady once asked a minister whether a person might not pay some attention to dress and the fashions without being proud. "Madam," replied the minister, "whenever you see the tail *of the fox* out of the hole, you may be sure the fox is there."

ɔLISH FASHIONS.—"It may be a sufficient censure of some ns to say that they are ridiculous. Their chief effect is to dis- the female form. And perhaps the inventors of them had no design than to make a trial how far they could lead the passive ıking *many* in the path of absurdity. Some fashions, which seem ve been at first designed to hide a personal deformity, have ıed a general prevalence with those who had no such deformity e." The above was written eighty years ago, when hoops were *ɔut*. Who could think that women in our day would have been ish as to let them *come in* again?

COULD NEVER FRET.—Some people are *always* fretting; and annot give over. Mr. Samuel Medley, of Liverpool, was par- ·ly noted for his cheerfulness, and was a pleasing example of ɪable confidence in God, as it respected his providential dispen- ɜ; frequently saying he could never fret five minutes in his life, ngs look ever so dark.

The Fireside.

CONTRAST OF THE IDLE AND THRIFTY WIFE.

From a rare Old Poem by Thomas Tusser, 1580.

THE idle wife lieth till nine of the clock,
The thrifty wife trieth to rise with the cock.

The idle wife trusteth to him, and to her,
The busy wife hasteth herself for to stir.

The idle wife one thing or other must crave,
The thrifty wife nothing but needful, will have.

The idle wife moveth with gossips to spend,
The busy wife loveth the household to tend.

The idle wife bringeth a shilling to naught,
The thrifty wife singeth, her cupboard full fraught.

The idle wife rendeth and casteth aside,
The thrifty wife mendeth before it goes wide.

The idle wife craveth in secret to borrow,
The thrifty wife saveth to-day, for to-morrow.

The idle wife pineth not having to eat,
The careful wife dineth with plenty of meat.

The idle wife letteth to satan the store,
The busy wife getteth, and of little makes more.

The Penny Post Box.

ABOUT THE "CHRISTIAN PIONEER."

I HAVE been a reader of your *Pioneer* for a considerable length of time, and find it very instructive and useful. Myself and a friend of mine are called upon in the good providence of God to labour in a sabbath school, where we have several young friends committed to our charge. We meet every sabbath to read God's holy word, and to speak with them of the Saviour's love, who came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance; to seek the wanderers in the dangerous deserts of sin, and bring them home to his father's house. We give each of our scholars one of your *Pioneers* every month, and they are much pleased with the gift. Their attendance is good, and we think that if more of our teachers would adopt the same course, they would find a better attendance and more attention. As I am a lover of the *Pioneer*, I wish it may find its way into the dwellings of the poor, where I believe it would do much good both to parents and children.

I may also add that I have been a reader of all your magazines from my youth up. Only once have I seen you, and I may not see you again; but let this be as it may, I hope it will be our blessed privilege to meet in heaven, and then we shall enjoy the smile of God for ever!

Yorkshire. J. F.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

ALBERT EDWARD was born Nov. 9, 1821, and therefore attained his majority on Nov. 9, 1862.

The Prince was then entitled to enter the House of Lords as the first Peer in the realm, and heir to the throne.

His Royal Highness is also Duke of Cornwall, with large revenues, and Earl of Dublin.

The eldest son of the sovereign only has the style and title of "Prince" legally; the other sons are called Princes by courtesy.

When the younger sons of the royal family are of age they are made Dukes, *and also* enter the House of Lords.

All the daughters of the sovereign are called Princesses, but the eldest is called "The Princess."

None of the royal family are allowed to marry a subject of the sovereign. This is done to prevent undue influence among the nobility.

All of them must also marry Protestants. Hence our Princess was married to the Prince of Prussia, and the Prince of Wales is engaged to a Princess of Denmark.

No public rejoicings took place when the Prince came of age, because of the lamented death of his honoured father not quite one year ago.

No Prince of Wales ever enjoyed such advantages of example, education, and travel, as Albert Edward. May he be a good man, and, when the time comes, a good king. It will be his own fault if he is not.

Hints

TAKE CARE OF YOUR CONSCIENCE, and your conscience will take care of you; satisfy it, and it will never fail to satisfy you. A good conscience will always be your nearest and best companion.

HONEST LABOUR is good.—It earns bread, clothing, and lodging, promotes health, drives off discontent, and makes a man hold up his head like a man.

SELF-INDULGENCE is the ruin of thousands. It is the parent of idleness, drunkenness, gluttony, and every vice of human nature. It brings rich men to rags, and sinks the poor into deeper depths of poverty.

LOOK AT YOUR HAND.—What an instrument it is for the most rough or the most delicate work. It can tear down mountains or weave muslins, grasp a sledge hammer or pick up a pin. It was made for work. Use it to good purpose.

NEVER BE STINGY.—Those who freely receive should freely give. A stagnant swamp sucks in all, but only breeds vermin or disease. The running brook diffuses health and verdure as it flows.

HOLD FAST HOPE.—Invite it to your heart and home, and when it comes entertain it, for its cheering sunshine will dry up your tears, and give you promise of a brighter day.

JUST NOW is the time to do a thing that wants doing. It must be so in such a world as this, for who knows what may happen to hinder in an hour, to say nothing of to-morrow.

HOUSEHOLD HAPPINESS greatly depends on doing little things well. Little acts of kindness, and little words of love, go far to make the hearth and home happy.

FORGIVE ONE ANOTHER.—For at one time or other we all feel that we need it.

The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear;
And something every day they live
To pity, or perhaps forgive.

Gems.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.—Prosperity often enfeebles it, just as the feeble plant droops in hot sunshine. Adversity strengthens it, just as the drooping plant is revived by a shower.

LOVE TO SOULS is the soul of love. Show me the man who has no love for the souls of others, and you show me one who has none in his own.

THE HOLY SPIRIT helps us, not by forcing, but by gently and imperceptibly inclining our hearts to accept salvation by Christ with joy and gladness.

IT IS NO PRESUMPTION in a christian to say—God is my great end, Christ my sure way, and the Holy Spirit my safe guide.

ALL THINGS OR CHRIST.—Could a man have all things in heaven and earth, without Christ he could not be happy. We must prefer Christ to all things, and then we shall have all things in Christ.

WE DISHONOUR GOD when we doubt whether he will fulfil his own promises made to us in Christ. They are of exceeding great and precious blessings, but not too great for him to bestow.

"BE YE THANKFUL" is Paul's advice, and it is good. For only the thankful are happy; the unthankful are never happy. All are happy in heaven, for there all are thankful.

WHAT A PLACE HEAVEN MUST BE, where the thankful songs of joy and praise to God and the Lamb employ the happy inhabitants for ever! Who does not wish he were among them?

JESUS.—What a wonderful Saviour is Jesus Christ! There is no evil from which he is not able to save us—sin, death, hell, the grave, and all we most dread. And, on the other hand, there is no blessing that he is not able to bestow—pardon, peace, hope, love, joy, here; and perfect holiness and Eternal Life hereafter.

Poetic Selections.

"I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH."

"I know that my Redeemer lives"—
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead,
He lives, my everlasting head.

He lives, triumphant from the grave,
He lives, eternally to save,
He lives, all glorious in the sky,
He lives, exalted there on high.

He lives, to bless me with his love,
He lives, to plead for me above,
He lives, my hungry soul to feed,
He lives, to help in time of need.

He lives, to grant me fresh supply,
He lives, to guide me with his eye,
He lives, to comfort me when faint,
He lives, to hear my soul's complaint.

He lives, to silence all my fears,
He lives, to stop and wipe my tears,
He lives, to calm my troubled heart,
He lives, all blessings to impart.

He lives, my kind, wise heavenly Fri
He lives, and loves me to the end,
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,
He lives, my prophet, priest and king

He lives, and grants me daily breath,
He lives, and I shall conquer death,
He lives my mansion to prepare,
He lives, to bring me safely there.

He lives, all glory to his name!
He lives, my Jesus still the same,
O, the sweet joy this sentence gives,
"I know that my Redeemer lives."

MAY I, BLESSED REDEEMER,

Believe in Thee firmly,
Hope in Thee joyfully,
Love Thee fervently,
Pray to Thee earnestly,
Walk with Thee humbly,
Work for Thee diligently,
Wait for Thee patiently.

The Children's Corner.

IT WAS MY BROTHER TOMMY'S.

WHILE passing up the street, we saw a little boy seated on the stone. He was about five or six years old, and his combed hair, hands and face, well-patched clothes, and whole appearance, told he was the child of a loving, though poor mother. As we look him closely, we were struck with the heart-broken expression c countenance, and the marks of recent tears on his cheek. So, yie to an impulse which always leads us to sympathise with the jo sorrows of the little ones, we stopped, and putting a hand upo head, asked what was the matter. He replied by holding up : hand the fragments of a broken toy—a figure of a cow.

"Oh! is that all? well, never mind it. Go into the nearest shop and buy another;" and we dropped a fourpenny bit into his "That will buy one, will it not?"

"Oh, yes;" replied he, bursting into a flood of grief, "but thi brother Tommy's; and he's dead!"

The wealth of the world could not have supplied the vacanc the breaking of that toy had left in his little heart. It was Tom and he was dead!

WINKS AND SON, PRINTERS, LEICESTER.

THE

CHRISTIAN PIONEER;

A

MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

ISSUED IN NUMBERS, ONE HALFPENNY EACH.

EDITED BY JOSEPH FOULKES WINKS.

VOLUME XVII.

1863.

LONDON:
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.
LEICESTER:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY WINKS AND SON.

The Editor to his Readers and Friends.

We have been permitted, by Divine favour, to complete another volume of the *Pioneer*.

Our cordial thanks are due to those friends who have sent us suitable papers for insertion; and while acknowledging their kindness, we request a continuance of their favours. Brief religious anecdotes, and short paragraphs of the same character, will be very acceptable.

Every year we feel it due to our friends to report progress. During the year our agents did not fail to sustain the circulation among the subscribers. But we cannot hide from them the fact that the present sales scarcely cover the expences incurred in getting out the publication. We have received many letters expressive of strong approbation of the manner in which the *Pioneer* is got up, and its adaptation to usefulness. But what we need is a far wider circulation, and to secure this for 1864, we earnestly request our agents and readers to make an early effort *during the month of December*, to obtain additional subscribers; which may be managed at little expense of time or trouble. A sight of a single copy of the *Pioneer*, for one halfpenny, would surely be enough to induce any one to order a copy.

We take the liberty of making these suggestions, not merely that we may not suffer loss by its publication, but for the higher reason that if adapted for usefulness its wider circulation is very desirable.

Moreover we are persuaded that this is a very easy and inoffensive way of reaching many who are yet living in ignorance or wilful neglect of the gospel. And further, it will be found that some would rather pay one halfpenny every month for such a little book, than receive a tract by way of loan. Right or wrong, this is a fact; and a christian who wishes to do good among his neighbours could not, perhaps, adopt a better mode of introducing the gospel to their notice. Who can tell what good might be done in numerous families by the introduction of such a monthly visitor as the *Christian Pioneer*.

CONTENTS.

THE DREAM OF A LONDON APPRENTICE.

In a corner of a dark warehouse, at the back of a dark house, in the midst of a dark street in London, a young apprentice boy one day seated himself upon a bale of dusty goods, and presently fell asleep. Poor Francis (that was his name) was not at this time very happy in his mind; though had he known a little more of life, he would have seen much greater reason to be contented with his circumstances than he now did. He had been brought up in the country, perhaps too tenderly, by a very fond mother, a widow; she died; and then he was bound apprentice, by the assistance of his relations, to a London tradesman. Francis fancied he was treated with little kindness in his master's family. Perhaps this partly arose from his ignorance of the world, and mistaken ideas of what may reasonably be expected from those we have to do with. It is probable, too, he had never reflected that in the view of mere men of business, *sentiment*, in all its varieties, is the most worthless kind of dead stock that can lay upon one's hands. Being quite unaccustomed to the prompt and brisk dispatch of London business, he felt at first bewildered and discouraged by the smart orders he received, and the strict attention to them that was required; and he saw no one around him whose counsel he could ask, much less whose sympathy he could invite. For he was but a boy, and the tall lads and smart young men who brushed past him fifty times in a day, up and down the long shop, took no other notice of Francis than scolding him when they were cross, and laughing at him when they were merry. His mistress was, he thought, a *very* fine lady, but he never saw her more than once a day from the remotest end of a long dining table; and then the tone of voice in which she used to say, "Do you choose any more, Francis?" did not much encourage him to open his heart to her. As for his master, he was so many removes from him in dignity and office, that very little intercourse passed between them. It was one afternoon, after having been employed all the preceding part of the day in the warehouse, that Francis, fatigued and melancholy, fell asleep, as before related. Joy and hope keep youthful eyelids open; but the dispirited yield readily to sleep.

Francis's dream, in the early part of it, was (like dreams in general) too indistinct and unconnected to be at all worthy of

notice; but it gradually became more rational; and as well as he can remember, it was to this effect:—He thought that he rose to leave the warehouse; but upon entering the long passage that led to the front of the house, it appeared so unusually dark that he shrunk back, and would have returned, but something compelled him to proceed. At every step he thought the darkness increased, and the passage became so extremely narrow that he could with difficulty creep along upon his hands and knees. It was exceedingly cold, and Francis experienced a horror altogether indescribable. The passage too seemed to lengthen as he proceeded, and he began to despair of reaching the end, when a dim and distant light suddenly discovered it to him. As he advanced, he found that the light proceeded from the crevices of the door at the end of the passage: and it now seemed as if the apartment beyond must be illumined with something brighter than sunbeams. When at length he reached the door, he perceived that it was fastened with bars of massy iron, and exhausted as he was, he despaired of being able to force it open; but, to his great and joyful surprise, it gently unfolded itself and he entered. And now, instead of the dull apartment he was accustomed to see, he found himself at the extremity of a widely-extended lawn, from which arose a spacious and magnificent palace. Noble avenues, spicy groves, beds of flowers, and bowers of roses, cooling rivulets, and sparkling cascades, all shining beneath a cloudless sky, presented themselves to his delighted view. While he was gazing on this agreeable scene, several persons of extraordinary grace and beauty, respectfully approached him, and with smiles of complacency informed him that he was the sole proprietor of this fine estate, Whereupon they conducted him to the interior of the palace, which appeared furnished with every thing to gratify his utmost wishes; and where he found himself surrounded with a chosen circle of intelligent and affectionate friends, who vied with each other in promoting his rare felicity. But there was something besides all this, which it is impossible for language to express. Over the scenery of a pleasing dream there is spread a rich glow of colouring, an air of enchantment, so unlike the tints and aspect of this world, that they seem as if designed on purpose to form a contrast with the dulness of the brightest reality. Dreams represent things present, as hope does the future, and memory the past. Such Francis now beheld: it was enchanted *ground;* surpassing even the visions of youthful fancy. The

adiant sunshine, the richness of the extended prospect, the hills f pearl and gold that glowed in the distance, the oriental magnicence of the palace—above all, the refined and romantic intercourse he enjoyed with his companions, excited in his bosom hrills of indescribable ecstasy. A milk-white steed, richly caparioned, was now led up by a train of servants, on which he was bout to survey the distant parts of his estate: but which, in the antalizing spirit of a dream, he made repeated and ineffectual fforts to mount, with his foot on the stirrup, and no visible imediment, something constantly retarded him as often as he ndeavoured to rise:—at length, just as he was resolving to give ne effectual spring—the rattling of a mail coach that drove uriously through the narrow street, with the piercing notes of the uard's horn, suddenly awoke him, and it being now dark, the amps flashing as they passed on the ceiling and lumber of the arehouse, perfectly restored him to his recollection. Who has ot experienced the blankness of awaking from a dream of ecstasy o the dull reality of present circumstances? No wonder that Francis returned to his employment with a deeper feeling of the oylessness of his situation. For several days the impression of is dream remained so strongly on his imagination, that he began to think it must be interpreted in favour of his future fortune.

There was an old porter, called Stephen, much esteemed for his sobriety and fidelity, who had served many years in this business. His good-natured look and obliging manner often attracted the attention of Francis: and happening one day, soon after this, to be sent to him on some business in the cellars, where Stephen was generally employed, he entered into conversation with him: and in hope of a flattering interpretation, presently related his dream.

"Well, master Francis," said the old porter, when he had finished, "there is nothing in all this but what you may one day come to, if you do but go the right way to work for it."

"Indeed! are you in earnest?" said Francis. "Ah! I suppose you think I have rich relations; but do you know, my old friend (for I don't mind speaking to you, because you look good-natured) that though I am apprenticed to this great business, I am but a poor boy; for I have no father, nor mother either, now; nor any fortune of my own, so that it is very unlikely, is it not, that I should ever come to a fine estate?"

"Not more unlikely than that *I* should," replied the porter;

"and do you know, my young friend, I have good expectations of as great things, and greater too, than any you saw in your dream?"

Here Francis expressed his surprise; and with a look of incredulity requested an explanation. Whereupon the old porter said that if he would not believe him, he would show him the title-deeds of his estate; and reaching an old brown book from a shelf where he always kept it, and putting on his spectacles, he presently pointed Francis to a part which he desired him to read. The words were these: "In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you."

"Dear!" said Francis, "that is only a text in the Bible; do you think I never read that before? You are joking with me, I fancy."

"Oh no, my dear lad, I am quite serious," said the porter, and if you will have patience to hear me, I'll tell you what I mean. I was but a lad like you, very little older than you are, when it pleased God to convince me that if I should gain the whole world and lose my own soul, it would profit me nothing. I was in a great deal of trouble and pain of mind about this until I heard that the Lord Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, and that I, poor unworthy lad as I was, might come to him, and that he would not cast me out. So I believed that he would save me from my sins, and that he would give me, yes, even me, everlasting life. O! it was a wonderful thing! but as God had promised it, who was I that I should dare to doubt it? Well, from that time to this I have gone on my way believing in Christ for all I need. It is true I have had to work hard, and sometimes to fare hard, year after year: and as to the great things of this world, I have had nothing to do with them; but then, I often think to myself, when I am at work in this cellar, and hear the chariots rolling past in the street above, what does that signify? It is but waiting a few years, and, if I do but persevere in the good ways of God, what great things will be mine! Why God himself hath assured us that there is nothing in this world to be compared with what he is preparing for them that love him. Think what one of these mansions will be, that Jesus is gone to make ready: and then, as in your dream, there is but one dark and cold passage to pass before I enter on my heavenly inheritance. O, master Francis, never be fretting yourself because you are not likely to come to such a fine estate in this world as that you saw in your dream; but rejoice to think that there is something far *better*, which God will give you if you do but ask him: so rar

eautiful in heaven, that 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, r can the heart of man conceive the glory which shall be ed.'"

v, as Francis had not been in the habit of hearing much on bject of religion, he was the more struck with this discourse old porter. Especially he noticed the lively joy that he ested in his look and manner, at the prospect of future ness. For it was not mere *talk* with this good man: he felt the unspeakable joy arising from a good hope of soon in heaven. And he was most sincere in saying, that he ated all the good and great things of this world as less than ig in comparison of "that eternal weight of glory:" and O, trange that every one is not of his opinion!

ncis and his old friend had many conversations after this e same subject. Well would it be if such refined and high urse were more frequently held in splendid drawing-rooms t which often passed in the dark cellar. The result appeared unspeakably advantageous to young Francis. His mind was ed of a weight of anxiety, and his spirits rose above their ssion, so soon as he began to perceive that his real and ate happiness did not in the least depend on his condition s world. He reflected with sensations of almost overwhelm- slight, that boundless, endless, and even present felicity, was offered to his choice in the good news of the gospel. And ost happily for him) he had no "great possessions" to ct his choice, he did not "turn away sorrowful," like that oung man in the Gospel, but joyfully, thankfully, accepted E and HAPPINESS. Thus, without fortune, without friends, ut any of those things which are sought after with such un- ig avidity by the men and women of this world, and to the ment of which such tremendous sacrifices are made, this young boy found himself possessed of all wealth in the rchable riches of Christ.

"Why talk we now of earthly things,
The wealth of empires, crowns of kings,
Or aught below the skies?
Can crowns or sceptres be compared
With that exceeding great reward,
On which we fix our eyes?"

Poetry.

WHAT I THOUGHT AND SAW.

I THOUGHT upon my sins, and I was sad,
My soul was troubled sore and fill'd with pain;
But then I thought on Jesus, and was glad—
My heavy grief was turned to joy again.

I thought upon the law, the fiery law,
Holy, and just, and good in its decree;
I look'd to Jesus, and in Him I saw
That law fulfill'd, its curse endured for me.

I thought I saw an angry frowning God,
Sitting as judge upon the great white throne;
My soul was overwhelm'd,—then Jesus show'd
His gracious face, and all my fear was gone.

I saw my sad estate, condemn'd to die,
Then terror seized my heart, and dark despair;
But when to Calvary I turn'd my eye,
I saw the cross, and read forgiveness there.

I saw that I was lost, far gone astray,
No hope of safe return there seem'd to be;
But then I heard that Jesus was the way—
A new and living way prepared for me.

Now in that way, so free, so safe, so sure,
Open'd for me through his atoning blood,
Will I abide, and never wander more,
Walking in fellowship with Christ and God.

Anecdotes and Selections.

THE CLOTHIER'S APPRENTICE.—It is now more than sixty year that in a small town in the South of England, a clever lively lad at his master's shop door one summer evening, and seeing many p going by to a place of worship to hear a stranger, he went int shop again and asked his master if he might go too. He wen with no desire for religion, though his own good mother had often t to him about it, and might, for anything he knew, be praying fo then. However he came away with an arrow, which the preache drawn at a venture, sticking fast in his conscience, and making hi out, as he had never done before, "God be merciful to me a sinn He now could not rest, and did not until he found in the blood of C *the only* balm that could heal his wounded spirit. Being a lad of r

it was not long before he began to preach, and many were pleased
.r him. Having received some instruction, he was invited, while
very young man, to preach in one of the largest towns in England.
ɜnt, and became the minister of the congregation. Crowds came to
ıim. A very large place of worship was built for him. He went
more than fifty years in the same place, preaching, writing books,
ɔing good, until he was one of the most useful men in the world.
ıg to a great number of young people once, he mentioned all this,
ıld them that all he was, and had, and hoped for, he owed to
ɜn. This was the late JOHN ANGELL JAMES, of Birmingham,
.n apprentice boy.

DODDRIDGE, who was a pattern of industry, writing to a minister,
—"Pity me, and pray for me. O my poor, poor attempts of
e!—they shame me continually. My prayers, my sermons, my
ɜs, my books, my letters, all daily shame me." Some have thought,
:hough this was sincere, yet it was an excessive effusion. But
ı it may be answered, that, instead of its being excessive, it is
proof of his increasing knowledge, for, in proportion as we re-
light and grace, so shall we be led to see the imperfection of
thing we do. It was this that influenced Job to say, "Behold,
ile;" Isaiah to cry, "Lo, I am undone;" and Paul to declare
e was "less than the least of all saints."

ERITED REPROOF.—Some years ago a country parson, who was
too fond of field sports, to the neglect of his duties, coming
one day after an unsuccessful chase, met a Quaker on the road.
liately he rode up briskly to him, saying, "Obadiah, have you
he hare?" "Why, neighbour, hast thou lost him?" said the
r.—"Lost him! yes, indeed!" "Then," replied he, "If I were
re, I would run where I am sure thou couldst never find me."—
re is that?" said the son of Nimrod. "Why neighbour," the
answered, "I would run into thy study."

LATE HEARERS.—A minister observing that some of his people
a practice of coming in very late, and after a considerable part of
rmon was gone through, was determined that they should feel the
of a public reproof. One day, therefore, as they entered the
of worship at their usual late period, the minister addressing his
gation, said, "But, my hearers, it is time for us now to conclude,
e are our friends just come to fetch us home." We may easily
ture what the parties felt at this curious but pointed address.

N LAMBERT suffered as a martyr in the year 1538. No man was
ıt the stake with more cruelty. They burned him with a slow
or if it kindled higher and stronger than they chose, they removed
y. Just before he expired, he lifted up such hands as he had, all
lled with fire, and cried out to the people with his dying voice,
glorious words, "*None but Christ! None but Christ!*" He was at
ɜaten down into the fire, and expired.

The Fireside.

LOVE OF HOME, AND HOME LOVE.

LOVE watches over the cradle of the infant, over the couch of t aged, over the welfare and comfort of each and all; to be happy, m retires from the out-door world to his home. In the household cir the troubled heart finds consolation, the disturbed finds rest, the joy finds itself in its true element. Pious souls, when they speak of dea say that they are going home. Their longing for heaven is to th a home-sickness. Jesus also represented the abode of eternal hap ness under the picture of a home, a father's house. Does not this us that the earthly home is appointed to be a picture of heaven, an foretaste of that happier home? And is it not the duty of father mother, and brother and sister, to make their own home as much that as they can? Love, and love only, can make it so.

MY WIFE AN' MY WEANS.

BY A GLASGOW PORTER.

My hame is aye cheerie whene'er til't I gang,
Ance there I ne'er weary, or think the time lang,
For the bliss o' contentment and peace ever reigns
An' brighten the smile o' my wife and the weans.
My wages are sma', but I'm a'ways content,
An' thankfu' to God for the blessings He's sent;
It would dae me nae good t' indulge in complains,
They would only be fretting my wife and the weans.

When my earnin's I get I hamewards repair,
An' as sune as I'm heard to put foot on the stair,
I meet a reward for my toil an' my pains,
In the loud loving welcome o' my wife an' my weans.
Then, when I'm set down, I take ane on my knee,
The ithers come roun' for the promised bawbee,
If the task's been negleckit, they're sure to get nane,
For I ne'er could encourage an indolent wean.

I've laid down a rule they maun strictly obey,
That forbids needless wark on the Lord's Holy Day,
For the wisest o' kings that on earth did e'er reign,
Says, in age man but walks as he crept when a wean.
Sae supper ance owre, and the day wearing dark,
Each gets his ain portion and share o' the wark;
Ane brushes the shoon, ithers clean the hearthstane,
Whilst their mither sits sewing, or rocking the wean.

If my claes hae been torn, she gets needle and shears,
She patches the holes and mends up the tears;
An' to keep her in humour while pingling her lane,
I read some bit book or I sing to the wean.
Afore bedtime we kneel roun' the family throne,
Our sins to confess, an' our wants to mak' known,
To Him, who has promised the humble in prayer,
As aft as they meet, to be ane wi' them there.

I care nae a snuff what my comrades may think;
They may ca' me a miser because I'll nae drink;
I hae naething to spare when each ane gets his ain,
Unless I was robbing the wife an' the wean.
When I come to the close o' my earthly career,
An' the grim king o' terrors to me shall appear,
May Jesus be with me; then nothing remains,
But commit to my God my wife an' the weans.

JAMES MUNCE.

The Penny Post Box.

PATIENT SUFFERING AND GENEROUS SYMPATHY.

ERE trials often prove what sort of stuff a man is made of. It is so with a nation; and every Englishman may now be more proud of country than he ever was. I refer to the patience of the sufferers Lancashire, and the generous help that has been afforded them. haps no country in the world but England could have afforded such ectacle. For no sooner was it found that hundreds of thousands vorking men and their families would be without employment ugh the failure of the cotton supply from America, than hundreds housands of pounds were generously contributed for their relief. Lancashire workmen are no vagabonds. Not they! They were ing to work, no men more willing; and they had none by no fault heir own. That accursed slave system in America did it all! But at that Lancashire workman as he sits powerless in his neat tage and sees his anxious wife take first one thing and then another ay to sell, that she may buy bread for her hungry children. Does think of plundering his richer neighbours? Not he; he would sooner than do it. All honour I say to these noble-minded men! More rthy of our admiration are they than even the brave fellows who d their ground on the hill of the field of Waterloo against the fierce ets of their mighty foes. That was for a few hours; this has been weeks and months of hopeless days and sleepless nights! And now ought to ask where did these men learn to suffer with such patience? ere is only one answer—IN THE SCHOOL OF CHRIST. Sabbath schools,

gospel preaching, and their own well-read bibles, taught them. we believe, is the fact, and we should dishonour both them and t in whom they trust if we concealed it. I only add, that so l they need help, I hope that *every week*, working men of other will cast in their mites, as well as the rich from their abundant so that not one child in Lancashire may ever go supperless to b

AN OLD WORKING M

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

OF VAGABOND.

THE real Vagabond is not one who has fallen into distress and needs helping out, but one who, too idle to work, lives by cheating.

There always have been, more or less, these pests of society, whom the most severe measures could not suppress.

Henry VIII. is said to have hanged 72,000 of them. In Germany they were hanged, beheaded, or tortured to death. In France forty were put in a house and blown up with gunpowder.

These old vagabonds were only clumsy cheats. One cut off a dead man's leg, and exposed it as one of his own. Seeing an officer coming, he jumped up and ran away, too fast for the officer to catch him.

Modern vagabonds are more expert. A woman with twins sat for ten years in the street, and the twins never seemed to grow any older. A cute negro saved £1500, and then went back to the West Indies.

A new dodge is for a man and his wife and three or four children to stand silent all in a row on a Saturday night in the street, not in rags, but dressed shabby genteel, clean and neat!

Only think of children being brought up to play tricks of this kind. Are *they likely*, when they grow up, to work with their own hands f own bread?

The new Poor Law, thoug too harsh and severe with the poor, has done much to supp trade of the vagabond, and le without excuse.

Hints

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES is, after like saying, be at peace with y For how can a man be at pea himself who is at enmity with a

WHEN ANGRY, do as he did peated the alphabet before h This would give time to thin you should say or do.

EVERY MAN WHO INJURES ME u injures himself by doing so. then to injure myself too by d he did.

HE WAS A WISE MAN who, w insulted him said, I might have him if I had not been in a bad myself.

A GOOD MAN once said he never have thought of pray some men if they had not fir him an injury.

ONE GOOD PLAN for us to foll an angry person is to do as yo with a red-hot poker; let it al it will cool of itself.

A NOBLE-MINDED MAN when t it would be *manly* in him to r personal affront, said "I kno but it will be *God-like* to forgive

SHOULD BE MORE HAPPY, all of ve had bad memories of our , and good memories of our gs.

R AND REVENGE are uneasy s, which mostly spring up in inds. Like weeds in an onion e sooner they are pulled up by ts the better.

Gems.

MAN LOVE GOD, he will and ate sin, for God hates it, and a man love God and love that od hates above all things?

THINGS IN RELIGION should e forgotten. One is that no able to save himself, and the that God, who only is able to n, is willing too.

N A MAN WANTS PARDON from his gn he will make out as good a he can. Not so, when we come We must then come with as ase as we can make out, and for Christs' sake to forgive all.

GOOD FOR US, when by the light 's word and spirit, we dare to our own hearts and see how nd ugly and miserable sin has hem.

SIGHT OF SIN in our own hearts fill us with terror, if we could n our eyes to the cross and see e blood that cleanseth us from

VING THAT CHRIST DIED to take n by the sacrifice of himself, soul more full of joy than ever of terror at the sight of sin.

REASON WHY some do not obtain giveness they profess to desire do not come and confess all ins. They keep a few darlings. g as they do so, God will send ack unforgiven.

BLOOD OF CHRIST was shed to us from all sin, and men must ing to let this healing balm work ect cure, or perish.

Poetic Selections.

JESUS IS MINE!

Tune:—"HAPPY LAND."

Now, I have found a friend,
Jesus is mine!
Whose love will never end,
Jesus is mine!
Though earthly joys decrease,
Though human friendship cease,
His love will yet increase,
Jesus is mine!

Though I grow poor and old,
Jesus is mine!
He will my faith uphold,
Jesus is mine!
Jesus is ever nigh,
He will my wants supply,
Nought can my hope destroy,
Jesus is mine!

When earth shall pass away,
Jesus is mine!
In the great judgment day,
Jesus is mine!
Oh! what a glorious thing,
Then to behold my King,
On tuneful harp to sing,
Jesus is mine!

Farewell mortality,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome eternity,
Jesus is mine!
He my redemption is,
Wisdom and righteousness,
Life, light, and holiness,
Jesus is mine!

FATHER, thy name I bless,
Jesus is mine!
SAVIOUR, I thee confess,
Jesus is mine!
SPIRIT of Holiness!
Thou by thy light and grace,
Led my soul to embrace,
Jesus as mine!

THE SHINING SHORE.

My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly!
Those hours of toil and danger.
We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant homes discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest none can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever,
Our King says, Come, and there's our home
For ever, oh! for ever!

The Children's Corner.

DONT PAY TOO MUCH FOR YOUR WHISTLE

DR. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was a very wise old man. Her about himself:—"When I was a child about seven years of friends, on a holiday, filled my pocket with half-pence. I wen to a shop where toys were sold for children; and being charm sound of a *whistle* in the hands of another boy, who I met by I at once offered him all my money for it. I then came h went whistling over the house, much pleased with my *w* disturbing all the family. My brothers, and sisters, and cousi standing the bargain I had made, told me I had given fou much as it was worth. This put me in mind what good thing have bought with the rest of the money; and they laughed much for my folly, that I cried with vexation. My reflectic subject gave me more chagrin than the *whistle* gave me pleas little event, however, was afterwards of great use to me, the i continuing on my mind; so that often, when I was tempted to unnecessary thing, I said to myself, *Do not give too much for t* and so I saved my money. As I grew up, I met with many, v who *gave too much for their whistle.*"

You may see a MAN so fond of beer and company, that he his time and his money at the beer-shop neglecting his injuring his family. *That man gives too much for his whistle.* see a WOMAN so fond of gossip that she sets off to talk scand her neighbours instead of setting her own house to rights, or her children's clothes. *That woman pays too much for her whi* may see a BIG LAD strutting about with a cigar or a pipe in when he ought to be improving his mind by reading, *Tha too much for his whistle.* You may see a GIRL, with flowers, a and parasol, as fine as a peacock, but with holes in her *That giddy girl gives too much for her whistle.*

But I need not point out any more of those folks who pay for their whistle. If you keep your eyes open you may see day. And mind, or you will catch yourself doing so. When to buy what you dont want, ask yourself, "*Will it be only a w*

"SHE LIVED CHRISTIANITY."

While yet young in years she was thoughtful and serious, but decision for God was delayed until seven years of wedded life had passed. This she afterwards deeply deplored. Apart from true religion, as a creature of the earth, she had all that heart could desire,—increasing wealth, an attached husband, and lovely babes. But the brightest prospect may be dimmed. In March, 1838, affliction and death for the first time entered her home. Her first-born, a boy of five years, was then gathered by the Husbandman into the heavenly garner. The bereavement was severely felt by both parents. They mourned for him as for an only child. A short time before this event, the whole family had narrowly escaped devouring flames. Smoke and sulphurous vapour from a slumbering fire had passed into their sleeping apartments, inducing a death-like slumber, from which it was difficult to awake them; and soon the fire shot from the basement to the roof. For a considerable time it was feared that one of the children had perished. All was excitement and distress. None had taken the lost one from her bed; and none had seen her in the general confusion. Happily, she had been aroused by the loud alarm, and had escaped through the smoke, unperceived, into the garden; where she remained, shivering with cold and fear, under the shelter of a tree, until the returning day revealed her hiding-place.. As in the natural, so in the providential kingdom of God, one change rarely comes alone. Stroke follows stroke in human life, as wave follows wave,—but here, not unfrequently, from opposite and unexpected quarters, till all God's billows have gone over the soul. In the following autumn, Mrs. W. narrowly escaped death by a fall. The day after, she gave birth to twin-sons, not long to live on earth. In December and May following they were taken to the paradise above. These trials and deliverances were sanctified. They led her to God. With true contrition of soul, she sought and found mercy. She often referred to the Divine goodness in rescuing her from sudden death; saying, "What a God of mercy! Had I died then, *I must have been a lost soul.* What a monument of mercy am I! How full of compassion is God! How 'slow to anger,' and 'not willing that any should perish,' or I should have perished in my sins!"

The gratitude that now welled from her heart found expression

in vocal music. Blessed with a voice of both compass and ness, she delighted in songs of praise.

During her last few years she aspired to a higher wall Divine life. Her soul yearned to be conformed to Christ, "holy in all manner of conversation;" because it is writte ye holy; for I am holy." To attain this, she watched, an and prayed, and read and heard God's word. She loo for a flood-tide of irresistible and unsought grace to desce hallow her soul. Hence she sought to "work out her ow tion with fear and trembling;" to "add to her faith virtu to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and perance patience; and to patience godliness; and to g brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity. creed she wished to embody in her every-day obedience. was no parade, but a meek, retiring, unobtrusive spirit pervading her whole life. The broad line of demarcation the church and the world she steadily observed. While much in common with others, there were evident traces of grace subduing the corruption of the heart, governing the curbing the temper, and prompting the heart and hand and good works. If the tree is to be known by its fru the fountain by its streams, then did this christian woma a state of holiness not generally realized. Her spirit he subdued and sanctified: "Behold," said her faithful L have refined thee, but not with silver; I have chosen the furnace of affliction." Within a few years she saw *sever* children sicken and die; of whom it may be said, th "sleep in Jesus." The last of the seven was a daughter than ordinary promise. When her education was near pleted, the cold hand of death was laid upon her. She the message with calmness. She often said, "Death sting to me. I have no desire to live, but to serve Just before she passed to the spirit-world, she said, " sweet is the love of God to my soul!" Then, address friends, she added, "And what love I feel to you all! brother J—— how I long for his salvation. Give him m love. I hope he will meet me in heaven." Soon after, forth another effort to speak: "I want one promise from It is my last request. *Meet—me—in—heaven.*" Her h clined on the bosom of her parent; and her spirit gentl *into* the presence of her Maker, May 17th, 1855.

This visitation was pre-eminently sanctified to the mother. She bowed her head submissively, and said, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." And henceforth the fruits of the Spirit were more apparent. There was more spirituality of mind, and more deadness to the world. When allusion was made to the comforts or sorrows of time, it would call forth the response, "This is not our rest: here we have no continuing city." She was led into closer communion with Christ; and the language of her heart was, "At the feet of Jesus I would sit, to hear his word, to know his will, and to catch his smile, until I exchange earth for heaven." With her tongue she magnified the Author of her blessings, singing—

"My God, I am Thine; what a comfort divine,
What a blessing to know that Jesus is mine!"

Her christianity was not made up of vague notions; it was real and heart-felt. It was something that appealed to the touchstone of truth. It was distinguished by a fervent love to God's house, and to the minister's of his word.

Briefly let us add, Mrs. W. well sustained her various relations in life. As a child, she sacredly regarded the Divine precept, "Honour thy father and thy mother." As a wife, she had learnt to submit "unto her own husband, as unto the Lord." She was ever solicitous to aid him in his plans, and execute his will. As a mother, she was mindful of the claims of her immortal charge. She acted under a consciousness that the tender mind was in her plastic hand; and that, under God, she had to direct the form of its moral character. She often deplored, however, that the cares of a large establishment often took her away from her children, and that others inscribed many of the first lessons on the tablets of their memory. It were well for the rising generation, if parents would deeply consider this duty. Mrs. W. manifested great anxiety for the salvation of her children. One of her sons came to her, but a few weeks before her death, in all the hilarity of youth, rejoicing that he had seen his sixteenth birthday. But this called not forth that response which his joyous heart expected. "Ah, my dear," said she, "sixteen years have been spent in folly and sin. Is this to continue?" Her prayer for him was, that it might be his spiritual birthday. Maternal tenderness did not degenerate into relaxation of discipline, or into partiality. There was no Joseph in the family to excite jealousy in the hearts of his

brethren. Few ever commanded more respect thar from domestic servants. She abhorred threatening an fault-finding. She ruled with firmness, but with kindnes the crowd who followed her to the grave, many sp testimonies were borne to the excellency of her chara of them shall be recorded, as accurate as brief, ' *Christianity.*" But no tribute that was paid at her g more impressively than the tears of the humble poor.

During the last year of her life she was often affl there were no symptoms to indicate that her end was the evening of June 18th, 1859, her medical friend p that in a few days she would be better, and during tha repose was sweet. But about six next morning the f tions of death were seen, and within half an hour the spi from the tenement of clay. The close of life was to quite sudden. For a moment alarm seized on her min thrice cried out, "O, pray for me, my dear children!" daughter said, "Christ will not leave you." "O no," s "He is with me—He will not leave me—no—no!—] me *now—now!*" Our prayers went up to heaven for li valley, and support in death. She lay calm for a fe and then whispered,—

> "O Love, thou bottomless abyss!
> My sins are swallow'd up in Thee"—

Her voice faltered, her lips ceased to move,—for the fled. She "was not, for God took" her. So died, on June 19th, 1859, Grace Walter, aged forty-nine years. fore be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye thi Son of Man cometh."

> "Be this my one great business here,
> With holy trembling, holy fear,—
> To make my calling sure!
> Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
> And suffer all thy righteous will,
> And to the end endure!
>
> Then, Saviour! then, my soul receive,
> Transported from this vale, to live
> And reign with thee above;
> Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
> And hope in full, supreme delight,
> And everlasting love."

Poetry.

"COME, COME AWAY!"

OR, THE DYING SAINT LISTENING TO THE ANGELS.

"COME, come away!"
hinks I hear the angels say,
· all my pains will soon be o'er;
'aith I see the shining shore,
ıre I shall live, and die no more,
In endless day.

"Come, come away!"
y call again; I would not stay.
ıwell, my wife and children dear;
all must strive to meet me there;
der me not through love or fear;
I must away.

"Come, come away!"
in I hear the angels say,
ıme, bid farewell to earthly things,
rising on our silvery wings,
ne eyes shall see the king of kings
In bright array."

'ethertoa.

"Come, come away!
For we have yet much more to say
Of yonder fair and happy land,
Where thou with millions more shalt stand,
A ransom'd, sinless, holy band—
O, why delay!"

"Come, come away:"
They whisper still—I would not stay.
My body down to dust must go,
For death's cold hand is on my brow,
And yet I am so happy now,
I would away.

"Come, come away."
Yes, I would come this very day.
Jesus, my Lord! to thee I come;
O, come and meet me. Jesus, come
And take me to thy happy home,
To rest for aye!

B. S.

Anecdotes and Selections.

'OHN KNOX, the celebrated Scotch Reformer was a bold and fearless n. Elizabeth, the third daughter, seems to have inherited in a high gree her father's spirit. Her husband, Mr. Welch, was distinguished his bold resistance to the arbitrary effort of King James to impose elacy upon Scotland. He was sentenced to death, with five others, keeping the diet of the General Assembly in 1605. Their wives, stead of lamenting their fate, praised God, who had given them urage to be faithful. The sentence was commuted to banishment. uring Mr. Welch's residence in France, his health failed, and his ıysicians gave him no hope of recovery, except by returning to his ıtive air. Mrs. Welch obtained access to James, and petitioned him grant her husband this boon. The King asked her, "Who was her ther?" She replied, "Mr. Knox." "*Knox and Welch!*" exclaimed e King, "*the devil never made such a match as that.*" "It's richt like, ir," replied she, "for we never speered [asked] his advice." He

inquired, "How many children her father had left, and whether they were lads or lasses?" "Three," she answered, "and all lasses." "God be thanked!" cried the King, with uplifted hands, "for, an they had been three lads, I had never bruiked [enjoyed] my three kingdoms in peace." To her request that he would "give her husband his native air," "Give him the devil!" was his unkingly reply. "Give that to your hungry courtiers," she retorted, offended at his profanity. At last he told her, that, if she would persuade her husband to submit to the bishops, he might return to Scotland. All the spirit of her father was in her reply. Holding her apron toward the King by the corners, she instantly said, "Please your Majesty, I'd rather kep [receive] his head there.—After seventeen years' banishment, Mr. Welch died in London, May, 1622.

THE FAITHFUL QUAKER.—John Pawson, an original Methodist preacher, said:—"When I was in Yorkshire I had frequent opportunities of preaching at Harewood, and the word of the Lord was attended with a peculiar degree of the Divine power, so that many were deeply awakened; but satan prevailed upon the great man of the place to give notice to all his tenants, either to quit their farms or give up Methodism. This frightened many of them. An honest Quaker went to his lordship, and said, 'I always thought thou hadst been a reasonable man.' He replied, 'Why, Joseph, have you any reason to think the contrary now?' He said, 'Yes; thou wilt not give thy tenants the same liberty that the king gives his subjects: he gives us liberty of conscience, but thou wilt not give thy tenants that liberty. I would advise thee to let them alone. Thou knowest they are honest, industrious men, and they pay thee thy rent very well. *Thou hast no business with their consciences, their consciences are God's: let them go to heaven their own way.*' He did so, and never troubled them any more to the day of his death."

MAN A TRAVELLER.—The life of man is often likened to a day's journey. He sets out from the cradle and travels towards the grave. Some have a long journey, and others a very short one. Some walk all the day, and far into the evening, and are glad to sink to rest, while others take but few steps before they find their end. By far the larger part come to the close of their journey before noon. The great concern of all should be to follow Christ, and so keep the way that will lead them to a heavenly home. It would be a sad prospect for the traveller, if, at the end of his toilsome journey, he must find only a noisy and wretched home.

WHY NOT TRUST IN GOD?—You are uneasy lest you should want proper food to support life, and proper raiment to clothe the body. Life and the body are certainly greater gifts than food and raiment. Who gave you them? God gave them; and gave them of his own will, before you could ask them. Will not He who gave the greater, give the less? Will not He who gave life and the body, take care they *shall be* fed and clothed? Will He who gave what you could not ask,

withhold what you can and do ask at his hands? It is ingratitude to distrust your best Benefactor. Why should you fancy that He who has been with you all your life long, will now be with you no longer? "He who spared not his own Son, but gave him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" Think on this, and "be not faithless, but believing."

PRAYING AND LIVING.—Ever labour to live suitable to thy prayers. It is to no purpose to begin the day with God, and then spend it with the devil; to be a saint in the morning in thy closet, and then a sinner all day in the world. Having prayed against sin, be sure thou watch against it, avoiding the occasions and temptations thereto; for otherwise thou wilt fall before it. Having prayed for holiness of life, labour to live holily. Having prayed for humility, labour to walk humbly. Having prayed for sobriety and temperance, labour to live soberly and temperately. Having prayed in the Spirit, labour to walk in the Spirit. Ever bear in mind that to pray for one thing and live for another, is a contradiction and an impiety. The whole course of thy life should savour of thy prayers. He who hath all his religion in his prayers hath no religion at all.

IMPROPER PICTURES IN BOOKS.—One cannot but smile at the old and curious representations given us of certain objects in some old books of devotion. "I can easily understand and readily admire, as a strong poetical figure," says Dr. Knox, "the touching of Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire; but I cannot admire the engraver's representation, in some Bibles, of an angel from heaven with a pair of blacksmith's tongs, burning the poor prophet's lips with a live coal. The representation of satan in many serious books is ridiculous. Who can bear to see some prints of demoniacs, where the possessed are exhibited vomiting up little black devils with cloven feet and long tails? If artists thought such figures likely to excite or preserve devotion, they must have been as weak as their admirers.

PUNCTUALITY is the oil of business machinery, making it run smoothly and quickly. The late Rev. Mr. Brewer, of Stepney, when a student under Dr. Jennings, was always punctual in attending the lectures at the tutor's house, where the students, who then lodged and boarded in private families, were expected to assemble at set hours. One morning, the clock had struck seven, and all rose up for prayer; but the tutor looking round and perceiving that Mr. Brewer was not yet come, paused awhile. Seeing him now enter the room, he thus addressed him: "Sir, the clock has struck, and we were ready to begin; but as you were absent, we supposed it was too fast, and therefore waited." The clock was actually too fast by some minutes.

OUR OWN WILL.—Where one tear falls upon the account of complying with God's will, a multitude fall in consequence of having our own will. Not only the miseries of this life, but of the life to come, are owing to this unresigned self-will. It may be written on many a tomb, "Here lies the body of N. N., because he would have his own will."

The Fireside.

MEMORY OF DEPARTED CHILDREN.

It is noteworthy that children, who are taken away by death, always remain in the memory of the parents as children. Other children grow old; but the one we lost continues in youth. It looks as we last saw it in health. The imagination hears its sweet voice and light step, and sees its silken hair and clear bright eyes—all just as they were. Ten or twenty years may go by—the child remains in the memory as at first, a bright happy child. Its young and beautiful form moves before us; and what is such a memory but an angel-presence? Certainly, next to seeing an angel, is seeing, with a parent's eye, such a cherished form. Amidst this world of ambition and show, who shall say that this is not a means, under Providence, of subduing and spiritualizing the mind? Thus, in order to cherish such a remembrance, we are at times willing to turn even from the charms of the living. The sigh becomes sweeter than the song. Sorrow subdued becomes a friend, and sacred joy is mingled with tears of holy recollection. Thus as grief ascends the mount of time, she seems to pass through a sort of transformation. The convulsive agony changes to passive sorrow; and querulous misgivings to quiet meditation. There must be distress: let, then, the gushing tears flow, for it is the course of nature; but, even with this, let there be the victory of christian faith, the glorious hope of our holy religion. For

> "Such a hope, like the rainbow, a being of light,
> May be born, like the rainbow, in tears."

And then there is another most serious and affecting consideration which ought not, nay cannot, escape the notice of a thoughtful parent. Jesus Christ sent his angels to fetch the soul of that child to heaven to see the face of his Father. That child is there now. Only there can you find or see that dear child of yours again. David, when his child died, comforted himself with the thought that though it could not now come to him, he should go to it. Can you take comfort from that thought? If you yourself love the Lord Jesus you may; and that child of yours now in heaven will be as a loadstone to draw your thoughts and your heart up to that happy home of peace and joy. Think in this way,—"Part of myself has been taken to heaven, and I must go too. My Father in heaven took my child in love to it and in love to me also; for now I feel that as one of my treasures is in heaven my heart must be there too. O! let me come to find my child again in heaven's eternal day."

Thoughts like these may comfort fathers and mothers, when sitting by the fireside, and thinking of a sweet child now seen by them no more. *Blessed religion*, that can give such healing balm to wounded hearts!

The Penny Post Box.

FROM THE EDITOR TO HIS READERS.

DEAR FRIENDS,—We wish all of you a happier new year than the last; and it will be better than the year of your birth if this year you should die in peace, and so be ever with the Lord.

But while we live let us live to the Lord. He who writes this has now been permitted, by the favour of God, to do work like this for a greater number of years than any other person he knows of now living. This he mentions, not for self-praise. God forbid that; for it is all of his mercy. He wishes, however, to go on so long as he can think good thoughts, and write good words, in doing all the good he can in this humble way.

We want you to help us. Our thanks are due, and are now cheerfully given, to those who have written to tell us they will. First, to our old friends, whom we would not forget; and next, to our new friends, for the old ones are dropping off by weakness or death, and we want more young and warm-hearted volunteers in their place. One of these says:—

"I have only been a reader of your *Pioneer* for the last twelve months, but I hope I may be spared to read it for many more twelve months. I have taken many magazines of different kinds, but I may say that, in my opinion, there is none to be compared with it for character and cheapness. I feel sure that those who read one number will long for the next; and I pray that God may bless your little publication to many souls. I am going to take your advice in doing my part to get as many subscribers as I can for the coming year.

P.S.—I should be very thankful if you would forward me a few specimen copies as samples."

We wish to inform the writer that we sent the samples by post directly; and we desire to tell any of our friends who are disposed to make an effort to extend our circulation this year, that they will be furnished with samples on application to Winks & Son, Leicester. We want hundreds of new agents—the more the better; for we have reason for believing that the *Pioneer* is now doing much good in thousands of families, and would do more if it could be introduced where it is now unknown. You, and you only, can do this. We cannot. But we hope you will. The January number may yet be had of the Publishers. But if any difficulty is found, write to Winks & Son, Leicester.

Again we tell our constant readers that we shall be pleased to receive letters from them on any subject that is suitable for our pages. They need not be troubled about either imperfect writing or imperfect grammar. All we want are good thoughts, which we will try to put into more perfect form if needful.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

OF NEWSPAPERS.

TEN years ago 50,000 broad sheets were published daily. Now 500,000; the greater part at one penny.

Small towns have now a weekly penny paper; three parts printed in London, the other in the place.

The weekly penny papers, partly printed in London, are generally full of good matter, in great variety.

Such papers do good. They promote a taste for reading, and diffuse sound information among the people.

For less than the price of half a pint of beer, a man may have one in his own house for himself, his wife and his children.

It is hoped that they will, therefore, be the means of keeping working men from those pest-houses—called beer-shops.

Daily Country papers now give the latest telegraph news as early as the London papers.

In large towns two hundred miles from London, the telegraph will enable a printer in Leeds to set up the first part of a speech before the speaker has ended it in London.

In 1821 there were, in the United Kingdom, only 267 newspapers; in 1862, as many as 1,165 were published.

Every restriction on publishing newspapers in a cheap form is now removed. The last was removed on October the 1st, 1861, when the tax on paper was repealed.

Newspapers may now be sent to any part of the United Kiugdom, or to any of our colonies, if a penny postage stamp is stuck on the outside after it has been wrapped in blank white paper, and tied round with a bit of string. But there must not be any *writing but the* direction.

Hints

SPEAK THE TRUTH, for though you may have to smart for it, your conscience will soon clap a healing plaster on the place.

SET AN IDLE MAN to count the tickings of a clock for one hour, and for the next he would prefer to fill a dung cart.

THE VALUE OF TIME is best known by those who use up the fragments that others throw away. Five minutes, they find, will often earn a pennyworth of salt.

LAZINESS is a thing of fast growth. At first only as a cobweb that a baby might brush away, it grows into an iron chain that a giant could not break.

GRATITUDE has been called, "The *memory* of the *heart*." And truly it is twice blessed, for it blesses both him who gives and him who receives the favour.

INGRATITUDE is not only a hateful thing in itself, but an injury to others, for it stops the flow of benevolence to those who need it.

THAT MAN'S LIFE is most wearisome that is spent only on his own selfish pursuits. Let him try to do good to others, and his life will pass pleasantly enough.

LOVE IN THE HEART is like the sun in the heavens—cheering in the morning, lovely in the evening, but warmest at noonday—blessing all it shines upon.

AN EVIL ACTION can never be well done, and a good action may be so ill done as to make it look evil.

MEMORY, with ill-natured people, is only as a row of hooks to hang old grudges on. They make a bad use of one of God's best gifts.

CARE OF THE BODY.—When a man tries to keep his body clean and healthful, we may hope that he will try to do the same with his soul.

Gems.

CHRISTIAN RACE.—We must
om the Cross, and all the way
he course, keep our eye on it,
ke it our winning-post at last.

CHRISTIAN LIFE should be
a getting a little farther from
a little nearer to God every
it always by Christ helping us.

CHRISTIAN'S TITLE to the favour
is not earned by himself. It
ed of gift from Christ who
it for him at the price of his
od.

CHRISTIAN'S INHERITANCE is
in his possession. He has got
to it, but he has not seen it
is in reserve for him in heaven.

CHRISTIAN'S PEACE is some-
hat lies deeper down in his
an anything else. "My peace
unto you," said Christ, and it
last best legacy.

CHRISTIAN'S HOPE is no fancy
foundation. It is as an anchor
soul, made fast by promises
not give way or be broken.

CHRISTIAN'S JOY is unspeak-
can be felt, but not described.
f the worldling can, for it is
the crackling of thorns under
great blaze and soon gone.

CHRISTIAN'S CROWN, for if faith-
will have one, will not be of
d jewels; but of life and glory,
never fading, he will wear as
lasting ornament in the palace
en for ever.

Poetic Selections.

E TWO CARPET-WEAVERS.

ir work two weavers sat,
g time with friendly chat,
ch'd upon the price of meat,
a weaver scarce could eat.

with my babes and sickly wife,"
ick, "I m almost tired of life;
we work, so poor we fare,
e than mortal man can bear.

How glorious is the rich man's state!
His house so grand, his wealth so great;
Heaven is unjust, you must agree—
Why all to him and none to me?

In spite of what the Scripture teaches;
In spite of all the pulpit preaches;
This world, indeed, I've thought so long,
Is ruled, methinks, extremely wrong.

Where'er I look, howe'er I range,
'Tis all confused, and hard, and strange;
The good are troubled and oppress,
And all the wicked are the blest."

Quoth John, "Our ignorance is the cause
Why thus we blame our Maker's laws;
Parts of his ways alone we know—
'Tis all that man can see below.

Seest thou that carpet not half done,
Which thou, dear Dick, hast well begun?
Behold the wild confusion there—
So rude the mass it makes one stare.

A stranger, ignorant of the trade,
Would see no meaning there conveyed?
For where's the middle? where's the border?
The carpet now is all disorder."

Quoth Dick, "My work is yet in bits,
But still in every part it fits;
Besides, you reason like a lout—
Why, man, that carpet's inside out."

Says John, "Thou say'st the thing I mean,
And now I hope to cure thy spleen;
This world which clouds thy soul with doubt,
Is but a carpet inside out.

As when we view these shreds and ends,
We know not what the whole intends;
So when on earth things look but odd,
They're working still some scheme of God!

No plan, no pattern, can we trace;
All wants proportion, truth, and grace;
The motley mixture we deride,
Nor see the beauteous upper side.

But when we reach the world of light,
And view these works of God aright,
Then shall we see the whole design,
And own the Workman was divine.

What now seem random strokes will there
All order and design appear;
Then shall we praise what here we spurned,
For then the carpet will be turned."

"Thou'rt right," quoth Dick, "no more I'll grumble
That this world is so strange a jumble:
My impious doubts are put to flight,
For my own carpet sets me right."

HANNAH MORE.

The Children's Corner.

"I SET OFF, AND COULDN'T STOP MYSELF."

WHEN I was a little boy—it must be sixty years ago—we chil went with father and mother, and the servant, one summer even for a walk up a high hill just outside the town, to get buttercups daisies. When we got to the top we could look all over the tc and trace the white river winding about among the green mead and see Lincoln Minster, twenty miles off, with its three towers; t were spires on two of them then, but they are gone now. Well; w we had got a handful of flowers we would give them to father mother to take care of for us, while we lay down all our length then rolled over and over to the bottom of the hill. Oh, it was fine fun for us.

But Mary, our servant, thought she would beat us all, for she v to one side of the hill that was very steep and set off to run dc Off she went, with her arms stretched out and her clothes flying ab we thought she would have tumbled head over heels, but she kep her feet to the bottom. She was frighted, and mother said, " Mary, how could you do so?" "Why, ma'am," said Mary, "I set and couldn't stop myself."

I have often thought of Mary, and how foolish it was of her to se down there; and if you saw the place you would say so too.

Since then, when I have seen young people about to do a silly foolish thing, I have thought, "Ah! you are like our Mary, you setting off, but you cannot stop." Mary managed to get to the bott but I have seen some tumble into mischief. Evil ways are like a st hill; if you set off you cannot stop where you like; so dont set off.

Dont begin to use bad words, for though you may stammer at fi they will come glibly enough after. Dont begin to tell lies. For tho you may tremble to tell one at first, you will put on a bold face tell many soon. Dont take a penny that is not yours, or one day may be had before the Judge for stealing pounds. Learn these li and sing them when you are tempted to do wrong—

"Sin will not be always hidden,
Though we fancy none can spy;
When we do a thing forbidden,
God beholds it with his eye.

Guard my heart, O God of heaven,
Lest I take what is not mine:
Lest I steal what is not given,
Guard my heart and hands from sin."

TRIAL OF JOSEPH ALLEINE.

THE INDICTMENT.

THERE is nothing of which an Englishman may glory more than in our courts of justice. The Judges of England are examples of integrity and impartiality. It was not so in the times of the Stuart kings 200 years ago; when the conduct of some of the judges was disgraceful in the highest degree. They were the mere tools of tyrants, and would often pervert justice to please their masters. The manner in which they would browbeat a witness or a prisoner was infamous. We give a specimen.

Joseph Alleine, author of "Alarm to the Unconverted," and many other useful works, was one of the two thousand ministers who left their benefices and homes in 1662. He has left in his own handwriting an account of his trial at Taunton Castle, before Sir Robert Foster, then Lord Chief Justice of England. The original manuscript is preserved in Dr. Williams's library, London. It is as follows:—

Clerke.—Thou art here indicted by the name of Joseph Alleine, ffor that on the 17th day of May, 1663, thou with twentie others, to the jurours unknowne, did by fforce of armes, unlawfully, routously, riotously, and seditiously, assemble and segregate yourselves together, contrary to the peace of our sovereigne lord the King, and to the great terrour of his subjects, and the evill example of all others.

What saist thou, Joseph Alleine, guilty or not guilty?

Alleine.—My lorde, before I plead to this indictment, I desire to know upon what account I now stand as a prisoner here, ffor I have been indicted ffor this very thing at the sessions, and was acquitted by my countrey, and yet (I know not by what law) returned to prison againe.

Judge.—Iff there were any such indictment, or proceeding, it would appeare. Where is any such thing to be found?

Note.—That my lorde had, in court, long before this, called ffor a coppy of Alleine's indictment at the sessions, and upon reading of it was very angrie with the clerke, and said it was erroneous *in omnibus*, and fined him; and blamed the justices about Alleine's indictment, who put it off from one to another, and none would owne it; and moreover was hearde to say, as it was thought in Alleine's case, that iff he were a devill he should have justice.

Alleine.—My lorde, I endeavoured ffor a coppy of the indictment and could not obtaine it, but I shall be ready to prove before your lordship by the oathes of the grand jury, that I was acquitted; and I beseech your lordship, as you are counsell ffor the prisoner, to declare whether a man may be indicted ffor that of which he hath bin acquitted.

Judge.—Iff a man be acquitted ffor a fact committed yesterday, and commit the same againe to-morrow, shall he expect any benefit by pleading his being acquitted ffor the former offence?

Alleine.—My lorde, that is not the case; ffor this indictment was ffor the very same day, and is ffor the very same thing, ffor which I was acquitted at the sessions.

Judge.—That does not appeare.

Alleine.—My lorde, I have offered to prove it by the oathes of the grand jury, iff you would accept it; and I beseech your lordship to call ffor the records of the session, and there you shall find the indictment recorded, and the ignoramus entered.

But this was angrily rejected.

Alleine.—I beseech your lordship to inquire of M. Hunt, who was judge of the sessions, and he will be able to informe your lordship that the bill was not found.

But this would not be granted neither; but he required Alleine to plead presently guilty or not guilty, or else he would forthwithe proceede to judgement againste him.

Alleine.—Iff I must plead to such an indictment, my answer is, that, as ffor preaching and praying, which is the truth of the case, iff this be to be guilty, I am guilty; but ffor riotous, routous and seditious assemblies, I abhor them from my heart, and am a loyall subject of his Majesty.

Judge.—This is the manner of you and your brethren, you go ffor to cast dirt upon the Government as iff they were against preaching and praying. Sir, preaching and praying are good; but under pretence of these, you seduce the people, and gather proselytes, and it is against your rogueiah meetings that we are.

Alleine.—My lorde, I am humbly glad to heare your lordship declare that praying and preaching are not crimes.

Judge.—Sirrah! sirrah; what doe you goe for to catch me; I said notsoe; but I tell you that it is not againste praying and preaching that we are; but againste doing it in such a manner, in private conventicles, in a seditious way. Iff you will pray, *there is* the house of prayer ffor you.

Alleine.—My lorde, I was expressly indicted ffor preaching and praying the last session.

Judge.—I cannot stand to heare you prate: plead guilty or not guilty.

Alleine.—Not guilty.

Clerke.—Then prepare ffor your answer to-morrow morning.

Thursday morning Alleine was sett againe to the fellon's bar, and they proceeded to his tryall.

Alleine.—My lorde, I make it my request to your honour that I may have liberty to enter my traverse* to prosecute it the next assizes.

Judge.—That you shall; but then you must provide me sureties to prosecute it next assizes, and get good security that you will be of the good behaviour in the meantime.

Alleine.—As ffor securities to prosecute my traverse, I shall be ready to give them; but ffor the good behaviour, I desire your lordship to excuse me; ffor I understand that it is not usuall in this case, and I beseech your lordship not to turne the water out of the constant course where it hath ever run.

Judge.—I must tell you that you are a fellow of such evill fame, and I have received such information of you, as are sufficient grounds ffor my requiring the good behaviour.

Alleine.—Your lordship hath no eyes to see, nor eares to heare, but what is brought here before you, in the public judicature; and iff any will make it hear appeare that I have broken the good behaviour, I shall be ready to give sureties.

Judge.—The grand-jury have found you guilty, and that is sufficient ffor me to require the good behaviour of you.

Alleine.—My lorde, that is not sufficient ground, because I have bin already acquitted of that, ffor which they have prosecuted me; and I beseech your lordship will not require the good behaviour of me ffor that of which I have bin already acquitted.

Judge—Noe such matter.

Alleine.—My lorde, I doe here offer your lordship in the face of the Court, and avow it before my countrey, that I am ready to bring the grand jury now, to prove it upon their oathes, that I was acquitted; which this grand jury might not know.

Judge—Sirrah! will you charge such worthy gentlemen that they did they knew not what?

Alleine.—My lorde, I said not that they knew not my case at

* Traverse, to arrest judgment.

all, but that they might not know I had bin already acquitted of that ffor which they have now prosecuted me.

Judge.—I must have the good behaviour of you *(with much passion)*.

Alleine.—My lorde, I have done nothing but what belonged to my duty as a minister.

Judge.—When were you made a minister?

Alleine.—Eight years since.

Judge.—By whom?

Alleine.—By the Presbytery.

Judge.—Who gave them power to ordaine?

Alleine.—My lorde, they have that power by virtue of their office, as they are ministers of Christ.

Judge.—Your ordination is nothing worth; you are noe minister.

Alleine.—My lorde, I hope you will not assert that which shall overthrow all the ministry of the whole christian protestant world except here in England; ffor your lordship is not ignorant that they have noe other ordination than by the hands of the Presbytery, just as I have. And ffor my ordination I shall be ready to maintain it before any whom your lordship may appoint.

Judge.—You are noe minister of England, of the churche of England.

Alleine.—I will undertake to show that in the judgement of many, very many bishops and archbishops of the churche of England, ordination by the Presbytery is valid.

Judge.—I cannot stand here to heare you prate in your self-confidence; you love to heare yourselfe talke. Will you give me security for your good behaviour?

Alleine.—If you will have securities for my good behaviour, I desire your lordship to explaine what you meane by this good behaviour.

Judge.—You fit to be a minister and not know what belongs to the good behaviour! How can you preach to others and not know what that means?

Alleine.—My lorde, what is vulgarly understood by the good behaviour I know, and in that sense I shall be ready to give securities ffor it; but iff your lordship by this intends to bind me from my duty, and that which belongs to my office as a minister, I cannot yielde to it.

We shall take another opportunity of giving the evidence and sentence.

Poetry.

THE SUFFERING SAVIOUR.

Oh! Thou didst die for me, thou Son of God!
By thee the throbbing flesh of man was worn;
Thy naked feet the thorns of sorrow trod,
And tempests beat thy houseless head forlorn.
Thou that were wont to stand
Alone, on God's right hand,
Before the ages were, the Eternal, eldest born.

Thy birthright in the world was pain and grief,
Thy love's return, ingratitude and hate;
The limbs thou healedst brought thee no relief,
The eyes thou openedst calmly view'd thy fate:
Thou that wert wont to dwell
In peace, tongue cannot tell,
No heart conceive the bliss of thy celestial state.

They dragg'd thee to the Roman's solemn hall,
Where the proud judge in purple splendour sate;
Thou stood'st a meek and patient criminal,
Thy doom of death from human lips to wait;
Whose throne shall be the world
In final ruin hurl'd,
With all mankind to hear their everlasting fate.

Thou wert alone in that fierce multitude,
When 'Crucify him!' yell'd the general shout:
No hand to guard thee 'mid those insults rude,
Nor lips to bless thee in that frantic rout;
Whose lightest whisper'd word
The seraphim had heard,
And adamantine arms from all the heavens broke out.

They bound thy temples with the twisted thorn,
Thy bruised feet went languid on with pain;
The blood from all thy flesh with scourges torn,
Deepen'd thy robe of mockery's crimson grain:
Whose native vesture bright
Was the unapproached light,
The sandal of whose foot the rapid hurricane.

They smote thy cheek with many a ruthless palm,
With the cold spear thy shuddering side they pierced;
The draught of bitterest gall was all the balm
They gave t' enhance thy unslak'd burning thirst;
Thou, at whose words of peace
Did pain and anguish cease,
And the long buried dead their tombs of slumber burst.

Low bow'd thy head convuls'd, and droop'd in death,
  Thy voice sent forth a sad and wailing cry;
Slow struggled from thy breast the parting breath,
  And every limb was wrung with agony.
    That head, whose veil-less blaze
    Fill'd angels with amaze,
When at that voice sprang forth the rolling suns on high.

And thou wast laid within the narrow tomb,
  Thy clay-cold limbs with shrouding grave-clothes bound;
The sealed stone confirm'd thy mortal doom,
  Lone watchmen walk'd thy desert burial ground,
    Whom heaven could not contain,
    Nor th' immeasurable plain
Of vast Infinity enclose or circle round.

For us, for us, thou did'st endure the pain,
  And thy meek spirit bow'd itself to shame,
To wash our souls from sin's infecting stain,
  To save us from the unexpiring flame;
    Thou, that could'st nothing win
    By saving worlds from sin,
Nor aught of glory add to thy all-glorious Name. MH

Anecdotes and Selections.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE HOLT was, it is said, one of the able most upright Judges that ever presided in a court of justice. was the integrity and firmness of his mind, that he could ne brought to swerve in the least from what he esteemed to be la justice. He was remarkably strenuous in nobly asserting, a rigorously supporting, the liberties of the subject, to which h the greatest regard; and would not even suffer a reflection, tend depreciate them, to pass uncensured, or without a severe repri He lost his place, as recorder of London, for refusing to expou law according to the king's designs. He asserted the law wit intrepidity, that he incurred, by turns, the indignation of both of parliament.

SIR THOMAS MORE was an example of incorruptibility as a A person who had a suit in chancery sent him two silver flago doubting of the agreeableness of the present. On receiving th called one of his servants, and ordered him to fill those two with the best wine in his cellar; and, turning round to the s who had presented them, "Tell your master," said the infl magistrate, "that, if he approve my wine, I beg he would not it," and returned the cups.

MR. JAMES HANWAY, in his department of commissioner for victualling the navy, was uncommonly assiduous and attentive, and kept the contractors and persons who had dealings with the office at a great distance. He would not even accept of a hare, or pheasant, or the smallest present, from any of them; and when any were sent him, he always returned them; not in a morose manner, as if he affected the excess of disinterestedness, but with some mild answer, such as, "Mr. Hanway returns many thanks to Mr. —— for the present he intended him, but he has made it a rule not to accept any thing from any person engaged with the office: a rule which he hopes Mr. ——'s good intentions will not expect him to break through."

TESTIMONY FOR THE SABBATH.—The celebrated William Wilberforce ascribes his continuance, for so long a time, under such a pressure of cares and labours, to his conscientious and habitual observance of the sabbath. "O, what a blessed day," he says, "is the sabbath, which allows us a precious interval wherein to pause, to come out from the cares of worldly concerns, and give ourselves up to heavenly and spiritual objects! *Observation and my own experience have convinced me that there is a special blessing on a right employment of the sabbath.* O, what a blessing is the sabbath, interposed between the waves of worldly business. There is nothing in which I would recommend you to be more strictly conscientious than in keeping the sabbath holy. By this I mean not only abstaining from all unbecoming sports, and common business, but from consuming time in *frivolous conversation, paying or receiving visits*, which, among relations, often leads to a sad waste of this precious day. I can truly declare that to me *the sabbath has been invaluable.*"

"GLORIOUS LIBERTY."—All liberty is good, anywhere, everywhere. But there is no liberty like that Christ gives. It sets a man free from the bondage of corruption, and admits him into the glorious liberty of the children of God. The highest freedom in the universe is enjoyed in heaven; and even on earth there is no kingdom in which "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," are enjoyed but in the kingdom of Christ, for in it "One is your master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren."

"He is the freeman whom the truth makes free;
And all are slaves besides"—

Slaves to their own lusts and to the devil! Reader! are *you* a freeman or a slave? Which?

JOHN RANDOLPH, the eccentric but influential American statesman, once addressed himself to an intimate friend in terms like these:—"I used to be called a Frenchman, because I took the French side in politics: and the truth is, I should have been a French atheist, if it had not been for one recollection, and that was, the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers, and cause me on my knees to say, 'Our Father, which art in heaven.'"

WHITEFIELD AND ELECTIONS.—When Mr. Whitefield was at the height of his popularity, Lord Clare, who knew that his influence was considerable, applied to him, by letter, requesting his assistance at Bristol, at the ensuing general election. To this request Mr. Whitefield replied, that in general elections he never interfered; but he would earnestly exhort his lordship to use great diligence to make his own particular calling and election sure!

The Fireside.

A FEW WORDS TO WIVES.

THAT is, if they will listen to them; especially the young wives of working men. At all events it is hoped they will not be offended if I say, in all you do you should make it a grand object to satisfy and please your husband. You can scarcely fail of doing this by order and punctuality. If men are not themselves as regular as might be desired, yet they like to be able to depend on the regularity of others, especially of their wives. The man was never yet known who was pleased when he came home from work, to find the house all at sixes and sevens, the fire out, and no meal prepared for his refreshment; and the wife who often inflicts such a reception, whatever she may suffer, has no right to complain of a bad husband. To her own negligence she may fairly trace all the irritation of feeling that arises, and all the unhappy consequences of a husband being driven to seek a place more comfortable than his home. Her misconduct will not justify his; but it will very much account for it; and the reproaches of her own conscience will add bitterness to any privations and sufferings that may follow.

It sometimes happens, that wives who are neither indolent nor untidy, nor yet intentionally unkind, are not quite as mindful as they ought to be of the comfort and feelings of their husbands. When a man comes home tired from his day's work, he wants to sit down in quiet; and his wife should endeavour so to arrange her work as to be able to enjoy his company. It is not seasonable or reasonable for her then to be so busy cleaning her house, that she cannot attend to him. If she sometimes goes out to work, to bring in something towards the support of the family, she should use every possible contrivance that neither her husband nor children are neglected during her absence. If she has not a child old enough to wait upon the father and take care of the little ones, nor a neighbour in whose care she can safely leave them, it is much to be questioned whether it can possibly be right for her to go out at all: and yet, if she has profitable employ, which perhaps is a great object to the common support, it is hard that it should be relinquished. Let her be careful to adjust the balance of claims; *and having* done so, she must exert an extra portion of industry and

rethought, that her occasional absence may interfere as little as possible with the order of her family, and especially with her husband's comforts. Before she leaves home she should make the house tidy, repare whatever meal will be required, and leave everything that is kely to be wanted where it may easily be found; and when her work s done, she should hasten home to cheer her husband by her presence, nd to convince him that, even when duty calls her away, it is rendered leasant by the thought that she is adding to the comforts of those who are dear to her at home.

The Penny Post Box.

THE SLAVERY-WAR IN AMERICA.

I CALL it the slavery-war, for I not only believe that slavery was the cause of the war, but that is why it has become so fierce and savage. Men who have bred, and sold, and worked, and whipped, and even killed their fellowmen as they liked, treating them worse than we treat our horses, are not likely to give up such a devilish power without a desperate struggle. But they must, and I now believe the time is coming. Many of us wondered, after reading "Uncle Tom," and the "Key" to it, how more than three millions of slaves would ever get their freedom. We see now how it is coming. The slavery-men in the South began the fight; but the people in the North, many of them, did not resist the South for the sake of the slave, but to preserve the Union; but the South would secede, and began to fight. There were, however, in the North, many who wished to give liberty to the slaves, but they were not the strongest party even in the North. Then they began to fight, and thousands have been slain on both sides in great and dreadful battles. And so the white men have been punishing one another, whilst the poor despised blacks have scarcely suffered at all; thousands have escaped from slavery, thousands have been set free by purchase, and a proclamation was made on January 1st, 1863, declaring all the slaves in the South free. Other steps in favour of freedom for the slave have been taken, and so far have they now gone that they cannot go back. I hate war as a great curse, but I hate slavery more. War must end; but slavery lasts for generations. It is grievous to find some English people and English newspapers in favour of slavery; the *Times* newspaper especially, which says it is scriptural! Such writers are a disgrace to our liberty-loving country. But they have said too much. They have roused the people of this country to hold great meetings against slavery; and I believe if all England could be polled to-morrow, ninety out of every one hundred would vote with

A LOVER OF FREEDOM FOR ALL MEN.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

GOLD.

FIFTY years ago, in the time of Buonaparte's wars, gold was so scarce, that an English guinea, twenty-one shillings, was sold as high as twenty-seven shillings. War did this; and war is doing worse in America now, where gold is 50 per cent. higher in value, that is, an English sovereign would be worth thirty shillings. Thus war takes money from manufactures and commerce, and uses it for the destruction and not the benefit of mankind.

Mr. H. Fawcett in an address said—"Previous to 1848 the whole value of all the gold in the world did not exceed £560,000,000; but, so soon as the gold-fields began to be worked, it appeared that within thirty-five years Australia and California would produce as much as had hitherto existed in the world. Although the older gold-fields did not now keep up to the amount which they produced at first, yet, looking to the recent gold discoveries in British Columbia, they would tend to preserve the supply at its primary rate. It was clear that, if gold discoveries had not occurred, there would since 1848 have been a great deficiency of that precious metal, and its value would have risen largely, to the great disturbance of commercial contracts; so that that discovery, coming as it did at the epoch of the great commercial change attendant on the adoption of Free Trade, was timely and happy for the fortunes of this country. We had sent to India and China, since 1850, in specie every year, £14,000,000, owing to the establishment of great public works in India, and to the large demands in this country for products from China."

Hints

FOURTEEN FOLLIES.

1. To think that the more eats, the fatter and stronger l become.

2. To believe that the more children study at school, the they learn.

3. To conclude that if exer good for the health, the more and exhausting it is, the mor is done.

4. To imagine that every hou from sleep is an hour gained.

5. To act on the presumptio the smallest room in the h large enough to sleep in.

6. To argue that whatever causes one to feel immediately is "good for" the system, regard to its further effects.

7. To commit an act which in itself to be wrong, hopin somehow or other it may be your case with impunity.

8. To advise another to remedy which you have not yourself, or without making inquiry whether all the conditi alike.

9. To eat without an appet continue to eat after it has bee fied, merely to gratify taste.

10. To eat a hearty supper pleasure of eating, but at the e of a whole night of disturbed and a weary waking in the mor

11. To remove a portion clothing immediately after e when the most stupid drayr England knows that he must cover on his horse the mom ceases work, in winter.

12. To contend that becaus children in the street are hea healthy, that, therefore, it is h

rty, forgetting that pure out-
is the cause of their health.
o presume to repeat, later in
hout injury, the indiscretion,
es, and intemperances of youth.
o "remember the Sabbath
' working harder and later on
y than on any other day in
k, with a view to sleeping late
rning, and staying at home all
rest; conscience quieted by
of "not feeling very well."

Gems.

was not created to endure suf-
He brought suffering upon
by his disobedience.
ow is the twin-sister of suffer-
d in company they pay their
nore or less frequently, to
ild of man.
Y THE DISOBEDIENCE of one
ere made sufferers; so by the
t suffering of one many are
from their sufferings.
GREATEST SUFFERINGS ever
l by man arise from the stings
t in his own heart. "A
d spirit who can bear?"
ST, in coming to relieve us
ur sufferings, endured more
y man ever felt. For there
d or heaped on him the ini-
us all.
SUFFERING SAVIOUR was called
an of sorrows," because he bore
efs and carried our sorrows.
, the Son of God, completed
t work of saving us by suffer-
h in body and soul on the
where he was made a perfect
by suffering.
NG SUFFERED more than any
ur blessed Lord can now sym-
with us in our sufferings.
OUR DUTY, as it is our privi-
sympathize *with* Christ in the
bject of his sufferings, which
dured to save men from eter-
fering.

IF CALLED to suffer *for* Christ we should count it all joy. For if we suffer we shall also reign with Him.

Poetic Selections.

THE WANDERER.

I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be control'd.
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my father's voice,
I went far off to roam.

The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The father sought his child,
He followed me o'er dale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.
He found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
He bound me with the bands of love;
He saved the wandering one.

He spoke in tender love,
He raised my drooping head;
He gently closed my bleeding wounds,
My fainting soul he fed.
He washed my filth away,
He made me clean and fair:
He brought me to my home in peace—
The long-lost wanderer.

Jesus my shepherd is,
'Twas he that loved my soul,
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
'Twas he that made me whole.
'Twas he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas he that brought me to the fold,
'Tis he that still doth keep.

I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be control'd;
But now I love the Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold!
I was a wayward child;
I once went far to roam,
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, love his home!

The Children's Corner.

GOOD MOTHERS.

HAVE you, young reader, a good mother who gives you good and always prays that you may grow up to be wise and gc you have, you have one of the best of blessings. For God he mother's prayers. He has heard and answered the prayers (sands of good mothers. Read about these two.

When I was a little child, said a good man, my mother use me kneel beside her, and to place her hand upon my head w prayed. Before I was old enough to know her worth, she die was left much to my own guidance. Like others, I was inc evil passions, but often felt myself checked, and as it were dra by the soft hand on my head. When I was a young man, I t in foreign lands, and was exposed to many temptations; but would have yielded, that same hand seemed to be upon my hea was saved. I seemed to feel its pressure as in the days of m infancy, and sometimes there came with it a voice to my l voice that must be obeyed—"Oh, do not this wickedness, my sin against thy God."

A pious mother had the happiness of seeing her children early life brought to the knowledge of the truth, walking in of the Lord, and ornaments in the christian church. A minis was travelling heard this circumstance respecting this motl wished very much to see her, thinking that there might be so peculiar in her mode of giving instruction which rendered it so e He accordingly visited her, and inquired respecting the ms which she discharged the duties of a mother in educating her c The woman replied that she did not know that she had bee faithful than any other christian mother would be in the 1 instruction of her children. After a little conversation, sl "While my children were infants on my lap, as I washed raised my heart to God, that he would wash them in that bloo cleanseth from all sin; as I clothed them in the morning I a heavenly Father to clothe them with the robe of Christ's righte as I provided them with food, I prayed that God would feed th with the bread of heaven, and give them to drink of the wate When I have prepared them for the house of God, I have plea their bodies might be fit temples for the Holy Ghost to dwell in. they left me for the week-day school, I followed their infant f with a prayer that their path through life might be like that of t which shineth more and more unto the perfect day. As I co them to the rest of the night, the silent breathing of my soul w their heavenly Father would take them to his embrace, and fol *in his paternal arms.*"

TRIAL OF JOSEPH ALLEINE.

THE EVIDENCE AND SENTENCE.

ous and devoted minister was brought before Sir Robert Lord Chief Justice, at Taunton, on the indictment, " ffor the 17th day of May, 1663, thou with twentie others, to ›urs unknowne, did by fforce of armes, unlawfully, rout-'iotously, and seditiously, assemble and segregate your-›gether, contrary to the peace of our sovereigne lorde the ınd to the great terrour of his subjects, and the evill › of all others."

nglishman of these days reading this might suppose that Alleine and his companions had been guilty of a serious l disturbance, when the fact was that they had only met ly for Divine worship. But the Judge was a brow-beating nd like the infamous Judge Jeffery, a disgrace to the n which he sat. After throwing many obstacles in the the prisoner, Mr. Alleine, in his report of the proceed-ys :—

lorde being very angrie, the jaylour pulled M. Alleine ›ut he desired as he was being pulled backe, that iff his › would not accept of his offers, he might put it upon issue. But the clerke speaks softly to my lorde, in the of a friend, that the evidence was yet very short, and soe lship was not ready to heare Alleine. Whereupon he ut a second and third time, that he desired to have it put resent tryall. Then my lorde spake to the clerke, 'Let try it presently.' So Alleine was put to the barre againe. ıt witnesse was John Lake.

ke.—Once since Christmas I went to M. Alleine's house, that had formerly lived with me; and when I came, I him preach in his family.

ı.—Where there none but his own family?

ke.—I know not who were there, but there were many that did live with him under the same roofe.

ıe.—My lorde, I desire that counsell may be hearde in my

ı.—With all my hearte; where are your counsell?

ıe.—I desire they may be called.

Judge.—Do you looke that I should call your counsell?

Alleine.—Noe, my lorde, I desire the cryer.

Cryer.—I warrant you have Bampfield.

Alleine.—Call M. Sidderson and M. Bampfield.

It must be noted that the day before, M. Bampfield, be in the Court, Sir Hugh Windham, foreman of the gr spake in M. B.'s hearing to the judge: 'We are inforn here is a counsellour in the towne, that is come to plead ministers, who is an excommunicated person, a Noncor &c., &c. I desire to know of your lordship, whether present him or indict him?' *Judge.*—'Which you will, ar blessing on your heartes.'—This was thought to be affright M. Bampfield from appearing; and he not com cause wherein he was expected, (upon some weighty re was said by some that they had frighted away Bampfield soon as he came into the Court, the judge spake to h angrily,—'M. Bampfield, I must tell you, before you p another, I must tell you that you had need answer ffor y You are here presented to me, ffor being a Nonconformi churche of the land, and an abettour of Nonconformi Bampfield answered, 'My lorde, to that charge I shall a due time and place.'

Alleine.—I desire that my first witnesse may be heard before my counsell. He was hearde, and afterwards witnesse was called, by name George Tweagle.

Tweagle (in a hurry)—Upon the 17th day of May, I M. Alleine's house, and there I hearde the singing of a and that was alle.

Judge.—Were there none there but of his own family?

Tweagle (pulleth at his front hair, in sign of reverence.)—

Judge.—How many doe you thinke?

Tweagle.—I thinke there might be twentie there.

Judge—Were there not fortie there?

Tweagle.—I thinke there were.

Judge.—Were not sixtie there?

Tweagle (looketh simple.)—I thinke there were sixtie.

Judge (mildly).—Come, come, old man, speake the t shame the divell: never goe to helpe a lame dogge ove were there not eightie there?

Tweagle (in like mild manner.)—Sure, I thinke there n eightie there.

Master Bampfield.—Upon the oathe you have taken did you see [. Alleine there?

Tweagle (thundereth out).—NOE. *(A pause.)*

Bampfield (foolishly).—Did you heare him there?

Tweagle.—I cannot swear I did, but I believe it was his voice.

Bampfield (somewhat nervous.).—My lorde, it will come to this oint in law, whether it can be rout, riot, or unlawful assembly, ccording to the indictment, there being noe appearance of any force, which the law determines to be necessary to every one of hese; ffor a riot, I conceive, a riot is when three or more doe neet, and by fforce, ffor some unlawful act. A riot I conceive—riot is when they meet and move towards it—an unlawful act y fforce.

Judge (measuring M. Bampfield with his eye).—You conceive nd conceive, but all the countrey knows that M. Bampfield's onceptions are none of the wisest. A meeting to doe that which s not allowed by law, is an unlawful assembly.

Bampfield.—My lorde, this is not my single opinion, but all the bookes that I can meet, doe make a force to be necessary to that which in law is called an unlawful assembly. My Lorde Cooke, Marrow, and many authors were now cited, and he repeated the evidence above mentioned to the jury, showing them that here was noe appearance of fforce, but only peaceable serving of God in instructing the family with others, and singing with them, and soe he should leave it upon their consciences whether they could find it according to the indictment, for an unlawful assembly.

Before the jury went out, the judge spake to them to this effect:—

Judge.—You have hearde what the witnesses have sworne; and though the evidence be not so full, I desire you remember, that the grand jury have, partly upon the evidence, and partly on their own knowledge, found him guilty, and they are upon their oathes as well as you.

Retirement of Jury.—While the jury were out, it was confidently thought in the Court that Alleine would be found "not guilty;" and the sheriffe said to a friend of Alleine's, excusingly, "However shorte these witnesses are now, they swore more to the purpose yesterday."

Verdict.—The jury quickly brought in Alleine *Guilty.* M. Bampfield asked, "What! guilty according to the evidence of the indictment?" They answered, "*Guilty of the indictment.*"

Clerks.—In the afternoon, Alleine being sett to the barre, was

asked by the clerke what he had to say why judgeme
not be pronounced? M. Alleine said that he desired hi
might be hearde.

M. Bampfield.—Then M. Bampfield urged the invalid
indictment, ffor that in every good indictment of the ki
or more of the rioters ought to be named, ffor want of v
was essentially erroneous. Many more things he urged,
with much passion, overcome in all.

Clerke.—Then the clerke asked Alleine whether he
further to say.

Alleine.—My lorde, I am glad that it hath appeared l
countrey, that whatever I am charged with, I am guilty o
but doing my duty, all that did appeare by the eviden
that I had sung a psalme, and instructed my family, (oth
there,) and both in mine own house; and iff nothing
been urged will satisfy, I shall with all cheerfulnesse a
fulnesse accept whatsoever sentence your lordship shall p
upon me, ffor so good and righteous a cause.

Judge.—Inasmuch as you are the bell-wether of a
flocke and a ring-leader of evil men; and this coun
especially this place, are noted ffor these seditious me
reason whereof the King and the Counsell are in many
new warres likely to be hatched; and as you doe i
repenting, aggravate your fault by your obstinate car
judgement of the Court is that you be fined a hundre
and be in jayle till you have paid it, and given securit
good behaviour.

Alleine.—Glory be to God, that hath accounted me
suffer ffor his Gospel! and soe he drew off the barre."

In this illegal and insolent manner were the Puritan
treated by the unjust Judges of the oath-breaking and l
King Charles II. Well might they and their flocks
cross the Atlantic and join the Pilgrim Fathers, who n
years before had fled to the barren shores of New Eng
they might worship God and hear his gospel in peace.

No English Judge in our day, would ever think of p
justice as this Sir Robert Foster did, or treat the greatest
with such scornful contempt and brutality. "Lord Chie
indeed! He made his name infamous by his gross i
But he was the tool of a tyrant.

Poetry.

LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

Puritans, who had been driven by the intolerance of the times into Holland, resolved king an asylum for themselves and their children on the shores of America. They l in New England, December 22, 1620.

The breaking waves dash'd high
On a stern and rock-bound coast;
And the woods, against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches toss'd

And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moor'd their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;—
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;—

Not as the flying come,
In silence, and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the forest gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean-eagle soar'd
From his nest, by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared;—
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band:
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas? the spoils of war?—
The sought a faith's pure shrine.

Ay, call it holy ground,—
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstain'd what there they found—
Freedom to worship God!

Mrs. Hemans.

Anecdotes and Selections.

THE BEST AND THE WORST.—Xanthus designing to treat some of his friends, ordered his slave Esop to provide the best things he could find in the market. Esop thereupon made a large provision of tongues, which he desired the cook to serve up with different sauces. When dinner came, all the dishes were made of tongues. "Did I not order you" said Xanthus, very angry, "to bring the best victuals the market afforded?" "And have I not obeyed your orders?" said Esop. "Is there anything better than tongues? Is not the tongue the organ of truth and reason? for with that men instruct, persuade, and preside in assemblies; and it is the instrument which we use in religious worship, the chief of all our duties." "Well then," replied Xanthus, thinking to catch him, "go to market again tomorrow, and buy me the worst things you can find. The same company will dine with me, and I will have change in my entertainment." Esop the next day provided nothing but the very same dishes; telling his master, that the tongue was the worst thing in the world. "It is," said he, "the instrument of all strife and contention, the fomenter of law suits, and the source of divisions and wars; it is the organ of error, of lies, calumny, and blasphemy." The black slave was more wise than his master, and the apostle James was of his opinion.

THE CONQUEROR CONQUERED.—Alexander the Great, after his arrival at Babylon, was continually solemnizing new festivals and feasting at new banquets. After having spent a whole night in carousing, a second was proposed. There were twenty guests at table. He drank to each of them, and then called for the cup of Hercules, which held six bottles. He had no sooner swallowed all it held than he fell down upon the floor. In this condition he was carried half dead to his palace. Fever followed, and in a few days he expired, aged thirty-two years and eight months, of which he had reigned twelve. "Here, then," says Seneca, "was this hero, invincible by all the toils of prodigious marches, by the dangers of sieges and combats, by the most violent extremes of heat and cold, conquered by intemperance, and struck to the earth by the fatal cup of Hercules." Alexander endeavoured more to vanquish others than to subdue himself; not knowing that to triumph over our own passions is of all conquests the most glorious.

TALENT *versus* PIETY.—Mr. Grimshaw was a pious clergyman. To a lady with whom he was one day conversing he administered a striking but severe reproof, which may be of use to some who live in our times. She had expressed her admiration of a certain very gifted minister, who, it was feared, had but little piety. "Madam," said Mr. Grimshaw, "I am glad you never saw the devil." When asked why

ıe made such a strange remark, he said, "Because he has greater .alents than all the ministers in the world. I am afraid, if you were to ıee him and hear him, you would fall in love with him; as you seem to ıave so high a regard for talents without piety. Be not led away by :he display of mere talent. It is only as sounding brass or a tinkling :ymbal when compared with real piety."

TRAVELLERS are often more perplexed than aided by the directions which they receive about the roads. People point out the turns at this point and that, as though the stranger were as well acquainted with the places as they are themselves. "When you pass Mr. Smith's farm, turn into the lane, just beyond my uncle's house, on the south side of White's wood." In like manner, some preachers discourse about the way to heaven; using terms and phrases familiar to themselves, but not understood by the hearer. Theology, like human sciences, must have its technical terms; but in the pulpit, where popular instruction and improvement should be the aim, they should not be used too freely. Christ had only few of them in his discourses.

PRAYING AWAY OFFENCES.—A person came to Mr. Longden, of Sheffield, one day, and said:—"I have something against you, and I am come to tell you of it." "Do walk in, sir," he replied; "you are my best friend. If I could but engage my friends to be faithful with me, I should be sure to prosper. But, if you please, we will both pray, in the first place, and ask the blessing of God upon our interview." After they rose from their knees, and had been much blessed together, he said:—"Now I will thank you, my brother, to tell me what it is that you have against me." "Oh," said the man, "I really dont know what it is; it is all gone, and I believe I was in the wrong."

"SERVED HIM RIGHT."—What is here related took place in the Isle of Wight not long ago. A young man, who indulges far too much in the vulgar tongue, and in the habit of prying into other people's business, met, a short time since, with a good retort in reply to one of his satirical and impertinent questions. Having fallen in with a humble local preacher of the Primitive Methodist persuasion, he asked him what his text would be on the following Sunday, to which he quietly received the following answer, Prov. xx. 3—"It is an honour for a man to cease from strife; but every fool will be meddling."

POLITE REFUSALS OF THE GOSPEL.—"I pray thee, have me excused." How very polite! There are still extant, I apprehend, some of this genteel race of gospel rejectors; they hold pews in the church, they pay their stipends, they treat "the clergy" with profound deference; but upon any approach to a personal application of God's truth to themselves, they gracefully raise their hats, and say, in softest tones, "I pray thee, have me excused." Thus they politely decline an invitation to heaven's rich banquet, on account of prior engagements hell-ward with the world.

The Fireside.

GOSSIPING—A WORD TO SERVANT GIRLS.

A GOOD BOOK has just been published, called, "Good Servants, Good Wives, and Happy Homes,"* very neat in its appearance, with many pictures; and better still, full of good tales and good advice. Here is a bit of good advice to servant girls against that perpetual plague called *gossiping*.

"The character and happiness of families are often in the hands of servants, and the amount of mischief which is sometimes done by thoughtlessness, folly, or malice, is incalculable. A little gossip may seem a harmless thing, and it is what most young girls in service are addicted to, but in this way the secrets of families are often disclosed, little foibles get magnified, trifling occurrences are exaggerated, and become the occasion of much slander and detraction. There are to be found persons in every neighbourhood, who, from a busy inquisitive spirit, and an eager appetite for news, are always wishful to pry into the affairs of others, and who are never better pleased than when they can meet with a sauntering, gossiping servant, from whom they may pump information. In this way things are frequently made known which, in the hands of mischievous and evil-disposed persons, may work incalculable evil. Many a master and mistress have been rendered objects of unjust suspicion, dislike, and calumny, by the thoughtless and ignorant prattle of a gossiping servant. The peace of many a family has been sacrificed in the kitchen, in the yard, or in the mangle house, which is too often the house of gossip for the whole neighbourhood, and where characters are mangled as well as linen, by uncharitable surmises, and false rumours, which, being put in motion, are like the snowball which gathers weight and magnitude every time it is rolled over, until some trifling affair is made to assume an aspect the most serious, and thus, while unconscious of what is going on, the character of the family, or of some particular member of it, is grievously damaged."

This is good advice, and every sensible young woman will see that it is. No servant girl would think it right for her mistress to talk about her behind her back in that way. So it comes to this, that mistresses and servants should both take the advice of the good Old Book, and do as they would be done by. I verily regard a faithful and amiable servant girl as one of the greatest blessings a family can possess. Loved and beloved by all, she is a treasure, and is ever after thought of and talked about both by parents and children with pleasure; and there are few who are more welcome than she is if at any time she calls to see them.

* Partridge, Paternoster Row, London.

The Penny Post Box.

DRINK, MADNESS, AND DEATH.

you a report of a most awful accident, as I find it in a London called "Old Jonathan," of February 16th, 1863.
most dreadful accident, with loss of life, occurred lately in Mat-
ear Cromford. John Spencer, butcher and publican, of the Gate
rassington, left his home in the afternoon in his conveyance, and
ded on business to Matlock Bath, when, after spending some
t an hotel, he set out infuriated with drink. Upon being cautioned
egard to his usual rash mode of driving, he declared he would
o hell in a quarter of an hour; and, after proceeding about a
n the most madman-like manner, he came nigh the Scarthing
ike Gate, where he so far misguided his horse as to bring one of
heels in contact with a lamp-post. The sudden stoppage hurled
om his seat. A dray loaded with timber passing by went over his
He was taken up and conveyed to the Greyhound Inn, Crom-
where in a few minutes he expired. He leaves a wife and eight
n to lament his sad end. An inquest was held the day follow-
d a verdict of 'Accidental death' was given. In a letter in the
Gazette, we find the following:—'Sir, you gave in your paper a
paragraph of an awfully sudden death on the road in this county.
been made acquainted with some facts respecting the wicked
ho was so suddenly struck down in his sins. He had made some
in his trade, and then he took to a public-house, where, though
before, he soon took to drinking habits. About a week before
cident, he told his wife he should be in hell in a week. On the
y before his death, he went into a public-house near to his own,
ere on his knees prayed God to damn him, his wife, and family;
st starting from the public-house before he was killed, upon being
ned as to his driving, he said 'he would drive to hell in a quarter
hour.' This was literally fulfilled. I have troubled you with
very painful particulars simply for this purpose—to record a
warning to all sinners, whether open blasphemers or undecided
y procrastinators about their souls' spiritual safety.'"
poor wretched man was mad—mad through drink—there is no
of that. The tale is so terrible that I feel as if I ought not to
any remarks on it, but leave the reader to indulge his own
thoughts about it. But what a warning to the thousands who
t putting an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains.
only leave such men in their madness, their end is—DEATH!
I wish to add, that if on reading the above any person who lives
neighbourhood should find anything that is not correct, I hope
write to the Editor of the *Pioneer* and inform him, as no more
he truth ought to be stated of this sad case. SELECTOR.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

PETROLEUM.

THIS word signifies rock-oil, or earth-oil, which has recently been found in North America in exhaustless quantities.

The native Indians of that country were aware of this oil, and used it for the cure of rheumatism and other complaints.

In Pennsylvania, there is a brook called Oil Creek, on the surface of which, at the springs, oil was observed floating, which was gathered by spreading flannels on the surface, and then wringing out the oil.

About eight years ago Mr. Drake thought there must be springs of oil beneath; so he bored about seventy feet, and found a vein of oil, from which he pumped about ten barrels a day.

Since then bores have been made as deep as 500 feet, where veins were found so strong that when worked they threw up the tubes a stream of oil high into the air.

There are now about 2,000 wells in the region of Oil Creek; one of which, pumped by steam, has yielded as much as from 800 to 1000 barrels a day. When first opened the rush of the oil was uncontrolable, and formed a brook for itself.

Tanks are now made close by the wells that will hold from 20,000 to 30,000 barrels. A process of refining is necessary to purify the oil, the refuse of which is used for various useful purposes.

Sometimes the oil has caught fire, and then the conflagration has been awfully grand and terrible, during which, unable to escape its sudden *fury, several* have lost their lives.

Hints

FOR CHRISTIAN CONDUCT.

By the Rev. Legh Richmond, Author of the "Dairyman's Daughter."

1. ADHERE scrupulously to truth; and labour to preserve the strictest integrity, simplicity, and sincerity.

2. Engage in no pursuit in which you cannot look up unto God and say, "Bless me in this, O my Father!"

3. Strive to be as kind, forbearing, and forgiving as you can, both to friends and foes.

4. Never speak evil of any one, on any pretence whatever.

5. Strive to recommend religion by the courtesy, civility, and the kindness of your conduct.

6. Watch against irritation, positiveness, unkind speaking, and anger: study to promote love.

7. Mortify passion, lust, sensuality, and sloth.

8. Keep down pride; let it not be indulged for a moment, and watch against it.

9. Shut out evil imaginations, and all angry thoughts.

10. Let it be your sole business here to prepare for eternity. Use every moment of time with that view.

11. Remember that you have to contend with satan, a heart full of deceit and iniquity, and a world at enmity with God.

12. Ever rejoice in the advancement of Christ's kingdom, and the salvation of sinners; and labour in every way to promote these objects.

13. Strive to preserve a praying mind through the day; not only at the usual and stated periods, but everywhere, and at all times, and in all companies. This is your best preservative against error, weakness, and sin.

Gems.

IT IS A GOOD THING for a man to know that he is a sinner, but it is a better to know that Christ is his Saviour. It is well to know our disease, but it is better to know the cure.

IF YOU KEEP THINKING of nothing but your sins you will never find peace. Lift up your eyes, though blind with tears, to the bleeding Saviour, who bought peace for us through the blood of his cross.

THE HOLY SPIRIT IS GIVEN, not only to convince us of sin, but to show Christ to us as just the very Saviour we wanted. So trust yourself to the Holy Spirit's guidance: if he convicts first, he will comfort afterwards.

THE MORE WE SEE of the love of Christ in dying for us, the more confidence shall we have in him. And not only so, but our love to him will grow stronger, driving away all guilty fear.

FAITH AND LOVE are twins, growing side by side, and always keeping company. Faith is strong, and Love leans on his arm. Faith rests on the power of Christ, and Love admires and adores him.

FAITHFUL ADHERENCE TO CHRIST under all circumstances is the secret of peace, power, and progress in the soul. Never give that up. Hold it fast as with a death-grasp. Be faithful to him, and he will never forsake you.

TRUE CONVERSION is not found in a change of opinions. Such mere changes from one opinion to another never saved a soul yet, and never will. True conversion shows itself by new views of Christ and supreme love to him.

TRUE FAITH looks only to Christ for salvation; sees him in all the dignity of his divinity, in all the riches of his mercy, in all the perfection of his loveliness, and sinks into the arms of his infinite love.

Poetic Selections.

AN OLD SONG OF PRAISE FOR CHRIST.

I'VE found the pearl of greatest price,
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must: a Christ I have:
O what a Christ have I!
Christ is the Way, the Truth, the Life—
The Way to God and glory;
Life to the dead—who had no life;
The Truth of ancient story.

Christ is a Prophet, Priest, and King—
A Prophet full of light;
A Priest to stand 'twixt God and man,
A King who rules with might.
Christ's manhood is a temple, where
The altar now doth rest;
My Christ, He is the sacrifice,
My Christ, He is the Priest.

My Christ, He is the Lord of lords,
He is the King of kings;
He is the Sun of Righteousness,
With healing in His wings.
My Christ, He is the Tree of Life
Which in God's garden grows;
Whose fruits do feed; whose leaves do heal;
More fair than Sharon's Rose.

Christ is my meat, Christ is my drink,
My physic and my health;
My peace, my strength, my joy, my crown,
My glory and my wealth.

Christ is my Saviour and my Friend,
My Brother and my Love;
My Head, my Hope, my Counsellor,
My Advocate above.

My Christ is more than I can tell,
My Christ, what shall I call?
My Christ is First,—my Christ is Last,—
My Christ is ALL IN ALL.

CHRIST THE KING OF GLORY.

YES, thou art worthy, dearest Lord,
Of universal, endless praise;
With every power to be adored,
That men or angels e'er can raise.
Let heaven and earth unite their strains,
Jesus the King of glory reigns!

Jesus, who vanquished all our foes,
Who came to save, who reigns to bless:
From him our every comfort flows,
Life, liberty, and joy, and peace.
Resound, resound in joyful strains,
Jesus the King of glory reigns!

The Children's Corner.

TWO GERMAN BOYS.

THIS tale is from Germany, which is a great country, where a woods and forests, in which children are fond of wandering.

"Two boys from a neighbouring town lost their way in forest. At last they came to a small lonely inn, where the shelter and food, and at night went to bed. At midnight tl awoke by some people talking in the next room, and listei there was only a wooden partition between them, they heard say, 'Wife, have the copper boiling early in the morning, foi kill them as soon as I get up. They will make good eating.' boys felt all the terrors of death. 'O mercy,' they whispered, 'th a cannibal!' After lying still for a time they both got up anc out of the window to run away. But, to their great dismay, th the yard door was locked, and they could not climb over the hi They then crept into the pigsty, and passed the night in grei with the pigs. In the morning the innkeeper came into tl They heard him sharpen his knife, and then coming to the sty said, 'Now, my little fellows, come out; your last hour is come the boys uttered a cry of terror; and begged him on their k to kill them. The innkeeper was astonished to find them in the and asked them how they got there, with his two little piggy boys answered piteously, 'You said yourself last night that yc kill us this morning, and we should be good to eat.' But the ir said, 'Oh, you silly children! I did not mean *you!* I only m two little pigs that lie there fast asleep. Come out, and w give you some breakfast, and then I will take you through tl to your father and mother, who must be in great trouble abo The children were very glad, but more glad when they got sa again."

Children should not venture to wander in such places witho one to guide them, or they may get into trouble, and be in gr when there is no cause for fear.

And then remember the world is like a great forest, and as you live you will want a guide. That guide is the Bible. tells you, and it will shew you the way to your Father's h heaven.

THE OLD YORKSHIRE METHODIST.

A Good Tale is told in "Good Servants, Good Wives, and Happy Homes,"* by a servant whose master had been much injured and nearly killed by an accident. This servant and her mistress had often prayed for him, and as he was now in trouble of soul for sin, the rough but honest Old Methodist was introduced to him.

"Ye've hed a narrow escape, maister Symonds; ye mud ha' been plung'd into eternity in a moment, an' that w'ud ha been a sad thing unless ye'd been fully ripe for t' better land. How w'u'd case have stood d'ye think?"

"I fear," replied Mr. Symonds, "that I was far from being ready for so sudden a change."

"There are some sad mistak's made abaat being ready. It's wonderful i' this day o' gospel light, what blunders men fall into through th' devil an' their own deceitful hearts. I'd nearly made a bad job of it my sen i' this way. When I wur a young fellow, I wur caunted bi most who knew me, a decent kind o' a' chap,—I wur varra steady,—mindfu' o' business,—did as I c'u'd loike to be done by, so at last I began to think varra weell o' mysen, an' if onny body hed said then, that I s'u'd n't get to heaven, I s'u'd ha tell'd 'em, no doubt, it would be a bad job for t' rest o' t' warld, for if I miss'd I did'nt know who would get there. I led t' singing too at t' church, and sometimes I wur t' clerk's deputy, an', i' fitness for heaven, I put mysen next to t' parson. It wur weell for me that I wur not cut down then, for if I hed, I s'u'd ha gone down to t' pit. But God in His mercy spar'd me, an' open'd my eyes at last."

Mr. Symonds, who had listened with evident interest, said, "Do tell me all about it."

"It wur i' this way. A chapel gat built i' our village i' spite of all opposition. So much wur said abaat the preacher who hed been invited to open it, that I resolved I w'u'd go an' hear him for mysen; yet, as I wur a stiff churchman, I felt ashamed of being seen amang t' thrang. Weel, when t' sarvice commenced, I began to think I'd getten into a new warld. Eh, what singing! what a contrast to the tweedling at our place. The folk sang as if they'd sing the'r sen to heaven. Then, as for 't prayer that

* London: Partridge.

followed, I ne'er heard sich begging i' my life. It seem'd as if t' mon w'u'd tak' no denial fro' t' Almighty; again, and again, he said, 'We will not let thee go unless Thou bless us.' When he began to preach, I listened till my ears seemed to crack; I ne'er heard ought loike it before. Eh, how he did pour out his words! an' they wur so earnest: it wur loike one flash o' lightning after another. He did show me up i' foine style. I began to think at last that somebody hed been telling him all abaat me, and I felt so angry, that I s'u'd ha' left th' place, only I fear'd all eyes would be fix'd on me. He tell'd me I wur a mere formalist, trying to mak' t' outside clean, while all wur corruption within;—that I wur trusting i' mi good works, when they wur all sinfu', an deserving o' hell. Then he brought forrards t' commandments, an' show'd how I'd broken them, every one; how I wur under the curse o' t' law, an' how terrible that curse wur;—a curse too fro' which I c'u'd n't escape. Eh, I wur in such a taking!—I felt as if I wur just ready to drop into t' pit. Presently he showed how God had open'd a way of escape, thro' the gift an' death of His Son; how an atonement hed been made for human guilt, so that pardon, an' peace, an' eternal life might now be hed bi all who truly repent, an' unfeignedly believe God's holy Gospel. An then he did so beg an' beseech us to turn fro' our sins, an' gi' ourselves to God, that I expected every minute he'd go down on his knees, he wur so earnest abaat it. At last he cried, 'Now is the accepted time:—the Faather says *now*;—Christ says *now*;—the Spirit says *now*;—all i' heaven say *now*;—the whole church says *now*;—will *you say now?*' Never thinking where I wur, I cried, 'yes, I will' Eh, what a cry went thro' t' place! Then several more said t' same thing. The preacher now began to pray; I felt that I must pray too; there wur no standing again it. It wur t' first time I ever pray'd i' my loife; for what I'd us'd to call prayer, wur no prayer; the heart wur'n't in it; but now mi whole soul cried, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'

After t' service a prayer-meeting wur held. I scarcely knew what that meant, but I thought I w'u'd stop and see. Somehow or other, I got plac'd just by t' preacher, and it seem'd as if he kenn'd me at once, and knew all abaat me, for presently he knelt down by my side, an' he pray'd, an' talk'd, an' pray'd again; it seem'd as if he wur detarmin'd bi' t' force o' his prayers to lift me up to heaven!—it wur a sore dead lift, for I wur a sad weighty *sinner*, but he wur a mighty man, an' hed such power wi' God

at last he prevailed: for while he wur pleading, sich light
ɜd into mi moind, an' sich grace into mi heart, that I jump'd
.ce on mi feet, and cried out, 'I'm sav'd, I'm saved!' an' so I
years have roll'd on, but I've hed no reason to doubt it. I
home that night wi a new heart, an' wi a new song; an' I've
it ivver sin', and it's neither old nor cold yet, but as fresh as
I'll just sing ye one verse o' it,—

> 'My God, I am Thine, what a comfort divine,
> What a blessing to know that Jesus is mine!
> In the heavenly Lamb thrice happy I am,
> And my heart it doth dance at the sound of His name.'

's my song daily. I now love God because He first lov'd me.
the blessed witness within, that I'm the Lord's, an' He for
mine; an' I hope to get to heaven at last, not because I've
decent, an' honest, an' orderly, an' all that, but because
ɜ died for sinners loike me, an' because by His grace, He's
ɜ me a new creature."

Ɂou must be a very happy man," said Mr. Symonds.

Ɂhy, surely," was the reply, "I've cause enough to be happy;
is my Faather,—Christ is my Saviour,—t' blessed Spirit is
ɜuide and Comforter, I've a part i' all t' promises an' bless-
i' God's book;—I'm i' t' way to heaven;—so is my old
an, bless her! an' so are all mi bairns. Praise God! I'm as
y as 't day is long."

ɜe straightforward simplicity of this statement, carried with
'esistible evidence of its truth, and caused it to produce a
ɜg and favourable impression on Mr. Symonds; he was
ted even to tears. It might, perhaps, have excited the sneer
ɜe fastidious and critical, who are always indisposed to sanc-
anything religious, unless shaped and modelled in accord-
with their own views, but God often turns into foolishness
visdom of this world; and this example explains how it is
plain unsophisticated men like Fletcher often succeed in
ucing saving religious impressions, by a simple, undisguised,
ɜrinking statement of gospel truth and experience, while
rs, more highly qualified and endowed, utterly fail, from a
l policy,—a cautious reserve, or a want of sufficient confi-
e in the truth itself, as the power of God.

'ter a short pause my master exclaimed, with a sigh, "what
.d I not give, Mr. Fletcher, to enjoy your happiness. All my

life I have been indulging the same error that marked your early days. I now see clearly that I've been building upon a wrong foundation. As I had never intentionally injured any one,—had always endeavoured to maintain the character of an upright tradesman, and was ever willing to do a good turn when in my power; and, as in addition to this, I observed the sabbath and went regularly to church, I did not see what more I could do, or God require, and therefore I felt confident of my safety. My case now appears to me to be very sad, I've lived so long in darkness and sin. Do you think it admits of hope?"

"Hope!" exclaimed Fletcher, with an emphatic elevation of his voice, "Yes, as much hope as there is mercy in God, an' that's boundless. But then ye mun give up t' notion o' buying, or meriting heaven, an' consent to receive salvation, both now an' hereafter, as the gift of God's free grace, for t' sake o' His Son. I dare say you've a liking for old Sternhold and Hopkins, then I'll sing you a verse o' theirs that will just suit your case:—

'Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask,
This is the total sum;
For mercy, Lord, is all my plea;
Lord, let thy mercy come.'

Now, perhaps, ye'll not object if I sing a verse o' Wesley's—

'Guilty I stand before Thy face,
On me I feel Thy wrath abide;
'Tis just the sentence should take place,
'Tis just;—but O, Thy Son hath died!'"

These words were so appropriate, and were sung with so much pathos, that tears streamed from the eyes of Mr. Symonds. When he had concluded, Fletcher said, "Now we've hed enough of talk, let's pray together; nou't is to be done without prayer, earnest, heart-felt, believing prayer. Where's t' lassie? Call her in. We mun have a regular prayer-meeting." When I entered the room, he said to me, "We're going to pray for th' maister that God may save him *now*, and thee mun join us." Fletcher prayed in his own peculiar style. O, what power there was in that prayer! what holy confidence in God, every word seemed to be inspired by heaven itself. My master groaned and sobbed from the depth of his emotions. An allusion to the compassion of the good Shepherd led Fletcher to pause in his prayer, when to our surprise he began to sing—

"Mercy He doth for thousands keep:
He goes and seeks the one lost sheep,
And brings His wanderer home:
And every soul that sheep might be;
Come then, my Lord, and gather me,
My Jesus, quickly come!"

When he had finished, he said to me, "Now, lassie, thee pray, —but pray i' faith. Faith is ivver mighty to prevail."

For some time my feelings overpowered me, but as I proceeded my heart became enlarged, my faith acquired strength, promise after promise was presented to my mind. The Spirit seemed to say, "Now is the time to test the faithfulness of God; ask, and receive, that your joy may be full." At the same time I had such clear and enlarged views of the abounding grace of God, and of His willingness to save sinners, that I felt impelled to say,—"Thou *canst* save my dear master; surely Thou *wilt* save him;—I believe Thou wilt:—Thou wilt save him *this very day, this very hour;*—nay, Thou art *now* saving him."

"He is! He is!" exclaimed Mr. Symonds. "I feel it! I feel it!" and his countenance beamed with joy that spoke of heaven, and bore testimony to the fact that he was made a partaker of the blessedness of him "whose transgression is forgiven, and whose iniquity is covered, and to whom the Lord imputeth not sin." O, that was a happy day, a day to be remembered! When I told the delightful news to my mistress, she would be conveyed (she was ill) to the apartment of her husband. Affecting was the interview, as with overflowing hearts they embraced each other, and rejoiced in each other's joy. Fletcher looked on with a countenance beaming with heavenly satisfaction, saying, "Eh, what a loss do men an' wimen sustain thro' the'r neglect o' religion! What happy whoames we s'u'd have, nay, what a happy warld, did all men feel what we do now! What can sin offer i' comparison of this?"

As Mrs. Symonds retired to her apartment, she exclaimed, "This has been the happiest hour of my life! I've nothing more to wish for. 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.'"

What shall we say of these things? What can we say so much to the point as Paul says when writing his first epistle to the church at Corinth. Read, from the 18th verse of the first chapter to the end, and all will be clear as noonday.

Poetry.

MERCY'S FREE.

HARK! the Gospel trumpet's sounding,
Mercy's free, mercy's free;
The grace of God is still abounding,
Mercy's free, mercy's free;
Millions have heard the joyful sound,
And pardon in the Saviour found,
And now they spread the news around,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

When madly I was sin pursuing,
Mercy's free, mercy's free;
And on the road to endless ruin,
Mercy's free, mercy's free;
The Saviour met me in the way,
And said, "Poor soul, where dost thou stray;
Come, let Me take thy sins away,
Mercy's free, mercy's free."

These words of Jesu's broke my
Mercy's free, mercy's free;
And straight from sin I did dep
Mercy's free, mercy's free;
I cried, Lord, help me to believ
And now from death my soul re
He said the Holy Ghost receive
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

If faithful to the grace that's gi
Mercy's free, mercy's free;
The Lord will guide me safe to h
Mercy's free, mercy's free;
There I shall see my God and I
And make the heavenly arches
And join the blood-wash'd thr
sing,
Mercy's free, mercy's free!

Anecdotes and Selections.

"FATHER, WHIP ME, BUT DONT CRY."—A pious father had de very great attention to the moral and religious education of hi who had maintained an unblemished reputation for veracity unt age of fourteen, when he was detected in a deliberate falsehood. father's grief was great, and he determined to punish the of severely. He then called his son, and prepared to inflict the p ment; but the fountain of the father's heart was broken up; he For a moment the lad seemed confused. He saw the struggle be love and justice in his parent's bosom, and cried out, "Father, f whip me as much as you please; but dont cry." The point was g The father saw that the lad was truly penitent. The son gre and became one of the most distinguished christians in America.

TAUGHT BY AFFLICTION.—A minister was recovering of a d ous illness, when one of his friends addressed him thus: "Sir, t God seems to be bringing you up from the gates of death, yet i be a long time before you will sufficiently retrieve your strengt regain vigour enough of mind to preach as usual." The good answered:—"You are mistaken, my friend; for this six weeks' i has taught me more religion than all my past studies and all m years' ministry put together."

WASHINGTON'S REGARD FOR HIS MOTHER.—When George Washington was quite young, he was about to go to sea as a midshipman; everything was arranged, the vessel lay opposite his father's house, the boat had come to take him off, and his whole heart was bent on going. After his trunk had been carried down to the boat, he went to bid his mother farewell, and saw the tears bursting from her eyes. However, he said nothing to her; but he saw that his mother would be distressed if he went, and perhaps never be happy again. He just turned round to the servant and said, "Go and tell them to fetch my trunk back: I will not go away to break my mother's heart." His mother was struck with his decision, and she said to him, "George, God has promised to bless the children that honour their parents, and I believe he will bless you."

"THE SUN IS ALMOST DOWN."—Two good men on some occasion had a warm dispute; and remembering the exhortation of the apostle, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath," just before sunset one of them went to the other, and knocking at the door, his offended friend came and opened it, and seeing who it was, started back in astonishment and surprise; the other, at the same time, cried out, "The sun is almost down." This unexpected salutation softened the heart of his friend into affection, and he returned for answer, "Come in, brother, come in." What a happy method of conciliating matters, of redressing grievances, and of reconciling brethren?

MANAGING ANGER.—It is said of a minister that when one observed to him "there was a good deal in a person's natural disposition," he made this answer: "Natural disposition! Why, I am naturally as irritable as any; but when I find anger, or passion, or any other evil temper arise in my mind, immediately I go to my Redeemer, and, confessing my sins, I give myself up to be managed by Him. This is the way that I have taken to get the mastery of my passions."

A DISEASED LIMB.—A young man, who had been long confined with a diseased limb, and was near his death, was attended by a friend, who requested that the wound might be uncovered. When this was done, "There," said the young man, "there it is, and a precious treasure it has been to me; it saved me from the folly and vanity of youth; it made me cleave to God as my only portion, and to eternal glory as my only hope; and I think it has now brought me very near to my Father's house."

ANOTHER SIMILAR CASE.—The last anecdote about the diseased limb may seem strange, but many years ago I knew a young man, he was clerk at a wharf in a seaport, his character was excellent and his piety unquestioned. When on his death bed, he pointed to his black clothes lying on a chair, "There they are," he said, "and I am glad that I shall never put them on again." He never did. But he has been fifty years in heaven wearing a white and spotless robe.

The Fireside.

THE SCHOOL IN THE HOUSE.

YES: and there is one in every house where there are children; they are the scholars, and you who are their parents, are their teachers. And though you may not think so, you are teaching them every day, and every hour, by your example, by what you say and do.

So be very careful as to the example you set before your children. For, do not forget that children are all eyes and ears to the conduct and language of those around them, especially of their parents. If, therefore, you wish your children to be honest, they must never see you practise any mean crafty tricks. If you wish them to speak the truth, they must never have reason to suppose that you are capable of falsehood, or deceit of any kind. If you are observant of the ways of your children, you will perceive that quite a little child, who has heard his parent speak of such and such a thing as a fact, and afterwards hears the parent speak of it in a different way, will look with an expression of serious surprise and inquiry. Perhaps both statements may be quite true, and something may have occurred, of which the child is not aware, to occasion the difference; in such a case it is well worth taking pains to explain the matter, lest a wrong impression, left on the mind of the child, should tend to weaken his sense of the importance of strictly adhering to the truth. But if there is a possibility of mischief arising where no real deviation from truth is practised, how much worse must it be for a child to hear its parents often giving to one another accounts of matters at variance with the truth, or making false excuses or misrepresentations to an employer or a customer, perhaps with a frown at the child to offer no contradiction! Oh, it is heart-rending to think how often the whole weight of parental example goes on the side of the father of lies! It would be a miracle indeed if, under such influence, children should grow up otherwise than deceitful and selfish. Christian mother, for the sake of your children be very circumspect in all your words and actions; let it always be evident that you love the truth, and speak the truth from your heart.

And take care that you do not drive your children to deceit by harshness and violence, but encourage them, if they have done wrong, freely to confess it. And though their confession should not be treated as making a wrong thing right, yet they should feel confidence that the ready way to your forgiveness is by confession and amendment. If a child fully confesses a fault or an accident, you should try to make him understand that though you are sorry for the mischief which his carelessness has occasioned. you are pleased with his sincerity, and place confidence in his word. On the other hand, if a child try by falsehood and artifice to conceal a fault, you should take pains to convince him that the second fault is by far the greater of the two.

The Penny Post Box.

ON CLOSING PUBLIC-HOUSES AND BEER-SHOPS ON SUNDAYS.

I WANT the readers of the *Pioneer* to know, if they do not already, that many petitions are going up to Parliament just now for closing these places from eleven o'clock on Saturday nights until six or eight o'clock on Monday morning.

And why not? They do so now in Scotland, where it is found to answer well; preventing a great amount of mischief, and giving the keepers of such houses a quiet home on the sabbath-day as well as other people. Beside, if other trades are not to be carried on during the sabbath, why should this?

English Publicans are not allowed to have their houses open all the day now; some of them would if they could, that they might get more money; but many would like to shut up all the day, and they have signed petitions to have them closed. We all ought to help them to get this done.

My views of working or trading on the sabbath are simple enough. I go for every man having the sabbath-day for himself. It is, or ought to be, a day of rest for every one, so far as possible. God intended it to be when he instituted it.

And that He instituted it is evident! for the wit of man never did find out such a plan of rest from labour. Go where you will all over the world among the heathen nations that have no bible, and you will find that they have no sabbath. And so it is that in popish nations where the people are forbidden the bible they have only half a sabbath.

Let us all claim our right, as Englishmen, to a quiet sabbath by signing petitions for closing these places on that day. For so long as they are kept open at all, hundreds of thousands of masters and mistresses, servants and waiters, will have no sabbath; and for this reason I would sign a petition, if for no other.

But there are many other reasons why these places should be closed, and one is, the temptation they hold out to working men to waste their money there; for it goes very fast when once they get round the table at the beer-shop or the public-house—money that the wife and children need for bread, and clothes, and furniture.

And so I advise every wife and mother to sign a petition; for women can sign as well as men, and I should be glad to hear that more petitions were sent by the women of England against this evil custom than ever was known since there was a Parliament.

A LOVER OF THE SABBATH.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

AMERICA, SLAVE AND FREE.

MR. W. CHAMBERS, of Edinburgh, in his Book on American Slavery, published five years ago, gives these facts of contrast between the free and the slave states.

The value of real and personal estate in the free, 4,107,162,198 dollars; in the slave, 2,936,090,737. But deducting the value of slaves it was only 1,655,945,137.

The average value of land in the free, fourteen dollars per acre; in the slave, four dollars per acre.

In free Massachusetts the value per acre is 114 dollars 85 cents; in six slave states, only one dollar eighty-one cents. This old free state could buy and pay for more than half the whole empire of slavery.

Public schools in the free, 62,433, with 2,769,901 scholars; in the slave, 18,507 schools, with 581,861 scholars.

The number of volumes in public libraries in the slave, is 649,577; in the free it is 3,888,234, or six to one. Little Rhode Island, free, has more than great Virginia, slave.

The Daily Press in the slave, issues 47,000,000 copies annually; the free, issues 181,000,000. One New York paper issues half as many as all the slave states.

The scientific papers printed in the slave, number 372,000; in free Massachusetts alone it is more than five times as many.

The Sunday school libraries of the free are nearly twice as great as all the college libraries of the slave.

Many more facts of striking contrasts are given by Mr. Chambers, showing how liberty blesses, while slavery curses, the people.

Hints

PASSION AND PRUDENCE.—Passion, if you give way to it, like a young wild horse, will run away and pitch you into the dirt. Prudence is a trained steed that will move along safely, and stop when you wish.

NOTHING TO DO.—If you would find the most wretched man or woman in your neighbourhood, look for the one who has nothing at all to do.

EMPLOYMENT of some kind or other is needful for all men, whether they be rich or poor. Like a good medicine, it promotes health and cheerfulness, and drives away all foolish conceits and ill humours.

MAJESTY OF WORK.—There is a dignity in every work of skill and labour, which excites our admiration and respect, whether it be seen in a neat cottage garden, or in a splendid palace.

STINGING WORDS.—Some people delight in being at the trouble of putting stings into their words, and shooting them, like arrows, into the hearts of others, to remain and rankle there for life. Such doings are devilish.

PLEASANT WORDS, a very wise man once said, and he was right, "are as an honeycomb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones." And more than this, they cost little, and can be readily used.

TRUTH CANNOT DIE.—For even in our world, where so many attempts have been made to strangle it whenever it appeared, whether in the garb of science, or morals, or religion, it yet lives and must live.

FALSEHOOD has had many patrons at one time or other in this world. It has been petted and nursed for ages, but it is an ugly, sickly brat, that cannot live, and must die.

Gems.

ssions of our evil works, with
:o avoid them in future, are
real good works we ever per-
ıt even they cannot save us.

THAN CONFESSION is needed to
ıace of conscience. Nothing
ɔlood of Jesus can purge our
ɔes from dead works to serve
g God.

: CAME INTO THE WORLD to
y our sins by taking the guilt
den of them upon himself.
oad the sin of the world, all
mp, must have been!

ı GO TO CHRIST as one sinner
world-full, and ask him to
.y your sins, surely you may
your soul with the thought
ill, for it is just in his way to

N THOUSAND SINNERS were to
at one and the same time to
t would be as easy for him to
hem all as to forgive one of
He did save five thousand at
ə *once*. Why not five times
ısand *now!*

EVER CAN THINK too highly
t in his great work of saving
m their sins. Just think of
the "Saviour of the world,"
ıt obstacle can numbers pre-
ıim?

LL WANT LARGER VIEWS of the
God, the love of Jesus, and
er of the Holy Spirit, in the
on of multitudes of men; for
ıur views are enlarged will our
strengthened, and our prayers
nt.

PROMISES OF GOD, with regard
ɔming kingdom in our world,
ı that we may expect displays
ace and mercy such as men
ver heard of or known. Now
me for faith, prayer, expecta-
ıd then the glorious reali-
ill come as sure as the return-
ning.

Poetic Selections.

THE REBEL MEMBERS.

A FABLE.

In former times, as I've heard say,
The different limbs of man one day
Resolv'd, in future, their own way
They would pursue;
That henceforth, for the body, they
Would nothing do.

They reason'd thus, "We cannot see
Why it should always well-fed be;
Lie at its ease, grow fat, while we
Are toiling hard.
In future, let us wiser be,
And self regard."

The feet would not bear up the load;
The hands would not procure the food;
Chew it the teeth no longer would;
And all the rest were heard to say,
"To work so, for another's good,
Is not fair play."

All kept their vow; but found, ere long,
The course that they pursued was wrong.
They were no longer hale and strong,
As all might see.
The body, would they life prolong,
Sustain'd must be.

Those who a selfish course pursue,
Oft, when too late, their folly rue;
While those who good to others do,
Fail not to find
Themselves repaid, with interest too,
Through being kind.

J. D.

"SLEEP NOT AS DO OTHERS."

SLEEP not, soldier of the cross!
Foes are lurking all around;
Look not here to find repose,
This is yet thy battle ground.

Up! and take thy shield and sword:
Up! it is the call of Heaven:
Shrink not faithless from thy Lord,
Nobly strive as he hath striven.

Break through all the force of ill,
Tread the might of passion down!
Struggling onward, onward still,
To the conquering Saviour's crown.

Through the midst of toil and pain,
Let this thought ne'er leave thy breast,
Every triumph thou dost gain,
Makes more sweet thy coming rest.

The Children's Corner.

"WILL YOU MEET ME THERE, FATHER?"

An infidel allowed his wife to send their two children to a sabbath school. One of them, not long afterwards, was seized with illness, and it soon appeared, from the nature of the disease, he could not recover. The father came home, on the last evening of the child's life, from an infidel meeting, under the influence of the sentiments usually taught in such places, when his wife said to him, "James is dying." The father went up stairs, approached the bed-side of his child, and while the father was looking upon him, the boy said, "Father, I am very happy; I am going to heaven; *will you meet me there, father?*" and soon after expired. This appeal was too much for him. Uttered with so much simplicity, and dictated by the Eternal Spirit, it was engraven upon the tablet of his heart as with a pen of iron upon lead, and sculptured there for ever. He made many efforts to efface the impression from his mind, but without effect. He confessed that he was a drunkard, a blasphemer, and, to use his own language, "the vilest wretch out of hell." The appeal continued to be more and more affecting to him, and on one sabbath, having driven a party a few miles from town, for he was the driver of a cab, he put up his horses quickly, and went to a place of worship. One of the lessons read was 2 Samuel xii., containing the reflections of David on the death of his child. When he heard the words, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me," he thought, "It is impossible." His past life and his ridicule of heaven forbade the hope that he should ever meet his child in that happy world. Still his mind was greatly distressed. He had no pious friend; he could get neither light nor peace in this season of mental anguish. A city missionary at length called upon him; the man disclosed his state of mind, and the instructions, counsels, and prayers of the agent were blessed by the Holy Spirit: the man has renounced his infidelity—his character is entirely changed; he and his wife are regular worshippers in the house of God, and he is now cherishing the hope that he shall meet his child in heaven.

And this is only one case of a thousand in the history of sabbath schools. Verily, "out of the mouth of babes and sucklings God hath ordained strength because of his enemies, that he might still the enemy *and* the avenger."

DREAMS OF THE FUTURE STATE.

In solemn thought the other night, I pass'd my time away;
And slumber brought before my sight a glimpse of Judgment Day.
And first a haughty sinner came, to reckon with his Lord;
But he, alas! was so confus'd, he could not speak a word.
A reverend Sage sat silent by, with an amazing book;
And when he open'd it to read, the haughty sinner shook.
Then he in accents grave and slow, said, "Sinner, dost thou see?—
Curs'd is the man that fails but once!—What must become of thee?"
The sinner look'd the pages o'er, with trembling and dismay;
And found ten thousand talents stand, which he had still to pay.
He then consider'd what he had to satisfy the claim;
And found, to his astonishment, he spent all as it came.
The bailiffs stood in dreadful haste to hurry him to jail:
And not a single friend appear'd who dared to offer bail.
Oh, who can think what groans he heav'd when banish'd far from God!
While thousands more, as proud as he, in consternation stood.
Then next appear'd an humble man, a christian meek and mild;
And when he came before the bar, he saw his Friend and smil'd.
The Sage, with accents as before, said, "Sinner, dost thou see?"
Immediately his Friend replied, "Place that account to me."
I felt a pleasure while he spoke, and thought the trial done;
But that I found was my mistake, it was but just begun.
Another book was brought to light, which God himself had penn'd;
But I was rather too far off to see what it contained.
But this I may presume to say, it was a volume rare;
And soon the man before the bar saw his initials there.
It proved to be the Book of Life: a glorious book indeed!
Thrice happy they who can their names, in that blest volume read!
This plainly was the Christian's case, for when he cast his eye,
And saw his name was written there, he gave a leap for joy.
He almost seemed another man, he was delighted so:
No bailiffs stood to take him down to everlasting woe.
But God the Father kindly look'd upon him as a Son;
Jesus the Saviour took him in, and cried aloud, "Well done!"
A sound so cherishing, so sweet, awoke me with surprise:
But soon I hope to sleep again, and dream him to the skies.

Wearied with labours of the day, I laid me down to rest:
But pain of body drove away my nightly welcome guest.
Yet after tossing to and fro, and prayer for sweet repose,
I found a little ease, and lo! I soon began to doze.
Unbounded fancy took the wing, and bore me quite away,
Till I could hear the angels sing, and see celestial day.

The new Jerusalem appeared, that city great and high;
Upon the rock of ages rear'd, the summit in the sky.
Charm'd with the sight, I stood awhile its splendour to survey:
Conscious it was the abode of God, who reigns in endless day,
Its beauty and magnificence struck me with sacred awe;
Glories so great, so grand, immense! the like I never saw.
Compar'd with this stupendous place, the palaces of kings
Were little huts of wretchedness, and despicable things.
The ground was over-spread with flowers, as sweet as ever grew;
The cheering zephyrs breath'd perfume, which fill'd the heart with jo
The beauteous things which oft before had fill'd me with surprise,
Were beautiful to me no more, but trifles in my eyes.
While thus I stood in wonder new, at sight of such a place,
The pearly gate wide open flew, and lo! before my face
A troop of angels straight appeared, with a celestial band;
Then what delightful notes I heard, how musical and grand,
I turn'd to see them in their flight, and presently beheld
Another troop appear in sight, with exultation fill'd.
And, in their company, I saw a son of human race;
But oh, how chang'd! no art could draw the beauties of his face.
The happy man methought I knew, and as they bore him by,
I to congratulate him flew, and wish him endless joy.
He, with a heavenly smile, return'd the tender wish for me:
My very heart within me burn'd to bear him company.
"Art thou the happy man," I cried, "whom Jesus welcom'd in?"
"I am," he joyfully replied, "through him I glory win.
For me he left the realms above, to wash my sins away;
And now bears me on wings of love, to everlasting day.
Yonder the city is, behold, the gate stands open wide:
The streets are pav'd with burnish'd gold, and I shall through them r
Now shall my eyes with rapture see, in all His beauteous charms,
The Friend who liv'd and died for me, to bring me to his arms.
Bear me, ye angels, wing your way to my Redeemer's seat;
My happy spirit longs to pay her homage at his feet!"
They spread their wings, and straight pursue their heave
course again;
Then sweetly sang, and cried aloud, "Grace, Grace for ever reign
About the gate I saw a crowd, in robes of glory drest;
A cloud of witnesses, who came to welcome him to rest.
There he enjoyed the pleasing sight of some he knew before,
Who years ago had taken flight to that celestial shore.
They prest around the happy man to bid him welcome there.
Describe the happiness who can! 'twas heaven to see and hear.
Sensations indescribable, they mutually enjoy'd;
Now in Jerusalem they dwell, where all the saints reside.
Oh, how did he rejoice to see his earthly friends alive;
And they rejoiced with ecstacy to see him safe arrive.

But one, with a peculiar grace, quite overcome with joy,
Ran the dear Christian to embrace, and welcome him on high.
They instantly each other knew, and both together strove,
Their mutual happiness to show, and overflowing love.
"And art thou come?" the Pastor cried, "for this I preach'd and pray'd."
"Yes, I am here!" the saint replied, "and blessings on thy head,
Thou instrument of love divine, it is to thee I owe,
That I this day in glory shine, and to my Saviour go.
How do I joy to meet thee here, my Father, Pastor, Friend!
'Tis heaven to see each other where our joys shall never end.
On earth we had our happy days, but what were they to this?
Eternal love, eternal praise, for such surprising bliss!"
"Amen!" the holy Pastor cried, and clasp'd him to his breast;
And like a parent overjoy'd, his happy child address'd,
"Did not I tell you when below of this celestial place?
Did not I tell you oft, and show the great Redeemer's grace?
Did I not tell you if you clave to Jesus in your heart,
He would your soul for ever save, and endless life impart?
You sometimes hardly could believe, but now you find it true,
That Jesus would a worm receive, a worm as vile as you.
But where are all your doubts to-day, now faith is turn'd to sight?"
"Fled, fled for ever, quite," he cried, "like shadows of the night.
Thanks to my Saviour and my Friend, for all-sufficient grace,
Through him I now rejoicing stand, in this celestial place;
I never shall distrust him more, nor feel a heart of stone;
Nor cry with pain and anguish sore, as I have often done.
I now believe, and see, and feel, the promises are true."
The angels said,—"We must fulfil what we were sent to do."
Then flew with joyful haste away, to bear him to their King.
Celestial choirs began to play, and hallelujahs sing;
The music so divinely loud, so sudden, so extreme,
Rous'd me like thunder in a cloud, from my delightful dream.
But if I go to sleep again, and God permission give,
You shall have information then, how saints in glory live.

Oh what a disappointment this! it almost made me weep:
The loss of such ideal bliss, was worse than loss of sleep.
But should I lose, through negligence, the grand reality,
Where must I have a residence? and who will welcome me?
Gracious Creator, I am thine, save me—for ever save;
And let me live a life divine, with thee beyond the grave.
Oh, may I have a part with them, the children of thy grace;
And in the New Jerusalem, behold my Saviour's face!

Late was the hour, and dark the night, when I retir'd to rest;
And burdens of unusual weight, lay heavy on my breast;

I straight reclin'd my weary head, and, after mental prayer,
Fell fast asleep, and fancy fled away from mortal care.
But, somehow, I mistook my way, and press'd with all my migt
Many a lonely league astray, towards everlasting night:
Unconscious of my great mistake, till I was almost there;
And saw the most tremendous lake of horror and despair.
Amaz'd, I stood to take a view, and saw before my eyes,
A number of the hellish crew, out of the deep arise.
But one description on record was absent from the place;
And that was, those who fear'd the Lord, and follow'd righteous
And idiots and the infant race, of these I did not see
A single instance, I confess, in all the company.
But crowds of every other sort, expos'd to public view,
Became the miserable sport of satan and his crew.
Yet, what astonished me the most, I saw in nameless woe
A frightful, agitated ghost, whom I had us'd to know.
"Neighbour," methought I cried aloud, "how came you to this pl
"Because I sinn'd, and was too proud to stoop to Jesus' grace.
Oh! had I taken your advice, or rather that of God,
I now had been in Paradise among the wise and good.
But here I am constrain'd to dwell, in everlasting chains;
Among tormenting fiends of hell, to suffer endless pains.
Oh! tell my neighbours where you've been, when back again y
And tell, oh tell them, that you've seen my soul in endless woe.
That they the gospel must embrace, and from destruction flee;
Lest they come to this horrid place, and dwell along with me.
Oh! if I could but have a drop to cool my parched tongue!
Or entertain a distant hope, though distant e'er so long!
But hope and water here are none, to all eternity:
The day of grace is gone! is gone! for ever gone from me!"
And then he sank into the flood, with such a dreadful roar,
As made me tremble where I stood, but him I saw no more.
With eager haste I turn'd away from such a frightful place;
And flew to find the realms of day where dwell the men of grac
Most wonderfully pleas'd to think I was not yet in hell,
Though I had been so near the brink to see, and hear, and tell.
At length my fleeting spirit found the saint's abode divine,
And saw my friend with glory crown'd in heavenly beauty shin
The sight of him my spirit cheer'd, and fill'd my heart with joy
And he by every sign appear'd to be as pleased as I.
This gave me courage to inquire what pleasures they enjoy'd?
Anticipating my desire, he courteously replied,—
"You cannot comprehend our bliss, by narrative from me;
An angel's tongue cannot express the saints' felicity.
But were it possible to show how we in glory live;
You must be glorified to know the pleasures we receive.
The three perfections here unite, of knowledge, love, and joy;

:h make our pleasures exquisite, without the least alloy.
city is compass'd about with walls of adamant;
:h keep all enemies without, and all alarm prevent.
wearers, liars, thieves, unclean, can have admittance here;
hypocrites with saintish mien, within these walls appear.
pectacle of sin, or woe, or folly, in the place;
ll is one eternal flow of peace and righteousness.
ersecution for our faith, imprisonment or fines;
ribulation as on earth to baffle our designs.
ger and thirst we feel no more, nor noontide's scorching ray;
when we reach'd this peaceful shore, God wip'd our tears away.
very day we've joy divine; we live, and love, and sing;
e floods of glory on us shine, and make eternal spring;
lourish in immortal bloom, without the least decay:
hilling shade nor dreary gloom, darkens our endless day.
fine sensations which we feel you cannot comprehend;
not in language to reveal, what highest thoughts transcend.
I will introduce you there, and you shall hear and see,
t happiness celestials share, and what's prepar'd for thee.
y we both together flew, as cheerful as the day;
mber'd with a tenement of heavy mortal clay.
uickly to the palace came, the residence divine;
re glories meet of every name, and in perfection join.
e I beheld; Oh, pleasing sight! the innumerable crowd,
se garments of celestial white were wash'd in Jesus' blood.
:k with surprise, I stop'd to view a company so grand;
n lo! a charming angel flew, and took me by the hand;
dering I cried, "and art thou here, dear consort of my youth?"
m! and see thy mother there; adorn'd with grace and truth!"
stood before my wondering eyes, with smiles on every face,
welcom'd me to all the joys of that celestial place.
she who bore me in her womb and nurs'd me on her knee,
rapturous pleasure saw me come to that felicity.
clasp'd me in her arms with joy, and held me to her breast;
in a voice of ecstacy, her happiness exprest.
Father gave me children three, and two have long been here,
hreescore years I've waited to see Samuel appear.
, bless the Lord, they all are come, and make my bliss complete;
aved, all happy, all at home, where all enjoyments meet.
ay thy homage to the King, and thank him for his grace!
him, bright seraphs, on your wings; ye know the way and place!"
y they bore me through a crowd, in white apparel clad;
sweetly sang, and play'd aloud, in full Salvation glad.
e I beheld the wondrous things describ'd in Holy Writ;
Elders, Angels, Eyes, and Wings—the glories infinite.
what attracted me the most was my Redeemer's face;
one above the heavenly host, with a peculiar grace.

No scoffs nor jeers did he sustain, nor crown of piercing thorn:
No wagging heads in proud.disdain, were laughing him to scorn.
But angels in their bright array, in humble posture stood;
Ready and eager to obey the pleasure of their God.
Methought he call'd me to his throne; but as I ventur'd near,
My heart sank in me like a stone, such Majesty was there!
But he in accents mild and sweet, most kindly said to me,
"I'm Jesus—stand upon thy feet—Jesus—who died for thee."
Delightful words! most charming sounds! my terror fled away;
I saw my Lord with glory crown'd, without the least dismay.
O'ercome with joy, and fill'd with love, I rose, and leap'd, and sang,
Oh how did my affections move, how joyful was my tongue!
"What shall I render to my Lord!" cried my exulting soul;
"Speak, blessed Saviour! speak the word! I'll fly from pole to pole."
He answered with a gracious smile, "Go to thy native place,
And tarry there a little while, to recommend my grace.
I'll give them still another call, that they may hear and live:
Freely thou hast received all; do thou as freely give.
I will thy services reward, nor will I long delay;
A kingdom is for thee prepar'd, which fadeth not away.
Soon shall thy happy soul enjoy, all that thine eyes behold:
Go to thy native country, go, and there my grace unfold."
Anxious to go, with swiftest speed, his Gospel to proclaim,
I started in my peaceful bed, and wak'd to earth again.

But I've a message to proclaim; and who's the message to?
A message in Immanuel's name, a solemn charge to you.
The King commands me to declare, around my native place,
His disposition still to spare, and save the human race.
He gives you now another call, that you may hear and live:
Here's free Salvation for you all, who now his grace receive.
Your carnal mindednesss deny, the benefit embrace;
And you the blessings shall enjoy, of his abundant grace.
Here Saul of Tarsus found relief, had all his sins forgiven;
That man of criminals the chief, is now a saint in heaven.
And you the same delights shall share, if you will but obey:
Reject the message if you dare, for there's a Judgment Day.
The word is, "yet a little while," then take especial care,
Lest satan should your soul beguile, and you *his* kingdom share.
Eternity is just at hand; your glass will soon be run:
You've not a minute to command, till you can stop the sun.
Then let the present minute see you cleave unto the Lord;
And soon a blest eternity will be your sure reward.
As I must soon be called away from this terrestrial clod,
Give me the privilege to say, before the throne of God,
That you the great Redeemer love, and triumph in his grace;
That you aspire to things above, and press with steady pace;...

t you are fighting for a crown, 'gainst satan, flesh, and sin,
gaining Jesus' cause renown, by victories which you win.
f I must not tell him this, must I be forc'd to say,
t you reject eternal bliss, for trifles of a day?
t you the work and wages love, of that infernal foe,
) takes neglecters in a drove, to everlasting woe?
hall I tell him that you mean to join his little flock;
come for pardon for your sin, though past eleven o'clock?
nust I tell him you're asleep, and pass your time away;
ardless whether goat or sheep, nor think of Judgment Day?
little while"—remember that; you must not tarry here;
Judgment Seat you'll soon be at, and take your trial there.
ou receive the royal grace, and to the Saviour come,
y will be your dwelling-place, and Paradise your home.
if you harden still your heart, and grace divine repel,
r final sentence is, "Depart! for your abode is hell!"

Anecdotes and Selections.

IG DIFFERENT WAYS.—Dr. Witherspoon, President of Princeton), in America, was once on board a vessel, on which, among passengers, was a professed atheist. This fellow was very fond ibling every body with his impertinence, and of broaching the ; of his unbelief as often as he could get any one to listen to "He did not believe in a God and a future state—not he!" In irse of the voyage there came on a terrible storm; and the pro- y was that all on board would perish. There was much fear nsternation; but not one was now more horribly frightened than de atheist. In this extremity he sought out the minister. He him in the cabin, and exclaimed, "O, Doctor Witherspoon! Witherspoon! we are all going to the bottom! We are all Dont you think we are, doctor?" The minister, calm and ed, looking at him, replied, in the old broad Scotch of his native "Na duut, mon, na duut, mon, w're ganging; but you and I gang the same way."

INDOO'S OPINION OF THE BIBLE.—A Bengal paper, in advocating roduction of the Bible into the Government Native Schools, scribes it—"It is the best and most excellent of all English and there is not its like in the English language. As every f the sugar cane from the root to the top is full of sweetness, so age of this book is fraught with the most precious instruction. on of that book would yield to you more of sound morality than and other treatises upon the same subject. In short, if any per- dies the English language with a view to gain wisdom, there is *ther book which is* more worthy of being read than the Bible."

THE SAVIOUR AND HIS FRIENDS.—Our Lord, in the days of his flesh, encountered various classes of enemies, but none of these ever included a woman. On the contrary, they always appear to have been his followers or friends. Not only were they, as has often been said, the last at his cross and the first at his sepulchre, but throughout they ministered to his wants. A woman anointed him for his burial; a heathen woman interceded for his life with her husband, Pilate; women bewailed and lamented him as he went to Calvary; to a woman he first appeared when he rose again. All this was most fitting, since of a woman he was born, and to woman his Gospel was not only a means of salvation, but a source of domestic and social elevation even for the present life.

THERE IS A SACREDNESS IN TEARS. They are not the marks of weakness, but of power. They are signs of unspeakable love. Oh, speak not harshly of the stricken one weeping in silence. Break not the solemnity by rude laughter or intrusive footsteps. Despise no woman's tears; "Jesus wept" with the sisters. Scoff not if the stern heart of manhood is sometimes melted into sympathetic tears; they are what help to elevate him above the brute. I love to see tears; they are painful tokens, but still most holy. There is a pleasure in tears—an awful pleasure. If there were none on earth to shed tears for me, I should be loath to live; and if no one might weep over my grave, I could never die in peace. *Dr. Johnson.*

The Fireside.

CLEANLINESS OR LAZINESS—WHICH?

THE good old maxim that "cleanliness is next to godliness," cannot be too carefully remembered. Dirt in the house, is like sin in the soul, it taints and corrupts all. Take care in your cleaning not only to scrub your room well, but to clean everything in the room, and to manage to have a tidy mat at the door, and teach your children to scrape and wipe their shoes. Have a basin kept in one place, with soap and hand towel, and always set the example yourself of washing your hands before you sit down to meals. Be careful to have the corners well cleaned out. The inside of saucepans and crockery perfectly sweet. Think less of outside-show in your house, and in your person, than of real, thorough, cleanliness. I have known people who rubbed a brass knob on a street door very bright, and put a deal of hearth-stone on the step outside, but did not polish the grate or clean the hearth properly. There is a kind of cheating in this, a desire to appear what *you are not;* and when a woman slurs over her back-kitchen, or *neglects her* bedroom, saying, "Nobody will see it, and there's no *need of cleaning* it," she forgets that a person who really loves cleanli-

ness, must have everything sweet and wholesome for the love of it, and the comfort of it, though no one but herself ever saw it. In the long run time is saved by complete cleanliness. You know the old maxim, "Lazy folks take the most pains." That is very true. Did you never see a careless girl or woman just when she had to cook her dinner finding the saucepan unfit for use, which ought to have been put away dry and clean? If it was a tin saucepan, perhaps the damp and rust had made a hole in it, and as soon as it was on the fire there was a leakage, that put out the fire, and then there was a running about with the leaky saucepan, and emptying out the dinner, and stopping the hole with a bit of rag, and the dinner was late and muddled, and the fireplace and room messed, all for the want of putting away the saucepan *dry* and *clean*, and ready for use. I might write a volume of little incidents of this kind that fully prove lazy folks have far more trouble than cleanly ones. *Mrs. Balfour.*

The Penny Post Box.

EMIGRATION FROM LANCASHIRE.

I WANT to say a few words to the readers of the *Pioneer* on this very important subject.

It now seems that if the supply of cotton had not been stopped by the war in America, many of the mills in Lancashire must have stopped working for want of markets. The manufacturers in that case would have been blamed, the workmen would have grumbled, and the nation would not have helped them. But it has so happened that the war yonder bears the blame; the workmen knowing that their masters cannot help it are patient, and the nation comes to the help of the sufferers generously and willingly.

And then, as is always the case when men are suffering, they are more ready to receive the consolations of religion. And hence we hear of revivals in the manufacturing districts of Lancashire among the working men and their families.

And now, as there is no immediate prospect of employment, it is proposed to send off ship loads of the people as emigrants to Australia, New Zealand, and other colonies. Many are already gone, more are going, and yet more, we hope, will follow them.

And so it may turn out at last, that this want of employment in Lancashire may, under Providence, be a blessing to the world. For wherever Englishmen go, especially if they be good men, they take with them all the best things of our country, our sabbaths, bibles, preaching, schools, and all the rest that is good. So that wherever they settle we may look at them as forming great missionary establishments. *How wonderful* are the ways of God in spreading his *blessed Gospel in the earth!* OBSERVER.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

READY CURE FOR BURNS.

As burns or scalds are often happening, from one cause or other, in almost every house, especially where there are children, we give the following tale from a writer in the *Times* newspaper, who says:—

"Not many years after my first acquaintance with this remedy I happened to be crossing the Atlantic in a sailing vessel, when one day the cook's assistant, a lad of about seventeen, while removing a saucepan from the cookhouse fire, spilt its almost, if not quite, boiling contents over his legs and feet. Fortunately his legs were protected by his wide canvass trousers, but one of his feet, which were altogether bare, was very badly scalded. On seeing the occurence from where I stood, I sought the steward, and from him obtained some dry polishing whiting, which in little more than a minute was mixed with water, and smeared over the scalded foot; but, while directing this to be done, I confess it did not strike me to be necessary to apply for advice in the emergency to a medical fellow passenger, who was reading in the deck cabin when the accident occurred. The bustle, however, soon brought him to the spot, where he found me assisting to draw an old stocking over the lad's foot, to prevent my prescription from falling off. On seeing what I was about, my friend was not slow to express strong doubts as to the efficacy of my treatment, but which I felt myself bound to defend in the best way I could. To add weight to my arguments in favour of the whiting, I remember appealing to the lad, who stated that though the pain had been *violent at* first, it had become gradually less so after the application; but this only led my medical friend to conclude that the water, after all, could not have been so very hot, otherwise the result would have been different."

It seems that the medical man was not satisfied; so the writer agreed to burn two of his own fingers, and he would try to cure one in the same way, and the doctor should cure the other. This was done, the doctor using linseed oil steeped in rags, and he using whiting. Next day the finger to which whiting was applied was cured, having only a brown mark on it, the other was inflamed and painful for several days.

The principle of the thing is that the whiting excludes the air from the surface of the wound.

Hints

PASSION is an expensive thing; it always costs some pain to those who use it, and ought not to be expended on every vexatious trifle.

SOME PEOPLE have a greater desire to live long than to live well. This is a mistake; for our real life consists of actions, not hours.

RECKONING LIFE by actions, there are men who live more in one year than others do in thirty.

EVERY GOOD LETTER sent to a distant friend forms one more link in the chain of affection that binds loving hearts together.

IMPATIENCE UNDER INJURIES is chiefly seen in those who are the most ready to inflict injuries on others; such are not willing to be paid in their own coin.

INDOLENCE is a natural vice in human nature. It is like rust on a tool that must be rubbed off, and the sooner the better, for men must work or want.

Gems.

FOR THE SOUL may always be
n the Word of God; and the
l starve without it, just as the
ıuld without bread.

TRULY HUMBLE MAN is humble
st. He does not wish his
y to be seen of men, but of
ly, who seeth in secret.

ALLY VIRTUOUS MAN will seek to
s virtue come to him as a gift
ıd. He will not think of pre
his own imperfect virtue as a
ood.

S GOOD AS YOU CAN, and do as
good as you can, but never
f keeping the pride of it for
f. Give that to the devil.

AL CHRISTIAN can never even
f boasting of his own good
One thought of the perfect
s of Christ would make him
d of himself.

HAVE ONE PERFECT PATTERN for
orks, and one only — Jesus
The closer we imitate him, the
ood shall we get for ourselves,
more good shall we do to others.

NATURAL MAN has no goodness
elf. And if he seeks for it he
ıat it only comes by the Holy
ıs a gift from Christ. Happy
ıo seek, for they shall find.

T AN INFINITE BLESSING is the
that brings to man, destitute of
eousness, the perfect righteous-
Christ to wear as an everlast-
ament.

FE'S LAST HOURS the self-righ-
ıan is dumb; for however much
ıt talk of his own good deeds
he now finds them to be sand,
ıd, and fear makes him speech-

T A CONTRAST are the last hours
eliever in Jesus. His thoughts,
and whispers, are all of him,
him only—

appy if with his latest breath
He may but gasp his Name.

Poetic Selections.

SEEKING SALVATION.

CHASTENED Christian, tempest-tost,
Mourning earthly treasures lost,
On the grave so dear to thee
Dropping tears of agony;—
Fear not sorrow's stormy flood.
Faint not,—'tis thy Father's rod;
Hear his faithful words to thee;—
"Thou shalt My salvation see!"

Battler for the crown of life,
In the stern, heroic strife,
Spirit-foes without, within
Hosts of error and of sin;—
Christian warrior, be thou strong
Thine shall be the victor's song;
Zion's Leader speaks to thee;—
"Thou shalt My salvation see!"

Pilgrim, at the gate of death,
Gasping out the waning breath,
Thrilled with pain, beset with fear,
As eternity draws near;—
Dying Christian, courage take:
Angel chariot's round thee wait;—
Death's great Conqueror saith to thee,—
"Thou shalt My salvation see!"

In the fearful judgment hour,
When the clouds of vengeance lower,
When the Judge descends the skies,
And the summoned dead arise;
Child of God! what triumph thine!
As the glorious King Divine
Says, in tones of love to thee,—
"Come, and My salvation see!" C. H. P.

JESUS, THE SWEETEST NAME.

JESUS! the very thought is sweet!
In that dear name all heart-joys meet;
But sweeter than the honey far
The glimpses of his presence are.

No word is sung more sweet than this;
No name is heard more full of bliss;
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh
Than Jesus, Son of God Most High!

Jesus! the hope of souls forlorn!
How good to them for sin that mourn!
To those who seek thee, oh how kind!
But what art thou to those who find?

No tongue of mortal can express,
No letters write its blessedness:
Alone who hath thee in his heart
Knows, Love of Jesus! what thou art.

O Jesus! King of wondrous might!
O Victor! glorious from the fight!
Sweetness that may not be exprest,
And altogether loveliest!

The Children's Corner.

PLAYING AND WORKING.

THE opposite of industry is idleness, a very unlovely and a very unhappy thing. It is so even in children. I dont object to play. Active, healthful play, is not idleness. And in its own place, and within due bounds, it is a right thing for children. Young children should have a great deal of play. God means them to have it, as He means that lambs should frisk, and run, and gambol. I like to see children playing, kindly, justly, lovingly. It is a lovely sight. Only, it must not be all play with them. And always more and more as they grow older, they should wish and strive to be of some use. They should be industrious at their lessons; they should be happy to run messages; they should always be willing and ready at home to help their parents. Even where children must go to work sooner than is desirable, because their parents are poor, I would like them to think it is not all hardship. It is miserable to see little children put to tasks beyond their strength—the thing is cruel and wicked; but the mere necessity to work has some elements of comfort. It is safer to toil than to beg. Work is a very useful part of education. Work is always better than sloth. What I wish, however, to show by putting the ring, industry, on the finger, is the beauty of being useful, of doing something, of helping on the tasks of the world. The man that does not work in some way is a nuisance on the earth; and a child should learn when young to hate being a mere idler. All of you, I dare say, can remember the story which tells how the truant boy, as he kept away from school, was shamed out of his idleness by seeing the bee busy gathering honey, the bird busy building its nest, the dog busy tending the sheep, the horse busy dragging his load along, till he said to himself,—Are all around me active, and shall I alone be slothful? He might have repeated Watts' well-known hymn, as he took his way briskly to school—

> In works of labour or of skill
> I would be busy too,
> For Satan finds some mischief still
> For idle hands to do.

And so he does: and he will set you to do some mischief too, if you do not mind.

SEVENTEEN YEARS AMONG THE BLACKS.

THE Sydney *Morning Herald* of March 21, 1863, and other Australian papers, gives a full and remarkable account of an English seaman, who for seventeen years lived among the wild natives of Northern Australia. The Rev. B. G. Wilson, baptist minister, of Brisbane, Queensland, relates the narrative more briefly. Mr. W. says:—

"I have just had a conversation with a man most miraculously preserved for seventeen years among the blacks in the north of the colony. He was at our chapel, morning and evening, last Lord's-day, the first place of worship he has had his foot in for nearly twenty years past. We all expected him by the mail tomorrow from the north in Brisbane; but Brother Moore, one of the deacons, informing me after the service in the morning had commenced that Mr. Morrill was present with us that morning, I mentioned the fact to the congregation. Every heart seemed touched, as my own was. It was like a resurrection from the dead: a lost man restored again to civilisation, who, for a period of seventeen years, had not heard or seen the voice or face of civilised man, having almost forgotten himself how to speak the English language.

To myself he spoke as follows:—'My name is James Morrill; I was born in the parish of Heybridge, near Maldon, in the county of Essex. I served four years in the Maldon Shipping Company on board the *Royal Sailor*, Captain Harlind. In 1845, or thereabouts, I came out as carpenter's mate on board the *Rommalles*, Captain McClure; his cargo was troops to Hobart Town, from which place we sailed with the first company of Royal Artillery to Sydney. By the first company of Royal Artillery is meant the first that had ever been brought out to the colonies. After landing the troops, I got my discharge from the *Rommalles*, and shipped in the schooner *Terra*, of Sydney, to New Zealand. After this voyage, which ended in the return trip of the *Terra* to Sydney, I shipped again on board the *Peruvian*, Captain George Pittketbby, bound for China with a cargo of timber. We sailed out of Sydney on the last day of February, 1846, which, I think, was on a Friday. From that day till Monday morning we had fine weather, then a gale sprang up which lasted eight days. We were shipwrecked on the 9th of March, on the Horseshoe shoals

in the South Pacific ocean. In trying to launch several small boats, they were all capsized or smashed; and in the only remaining boat, the captain's brother, our chief mate, was swept away by the current while trying to arrange her to take the crew off the wreck. As he was drifted out to sea, he shook his hands towards us, and bidding his brother, the captain, good-bye, we saw him no more. By the captain's advice and assistance we constructed a raft; and twenty of our number, all that survived the wreck up to this time, got on to this raft. Our provisions were very scarce from the first; we were served out daily with a tablespoonful of preserved meat, and the full of the neck of a glass bottle of fresh water. From sheer want some of our numbers died; after their death we cut off their legs and made baits of them, with which we caught sharks, arranging the leg of the dead so between two oars, that the shark would be compelled to put its head through a noose or snare that we made out of ropes. The sharks when we caught them we divided a portion of to everyone, and all eat their portion raw for want of a fire to cook it. Some sea-birds lighted on the raft; when we caught any of these we drank their blood, which we found the only best substitute we had discovered for water. In this manner we lived on the raft for forty-two days; on the forty-second day we reached land, near Cape Cleveland; our numbers were then reduced to seven, thirteen having died on the raft. There landed the captain and his wife, a boy named Wilson, Mr. Wilmot Miller, sail-maker, Gooley, seaman, myself, and two others. Wilson, the apprentice boy, was unable to walk, having a large boil on his leg; one of the other men who landed lay down beside some fresh water, and there he died; another, seeing a native's canoe, got into it, and drifted down below where we landed, and was afterwards found dead from starvation. We managed to live for fourteen days before we were discovered by the natives. The captain's wife was the first who heard or saw the natives. One evening, when alone, she heard strange sounds, and became greatly alarmed. On the following evening, when the captain came home with what he had been able to procure for their support, Mrs. Pittkethby began telling him what she had heard the previous night or evening; and while she was yet speaking, she heard the same strange noise repeated, and cried out, "There they are, that is them." The captain on going to look out, saw several natives, evidently afraid, when they saw five white people. We made

signs to them to come up to us. They afterwards came up with caution. We showed them by signs that we were weak, very hungry—that we came from far away—that we had been on the big waters, some got drowned, others had died, and we who had got to their land were very ill. They then examined our hands, our arms, our feet, our legs, our bodies. They appeared surprised that we had something covering us, and looked quite astonished when they found out that what covered us was not a part of ourselves. Somehow, mercifully for us, the idea got into their heads that we were some of their own friends who had died, and jumped up white fellows. While thus engaged talking to us, it was afterwards discovered that some of the natives entered the cave, and stole everything we had there, so that the captain, when he went to give them some presents, found nothing left to give them. They pitied us in our affliction, took us away to their camp, a long way in from the coast. On our way the news spread, and other portions of their tribe came to us, and we were repeatedly subjected to processes of examination. At night they held councils, then to these councils other tribes came, and these in their turn must examine us again, by feeling us all over, to see that we were in every particular like themselves only in colour. We objected to these repeated examinations; but we were told by our friends not to object, but to be quiet, and yield to the same, as our lives would then be saved, and so we found it to be good to do so. The boy Wilson, who could not walk, they carried to their camp, and the weakest of us they helped along. Afterwards, the boy Wilson joined another tribe, and left us. I intended to join him; but while going to do so, I heard of his death, so I remained where I was. The boy Wilson died about two years after he landed. About two months afterwards the captain lost the use of his limbs; he soon wasted away and died. His wife never ceased crying day and night after him, and four days after she died too. They were buried side by side by the natives. I only of all the crew have lived to the present. It is now seventeen years since I was first cast among them. They always treated me kindly, so they did every one of those who landed with me. I had almost forgotten how to speak my own language; having no one to converse with in it I left off using it. I often told the natives that if I ever could see any white people I would try to get to see my friends, that I had brothers and sisters *like themselves*. Sometimes they would cry, and tell me

they would never see me again, and that in passing through other tribes I should be killed. About six weeks it is now since the blacks told me they had seen another white man riding on horseback, and making a great noise with something he had in his hand. They hid themselves all day in the bush, and at night came on to report this in the camp. I was greatly rejoiced to learn that white men were so near me. Soon afterwards I got them to come towards where they reported having seen the white man to hunt kangaroos. We came to a hill, and found a great many, about half a mile from Mr. Anthill's sheep-station, on the Lower Burdikin. I dare not go myself without their consent, and they were afraid to go themselves; they were also afraid of me leaving them, so they sent some old women of their tribe to see if any white men could be seen. They came back and reported what they had seen—a white blanket and a red one on a fence, a high, tall place, in which the white men lived, and smoke came out of this tall place at the top. I afterwards got one of these women to come with me to show me where all these things were to be seen. On coming near the place she espied the sheep feeding on the grass. The instant she saw them she ran away. I called after her, but she would not come back again. When I saw the sheep, and heard the bleating of the young lambs, my heart was filled with strong feelings; I thought then of home, it looked like home to see and hear the sheep. I concluded some person must be near, so I considered what I must do. Reports had reached the camp of blacks shot by the whites; I, although not black, might be mistaken for one; like them I was naked, I spoke their language, and had not spoken my native language for seventeen years. I went down to a creek and washed myself as clean as I could; after this I saw the white and red blanket which the old woman could not guess whatever it could be, and of which she was afraid. I then discovered the house, and saw that there was a sheep-yard. My heart beat every moment, I did not know what word I should try to speak first; one sentence that sailors often use came to my mind, "What cheer, shipmate!" Fearing dogs might rush out and tear me, I got upon the top rail of the sheep-yard, and hearing voices in the hut, I cried out the words I had got, "What cheer, shipmate!" On this one of the men came out, and seeing me standing on the top rail, he called his mate, "Come here, Bill, here is either a red or a yellow *man;" going* in himself, I knew he was going in for a gun, and I

shouted out to him as soon as he came out again, "Dont shoot me, I am a British subject, a castaway sailor: you would not shoot a British subject?" They then asked me into their house. I found one of them, named Wilson, had been himself a sailor They gave me tea, and when they gave me bread they asked me if I knew what it was made of; I remembered slowly that it had been made from flour; after I had eaten the first mouthful of bread I could not swallow it, I felt as if it would choke me, I had to spit it out again. After I had managed to eat some bread and drink some tea, I related my fate to these men. They treated me very kindly. They would have given me clothes, and at once taken me to their home, and done everything they could for me, but I knew the danger they were in if I remained with them: the natives, fearing that something had happened to me, would have rushed upon them and at once killed them. I explained how necessary it was that I should go back again to the natives and report how I found out and met with some of my own people, and entreat the natives to keep far away from their cattle and sheep. Fearing lest I should be imposing upon them, they threatened to send for the native police and hunt me down, and have me shot, as well as all the blacks in the district. I assured them my story was true, and as I had found civilised men once more it was too great a boon for me to slight or trifle with; I owed my life to the natives; I had promised to see them again, it was necessary I should for the sake of the settlers, as well as on other accounts. After going back and reporting to the natives that I had found my own friends, they inquired how many. I had to count sheep and people, or else they would not have heard another word out of my mouth, but would have rushed upon them at once, because I said I was going to leave them, for they said if I left them they would all be killed by the white men. I told them that I would go and see the head man of all the white men and get them protection, so that their country in which they lived should be as it was, that they might fish and hunt as they had always done. They consented that I should be away four days, but I gave them to understand that I should be away four moons, that I had a great many white people to see and a long way to travel, and a great deal of talking to do before I could come back to them again. They cried and sobbed, and said they should see me no more, but after a good deal of persuasion they consented to let me come away. Lest anything should occur by

leaving them shortly after my first interview with the settlers at the sheep-station I remained with the native: that time about two weeks. I afterwards gave myself up t Myers, who left me in charge of Mr. Salting, of Hifflings Station. When the Commissioner's orderly returned fr Tonning River, he conducted me on horseback to the t Bowen. Mr. P. Somers showed me great kindness; he g shoes and stockings, money and clothes, and lent me a h ride on. From Bowen I came down to Rockhampton *Murray* steamer, from thence I toiled in the Queensland s to this city, and heard you preach on Sunday last. In ea I used occasionally to go to the Wesleyans (my first maste Wesleyan, and a pious man), but I fear I had little religio myself. The blacks have no religion among them of an they have no idea of any God, and they have no form of w of any sort; but there seems to be some very vague id future state to them after they die, and so it was that they t we had been some of their friends. The blacks are not tr and are not to be trusted; they often eat those whom they battle, but it is not their love for human flesh that makes t so, but a feeling of affection for those of their friends who a desire to eat the qualities of those whom they kill i Mothers sometimes kill and eat their own children, but never done as a religious rite.' Thus far James Morrill.

On my speaking to him upon religious subjects he s deeply touched. His is one of the most remarkable of rem deliverances I have ever heard of or known. His shyness wearing off him, and he feels more at home among c persons than he did at first. His interview with his Exc Sir George Bowen did a great deal towards restoring his dence. Our Governor, Sir George, is one of the best men world, I fancy, for making a man feel at home in his co Approach him when you may, you are met in a most manner, not patronised, but conversed with freely and full you feel you are understood, and that a genuine man is d you out of yourself. Long may our present Governor Governor of Queensland!"

We leave our readers to indulge their own thoughts o singular narrative, which bears upon its surface the st truth; but let them be thankful that they were not born i a dark part of the earth.

Anecdotes and Selections.

READY WIT.—There is a remarkable instance of this recorded of Dr. oung, author of "Night Thoughts," to this effect:—"One day, as r. Young was walking in his garden at Welwyn, in company with vo ladies, one of whom he afterwards married, the servant came to ıy that a Gentleman wished to speak with him. 'Tell him,' said the octor, 'I am too happily engaged to change my situation!' The dies insisted upon it he should go, as his visitor was a man of rank, s patron, and his friend; and as persuasion seemed to have no effect, ıe took him by the right arm, and the other by the left, and led him the garden gate; when, finding resistance vain, he bowed, laid his ınd upon his heart, and in an impressive manner spoke impromptu e following lines:—

'Thus Adam look'd, when from the garden driven,
And thus disputed orders sent from heaven:
Like him I go, but yet to go am loath,
Like him I go, for angels drove us both:
Hard was his fate, but mine's still more unkind;—
His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind.'"

THE FAITHFULNESS OF GOD IS like a sheet anchor to the soul of the ıcere christian, who never doubts the faithfulness of God though he ıy doubt his own. A pious Scotch minister, after a long and useful e, said that the faithfulness of God in keeping all his promises even to old age, and notwithstanding his unworthiness and many failings, ıs to him a source of wonder and of joy; for he had always found at "He was faithful who had promised." Verily God's ways are not our ways!

A PREACHER'S PLAN.—The late Dr. Leifchild, of London, who was a ry acceptable and useful preacher, laid out this plan for himself—

Begin low;
Proceed slow;
Take fire;
Rise higher;
Be self-possess'd,
When most impress'd.

A SWISS PLACARD.—Travellers visiting Switzerland may often see ı the walls of inns and private houses a neat placard, of which this a copy:—"Understand well the force of the words—a GOD, a OMENT, an ETERNITY; a God who sees thee; a moment that flies ›m thee; an eternity which awaits thee. A God whom you serve so ; a moment by which you so little profit; an eternity which you zard so rashly." And, there might have been added, a Saviour who ›d for you, but whom, perhaps, you have long neglected.

RICHARD BAXTER, after he had spent many years in the advancement of the glory of God, by laborious and constant preaching, unceasing pastoral labours, and numerous publications from the press, was yet unwilling to give himself ease, even amidst the infirmities of disease and age. An old gentleman who heard him preach, related, that when he ascended the pulpit, with a man following him to prevent his falling backwards, and to support him, if needful, in the pulpit, many persons would be ready to say he was more fit for a coffin than for labour; but all this he would soon forget, and manifest the fervour and energy of youth in his labours. It was feared, the last time he preached, that he would have died in the pulpit; and yet, such was his humility, that when reminded of his labours on his death-bed, he replied, "I was but a pen in God's hand, and what praise is due to a pen?"

"I AM ON THE ROCK."—A christian minister, who had been a devoted servant of his master, was asked in his last hours how he felt in prospect of death. His reply was, "I feel that I am weakness itself. But I am on the Rock. I have no transports of joy. But I feel that I can trust on the mercy of God in Christ. My religious peace began there, and I am willing it should end there. God in Christ is all in all."

The Fireside.

PRIDE AND PASSION KILLED BY KINDNESS.

HERE is an anecdote from New England that will do to tell in the old country, where such things happen sometimes as well as over the water yonder.

"A young woman in Vermont married a poor but worthy man against her father's wish. He drove them from his house, and closed both his door and his heart against them. They came down near Boston, went to work, and prospered.

After many years the father had occasion to come to Boston. He concluded to go and see his daughter, expecting a cold reception. His daughter and her husband received him kindly and lovingly. After staying with them awhile he went back to Vermont.

One of his neighbours hearing where he had been, asked him how his daughter and her husband had treated him?

'I was never so kindly treated in my life before,' said he, weeping. 'They have broken my heart—they have killed me; I feel as if I could not live under it!'

'Why, what did they do to you?' asked the neighbour.

'Oh! they let me see that they loved me more than I loved them. They almost killed me with kindness. I can never forgive myself for *behaving* as I did to my own child, who, after all, loved me so much.

as if I could never get over it; to think how I grieved her when ed her from my door. Heaven bless them, and forgive me!' said bing as if his heart would break all the time."

us hope that the old man, though he could not forgive himself, God to forgive him for Christ's sake, and so became not only a man but a christian. For had he been a christian when his ter got married against his wishes, he might have disapproved, would have forgiven her. His pride and passion, shown by his mper, made him miserable. However, kindness subdued him, as a has done; and no wonder, for it is the kindness of our loving ir, who died for us, that breaks our stubborn hearts, and recon- s to our Heavenly Father.

The Penny Post Box.

THE VILLAGE GOSSIPS.

K these lines may be the means of doing a little good; if you so, put them in what you call your "Penny Post Box." J. D.

ild there in this world be found,
ittle spot of happy ground,
village teachers might go round
out the village tattling!
oubly blest that place would be,
all might dwell in liberty,
om the bitter misery
ossips endless pratling.

a spot were really known,
Peace might claim it as her own,
it she might fix her throne
ever and for ever;
like a queen might reign and live,
every one would soon forgive
tle slights they may receive,
be offended never.

schief makers that remove
om our hearts the warmth of love,
d us all to disapprove
t gives another pleasure;
em to take our part—but when
heard our cares, unkindly then
on retail them all again,
d with their poisonous measure.

And then they've such a cunning way
Of telling ill-meant tales—they say,
"Don't mention what I've said, I pray,
I would not tell another."
Strait to a neighbour's house they go,
Narrating everything they know,
And break the peace of high and low,
Wife, husband, friend, and brother.

Oh! that this mischief making crew
Were all reduced to one or two,
And they were painted red or blue,
That every one might know them!
Then would our villagers forget
To rage and quarrel, fume and fret,
And fall into an angry pet,
With things so much below them.

For 'tis a sad degrading part
To make another's bosom smart,
And plant a dagger in the heart
We ought to love and cherish;
Then let us evermore be found
In quietness with all around,
While friendship, joy, and peace abound,
And angry feelings perish!

F. C. G.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

GREEN GRASS EVERYWHERE.

THE grasses furnish a larger amount of sustenance to animal life than all other tribes of plants together; and so profusely have they been shed abroad in every conceivable variety, as climate, soil, and situation may influence their growth, that the earth has taken their colouring for a garment, and presents a firmament of green almost as unbroken as the upper firmament of blue, which is the only other prevailing tint in nature. No matter how elevated or how barren the spot, grasses of some kind will make themselves a home in it; and when every variety of soil and climate has been furnished with its appropriate kinds, others find for themselves sites in water, carpeting the bed of the brook, or binding the shingle together on the shore of the sea; others, on ruins, house-tops, and subterranean retreats, if but a glimpse of daylight reach them. In that remarkable work, "The Flora of the Colosseum," in which Mr. Deakin has described four hundred and twenty plants found growing spontaneously on the ruins of the Colosseum at Rome, there are no fewer than fifty-six grasses entered as flourishing in various parts of that venerable ruin. This universality of grass is one of the most poetical of facts in the economy of the world. There is no place which it will not beautify. It climbs up the steep mountain passes which are inaccessible to man, and forms ledges of green amid the rivings of the crags: it leaps down between steep shelving precipices, and there fastens its slender roots in the dry crevices which the earthquakes had rent long ago, and *into* which the water trickles when the sunbeams strike the hoary snows above. There it leaps and twines in the morning light, and flings its sweet laughing greenness to the sun; there it creeps and climbs about the mazes of solitude, and weaves its fairy tassels with the wind. It beautifies even that spot, and spreads over the sightless visage of death and darkness the serene beauty of a summer smile, flinging its green lustre on the bold granite, and perfuming the lips of Morning as she stoops from heaven to kiss the green things of the earth. It makes a moist and yielding carpet over the whole earth, on which the impetuous may pass with hurried tread, or the feet of beauty linger. And from this universality of growth grass derives its specific name.—*Hibberd's "Brambles and Bay Leaves."*

Hints

A MAN'S COUNTENANCE will often, not always, tell you what he is. As a rule, however, doing good makes a man look good, as doing evil makes him look evil.

CURIOSITY.—The indulgence of a sinful curiosity ruined the world. And now it is a kernel of the forbidden fruit, which sticks in the throats of some men, to the danger of choking them.

LOW CUNNING is the road to roguery which some men take to gain bad ends. But it is a slippery path, along which, after all, none but fools would choose to walk.

HABITS AND CUSTOMS, good or bad, adopted in youth, and indulged in riper years, become a kind of second nature in old age. Good or bad—mind that. Which are yours? See after them.

A DECEITFUL MAN is a fool for his pains; for if found out, as he mostly

is, no one will trust him again; and who would like to be in such an awkward fix as that?

FEMALE LOVELINESS is never so attractive as when adorned by neat simplicity of dress. Only think, if you can, of an artist painting the graceful form of an angel in a crinoline!

Gems.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.

On Man.

MAN was made to be a king and a subject. He was to touch the sceptre of heaven, and sway the sceptre of earth. Man was crowned in creation—uncrowned in temptation—re-crowned in salvation.

In the beginning of the Bible he is a lord, in the middle a slave, at the end a king.

Sin reduces man to slavery—salvation exalts man to royalty.

The man who kneels at a throne in penitence, shall sit on one in power.

Sin brought to man a curse—and to the Saviour a cross.

Man's greatest enemy is his pride. He that has no pride has no poverty. The spirit emptied of self shall be filled with the riches of heaven.

When man cries lost, heaven echoes found. When man says shadow, heaven answers substance.

On Repentance.

REPENTANCE is a right attitude of mind towards sin. It includes—1. Perception of sin. 2. Sorrow for sin. 3. Confession of sin. 4. Forsaking of sin. 5. Hatred of sin.

"Repentance," says Trapp, "is the souls vomit of sin."

Repentance is the herald of faith, and the pioneer of salvation.

Repentance is a change of mind, and he who is unchanged in time will be accursed in eternity.

When the repenting soul weeps in sorrow, the angels sing for joy.

Repentance is the soul's mourning, and the soul which clothes herself in the sable garments of sorrow, shall be finally clad in the shining garments of salvation. G. H.

Poetic Selections.

POEM ON THE PATTERN PRAYER.

OF this old specimen of curious composition, only two manuscript copies are known. It is said to have been written by Bishop Andrews.

IF any one be distressed, and fain would gather
Some comfort, let him haste unto
Our Father;
For we of hope and help are quite bereaven
Except thou succour us
Who art in heaven;
Thou showest mercy, therefore for the same
We praise Thee, singing,
Hallowed be thy name.
Of all our miseries cast up the sum;
Show us thy joys, and let
Thy kingdom come.
We mortal are, and alter from our birth;
Thou constant art—
Thy will be done on earth;
Thou mad'st the earth as well as planets seven—
Thy name be blessed here
As 'tis in heaven.
Nothing we have to use, or debts to pay,
Except Thou give it us.
Give us this day
Wherewith to clothe us, wherewith to be fed,
For without Thee we want
Our daily bread.
We want, but want no faults, for no day passes
But we do sin—
Forgive our trespasses;
No man from sin ever free did live;
Forgive us, Lord, our sins
As we forgive.
If we repent our faults, thou ne'er disdain'st us—
We pardon them
That trespass against us.
Forgive us that is past, a new path tread us;
Direct us always in thy faith,
And lead us,
We, thine own people, and thy chosen nation,
Into all truth, but
Not into temptation.
Thou that of all good graces art the giver
Suffer us not to wander,
But deliver
Us from the assaults of world, and devil,
And flesh, so shalt thou free us
From all evil.
To these petitions let both church and laymen,
With one consent of heart and voice, say,
AMEN.

The Children's Corner.

STOPPING AT THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

WALTER BURNS was fifteen years old. Although early deprived by death of a mother's love and care, his father had watched over him and given him good advice. Walter had been for several years in a sabbath school class in which were eight or ten boys of about the same age. These had dropped off one by one, until now but three were left.

"Father," said Walter, one sabbath morning, "almost all the boys have left our class. They think they are too old to be in it. Only two or three of them are there now, and I wish to leave too."

Mr. Burns looked in his son's face a moment, and then said sadly—"Walter, there are some things of which I have never spoken to you, because there has never yet seemed cause for me to do so. The time has now come when I ought to speak.

When you were three years old you lost your mother. You have never known how great is such a loss. Among your mother's last words was the request, that as soon as you were old enough, I would place you in the sabbath school; and she said it was her prayer for her dear little boy, who would soon be motherless, that he might continue a scholar in it till he should learn to love the Saviour, and be prepared, if it became his duty, to be a teacher.

I need not tell you what my own wishes and prayers, since then, have been. And now my son says he feels too old to remain longer in sabbath school, though he has not yet found Christ."

Walter saw the tears gathering in his father's eyes, and turned away. Nothing more was said about leaving the class. He remembered his mother's dying wish, and the earnest longings of his praying father, and went until he found the Saviour in the sabbath school.

He is a man now, an active christian, and the beloved superintendent of a large sabbath school in one of our cities; and I have seen the eyes of both parents and children grow moist with tears as he has told them this story of his boyhood.

Boys, are any of you beginning to think you are too old to be sabbath scholars? Remember Walter Burns, and think of the matter very seriously before you decide to leave such a good place.

AT SEA IN A STORM.

ONE night, shortly after the passengers had gone on board a steamer plying between two American lake cities, the stewardess of which was a pious mulatto, the wind suddenly changed, dark clouds obscured the rising moon, and at length there was every appearance of a terrible gale. The ladies, who were retiring, became alarmed and timid; amid all other calls for help, the stewardess was constantly obliged to go to the door of the cabin, in order to convey messages from the anxious husbands and fathers without.

"Stewardess," called one, "how are the ladies in berth thirty-two? Tell them the captain says there is no real danger; this is a mere squall of wind; it'll be all over in an hour or two."

"O, stewardess! I hope you'll take good care of my wife," said another; "she's apt to be awful sick. I suppose it's against your rules for me to go into the cabin, but I'll stay near the door till the wind goes down."

"I'll do the best I can," said the woman.

"Stewardess," whispered a tall gentlemen, touching her shoulder as she was hastening back, "my daughter is in berth eleven; I fear she is alarmed; will you give her this?" presenting her a small piece of paper; "and tell her our Heavenly Father is watching over us here as well as on land."

"Yes, sir, that I will;" and the stewardess, notwithstanding her haste, cast a glance at the tall gentleman that assured him she would be glad to take his message.

The young lady in berth eleven was pressing both her hands to her head. Her face and lips were white as marble, but she uttered not one complaining word.

Stewardess saw at once that she was suffering keenly, and said, in a soothing tone, "Can I get you anything, miss? Here, I've brought you a note from your father."

"Will you be pleased to read it?" said the girl feebly. "My head aches so I'm almost blind."

"Yes, dear." She turns so that the light will fall on the paper, and reads—"'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee.' That's a precious text, miss; it's comforted me many a time."

"Thank you, nurse, so it is. O, I wish father could come in and pray with me! Where is he now?"

"Help, stewardess, quick!" shrieked a younger girl; "O, I know I shall die!"

The woman turned reluctantly from the young lady, and assisted the other to remove her rich travelling-dress, so that she could lie down in her berth.

"I'm sure we shall all be drowned!" exclaimed the girl, beginning to cry as soon as she was a little relieved. "O dear, I can't die yet; I'm not prepared."

At this moment the vessel lurched and rocked so that the woman was almost thrown off her feet. Every timber creaked and groaned, while the sound of many feet and the shouting of the captain proved that the gale was at its height. The noise and confusion in the cabin was terrible. Several ladies sprang from their berths, and commenced dressing themselves. Others cried aloud; and others, too sick to arise, groaned and loudly lamented their fate, doomed, as they thought, to a watery grave.

Running here and there, as her attention was required, the stewardess saw that the young lady in number eleven had arisen from her berth, and was kneeling by her chair in the most retired place she could find. Pausing one moment near her, she found she had attracted her attention, and then said:—

"If you would read a few verses aloud, miss, I think you might do a power of good."

Without a word the young lady arose, and approaching a table, opened the Bible, and in a faltering voice began the one hundred and seventh Psalm.

The noise within the cabin was so great, that at first the reading could not be heard; but with the help of the stewardess, who passed from one berth to another with a whisper, "Hush, the young lady is reading," the passengers ceased their crying, and began to listen. "These see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths; their soul is melted, because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves *thereof* are still. Then they are glad, because they be quiet; so

he bringeth them unto their desired haven. O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men."

"Thank you, thank you, miss," was echoed from one part of the cabin to another, when the Psalm was concluded.

"Will you please tell me, dear," called out one old lady, "whereabouts that chapter is?"

"I never see such a book," whispered the stewardess; "it's calmed them all down like lambs. I'm sure I thank you a thousand times, miss, for obliging me. They all seem 'mazingly comforted by it."

In an hour or two the gale had subsided, and the ladies, having received the assurance that all danger was past, retired once more to their berths, where many of them soon fell asleep. The occupant of number eleven, however, was an exception. She still sat near the table, the Bible open before her, and her whole attention apparently absorbed in its sacred contents.

At length, when all was quiet, the stewardess drew near and said, in a respectful tone, "I'm glad to see you love that good book, miss."

"O, it is precious!" exclaimed the young lady. "I never felt its power so much as to-night. I am not very strong," she added, "and must confess that when you first came to me I was terribly alarmed. But those few words you read calmed me at once. How kind in father to think of me. I wish he could know how quiet I feel."

"I'll see if I can find him," said the stewardess, rising cheerfully.

"O, I thank you! Tell him I found the gracious promise fulfilled, and now I beg of him to go to sleep."

After she had delivered her message, the stewardess returned, and finding the young lady did not intend to retire, gladly availed herself of the invitation to resume her seat."

"This is my time for reading," she said, drawing a worn Bible from her pocket.

"You love the good book, too, I see," remarked the young lady, with a smile.

"It's home and family to me, miss. It's company to me night and day. If the wind's blowing a gale, as it did to-night, I feel safe, I know who holds the waters in his fist. I know, if he wills it, he can speak the waves into a calm. My heart warmed at

once to your father, miss, when he sent you that verse to think of. It always does warm to those who read the good book."

"You have a great opportunity to study character here, nurse."

"Yes, miss, and always find those who fear to offend the Lord in a calm, love and confide in him the most when they're in danger."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, before the passengers have been on board twelve hours, I can generally tell who are christians, and who belong to the world. I dont mean professors, I mean genuine heart christians. A chance word or expression, miss, tells a good deal, and I've often thought how much good christians may do, if they bear it in mind. But, as I was saying, those who love Christ run right to him, as you did, when they're in trouble, while others shriek and scream, and dont know where to go for help."

The young lady looked very thoughtful, and at length said:—"I never considered it in that light before; but I'm afraid I have been too timid in speaking of religion. Such subjects always seem so sacred to me."

The next morning dawned clear and bright. Within the cabin there was scarcely a trace of the confusion and fright caused by the tempest. Indeed, few remembered it except to joke each other at giving way to alarm.

"I didn't suppose there was any real danger," said one.

"Your screams at the time would lead one to think you did," answered her companion.

"We ought to be thankful to our Heavenly Father that we are alive this pleasant morning," remarked the stewardess, who happened to be passing.

"Yes, we ought!" exclaimed a sickly looking lady; "and to the young miss whose reading reminded us where to put our trust."

The second night several of the passengers approached the table in the cabin, and read a few verses from the Bible before they entered their berths.

The stewardess watched her opportunity, and when all was quiet, begged her young friend to read again for the benefit of the whole. Quite a number of voices echoed the wish, when, in a sweet, distinct tone, she read the fourteenth chapter of

ın's gospel. Not a sound was heard as she then, in a quiet nner, kneeled by her chair, while she silently commended soul to God, and asked his protection for the night.

'O, miss," exclaimed the stewardess, coming forward eagerly ıelp her undress; "I am glad you are not ashamed to own rist. I wish all christians would do as you have done."

P. S.

Poetry.

NOT ASHAMED OF CHRIST.

Jesus! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days.

Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He shed the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star! bids darkness flee.

Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

Till then—nor is my boasting vain,
Till then—I boast a Saviour slain!
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

Anecdotes and Selections.

THE COLLIERS AND THE BIBLE.—In the colliery districts beyond Birmingham, some earnest christian men devoted themselves to the circulation of the Scriptures among the miners; and in companies of three they were in the habit for this purpose of visiting the public-houses when the men were assembled at them. On a recent occasion, while offering the Bible for sale in a public-house, one of the miners observed to a companion, "I say, Tom, this a rum place for the Bible, isn't it?" "Well," rejoined the colporteur, "if it is not a place for the Bible, it is not a place for you." "I'm pretty much of that mind too," said the man, and this led to some very useful and interesting conversation. Another miner purchased a large-print Bible for half-a-crown, and then asked the colporteur to read him "a bit of it," which he did, selecting passages from the Gospel. "Now," said the miner, "I'll give you another half-crown if you'll give us a bit of a prayer." The missionary replied that prayer was a most solemn matter, and about which they would hear again at the day of judgment. To this the miner assented, but still urged that "a bit of a prayer" should be offered; and the good man had the moral courage to go upon his knees in the public-house and pray for the rough characters about him, and that God would bless the Scripture which had been read in their hearing. In another public-house a miner bought a large-print Bible to read down in the mine; and the men agreed that it should be read out at dinner-time; and the rule was laid down and agreed to, that while the Bible was being read there should be no swearing. If any one did swear a fine was to be imposed, and a most characteristic fine it was, namely, that when the beer-can went round the swearer should not drink, but pass it on to the next man. These are facts full of intense significance and interest. In one district alone more than £90 had been expended by the miners upon Bibles during the last twelve months. Was there any other book in existence to which such homage had ever been paid? And surely it is a testimony that cannot be resisted to the holiness of the Bible.

THE BIBLE IS A RECORD OF GOD'S THOUGHTS.—And, as there revealed to us, how numerous are they; they are more than can be numbered. And how various, too; relating to everything pertaining to our welfare throughout the utmost range of our being. That there are thoughts expressive of displeasure uttered against the unbelieving and disobedient, who reject his authority and refuse to be reconciled to him, we admit. But yet what thoughts of peace, of kindness, of compassion, and love to the penitent and contrite, to the humble and believing. As made known to us, they show us God's heart; how intent he is on working out our interests; how considerate of our wants; how munificent the provision he has made for them; for having spared not his own Son, but having

freely bestowed upon us his unspeakable gift, he now is willing as freely to give us all things. Hence in this wonderful record we have thoughts of mercy, of pardon, of redemption, of grace, yea, of the riches of grace, in which he has much more abounded, beyond the utmost extent of our sins. And how "precious are God's thoughts" to the afflicted, the mourning, the sorrowing, the tried, the perplexed believer. He feasts on them with joy. They comfort and refresh him. They minister support and alleviation amidst all depressions and griefs, and he turns to them as to a fountain of living water, which can never be exhausted, and never fails.

A Resting Place.—John Selden was a most learned Englishman; possessed much antiquarian, historical, and legal knowledge; was master of many languages, and author of works which have filled Europe with his fame; and was possessor of a library of eight thousand volumes. When he lay dying, he said to archbishop Usher, "I have surveyed most of the learning that is among the sons of men, and my study is filled with books and manuscripts on various subjects; but at present I cannot recollect any passage out of all my books and papers whereon I can rest my soul, save this from the sacred Scriptures:—'The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world; looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.'" And then he is said to have added, "I regard this passage as containing a perfect summary of the christian religion."

Forgive and Forget.—Forgiveness should be like a cancelled note, torn in two and burned up, so that it can never be shown against the man. And so real forgiveness is. However, we have heard men who make pretensions to much sanctity of character say—"I can forgive, but I cannot forget," when speaking of some individual who had injured them. It is certainly true that there are instances in which it is very hard for poor human nature to forgive. For "if from your heart ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Heavenly Father forgive you." Forgiveness, then, to be acceptable to God, must be from the heart; that is, sincere and entire, with no reservation like "I cannot forget." Let your forgiveness, then, be as the cancelled note. When we tell a man we forgive him, let it be so in deed and in truth, and let us never prove that it is not honest by adding, but "*I cannot forget.*"

End of the Pilgrimage.—Fear not, thou that longest to be at home. A few steps more and thou art there. Death to God's people is but a ferry-boat. Every day and every hour the boat pushes off with some of the saints, and returns for more. Soon, O believer, it will be said to thee as it was to her in the gospel, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." When you are got to the boundary, and stand on the verge of heaven and the confines of immortality, then there will be nothing

but the short valley of death between you and the promised land; the labours of your pilgrimage will then be on the point of conclusion, and you will have nothing to do but to entreat God, as Moses did, "I pray thee, let me go over and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain, and Lebanon."

CHRIST ONLY.—If you have been looking at work, duties, or qualifications, instead of looking to Christ, it will cost you dear. No wonder you go complaining. Graces are no more than evidences: the merits of Christ alone, without thy graces, must be the foundation for thy hope to bottom on. Christ only is the hope of glory. He that builds upon duties or graces, knows not the merits of Christ. This makes believing so hard, and so far above nature. If thou believest, thou must every day renounce dependence on thy obedience, thy baptism, thy sanctification, thy duties, thy graces, thy tears, thy meltings, thy humblings; and nothing but Christ must be thy trust and thy hope.

The Fireside.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

"Home! sweet home, there's no place like home."

HOME! where we breathe our first breath, and get our first kiss, and learn our first life lessons; home—where fair-haired childhood, and sunny youth, and stalwart manhood, and wrinkled old age mingle together in blessed and beautiful harmony; home—sanctified by father's prayers, and mother's undying love; home—from which men wander into sin and desolation, but to which they turn again weary, forsaken, broken-hearted, to die in the arms of a Christ-like forgiving affection. Home, home, sweet home, there's no place like home. Let us think more of its joys, its responsibilities, and its duties. Happy homes make a great, free, strong, and glorious nation. All reform should begin at home. The old philosophy is, "Sweep your own doorway clean, and the city will be decent." There must be individual manliness and womanliness, or there can be no true joy or greatness. We must think more of our own influence, and of the power for good or evil which God wraps up in every human heart. Let us make no mistake either about what home is, or should be. I heard a lady say once, and she lived in a magnificent house, that she had seen more real happiness in the cottages of the poor, than in the great mansion where she dwelt. Think of this, my working brothers. It is not where we live, but how we live. God's sunbeams will dance and sparkle upon brick floors as well as upon drawing-room carpets. Old John Bunyan found home in the Bedford prison house, and in its lonely bare walls wrote a book which "the world will not let die." Never *forget* that outward appearance at best is but perishable. After all, it is

:h makes the man." Hands may be hard, but hearts palpitate with ing joy;—faces look seamed, and soiled, and toil-worn, but souls rious with the signet of royalty have "onward and upward" yearn- and humble homes may be lit up with the music of loving hearts, ıe sunshine of all sweet and consecrated affections.

"There are as many pleasant things,
As many joyous tones,
For those who sit by cottage hearths,
As those who sit on thrones."

The Penny Post Box.

THE DREADFUL WAR IN AMERICA.

T to say another word or two about this fearful war. Most of the 's of the *Pioneer* are, I expect, working people who fear God. To as such, I now offer a few more remarks.

ı know that there are fools in the world who cry, "No God." are they who, having done "abominable iniquity," dont want one. ıere are wicked men, too, near akin to these wretched atheists, who ıot deny the existence of God, but act as if they believed that He ırsaken the world, and given it up into their hands to do just what ›leased; and so they, like downright atheists, are also found doing ninable iniquity."

was such men as these who begun this war in America; men who ide God as the righteous Governor of his own world, and instigated levilish lust for pelf and power, were resoved to make the whole of ı America a slave country, in which they might *breed*, and sell, and and kill their fellow creatures just as they pleased. They had been, any years, working to accomplish this hateful object, and by trickery :imidation had always succeeded. But when at length they were upted, they struck the first blow, and began to fight for it.

is war has already cost millions of money; hundreds of thousands been slain, and as many sent home wounded for life. Sometimes lavery men succeed, and sometimes the Liberty men. Every day e expecting to hear news of this kind.

t what I wish the readers of the *Pioneer* to think about and pray for ıt somehow or other, in his own way, and at his own time, God, ed Israel out of Egypt, will make bare *His* arm, and deliver all the ›laves from bondage. I am waiting to see this; to see again, as in of old, some signal interposition of Almighty Power that shall not 'break in pieces the oppressor," but "break every yoke and let the ssed go free," sealing the doom of slavery on earth for ever, "so that ı shall say, Verily there is a reward for the righteous: verily he is | that judgeth in the earth."

A Lover of Freedom for all Men.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE.

THE ninth annual report of the Postmaster-General, being that for the year 1862, has been issued. The whole number of public receptacles for letters is now 14,776, as compared with 14,354 in 1861. Travelling post-offices, which are now in use on most of the railways, are found of material service. The number of letters delivered in England in 1862, was 497,000,000, being a proportion of twenty-four letters to each person. In Ireland the letters delivered were 51,000,000, being a proportion of nine to each person. In Scotland 57,000,000 letters were delivered, being a proportion of nineteen to each person. Compared with 1861, the total shows an increase of 12,000,000. In the London district alone the number of letters is now nearly double that which, before the adoption of the penny postage, was delivered in the whole of the United Kingdom, London included. Nearly half a million letters passed through the temporary post-office in the International Exhibition. The number of newspapers delivered last year was nearly 73,000,000, which is about half a million more than that in the previous year, and the number of the book-packets was rather more than 14,000,000, or an increase of nearly 14 per cent. There was an increase last year in the amount of money which passed through the Money Order-office of more than £1,000,000 sterling. The operations of the Post-office Savings Banks have been highly satisfactory, about 180,000 depositors having opened accounts in them during the year 1862.

The Postmaster-General mentions an interesting case of restitution: "More than twenty years ago, a postmaster, who owed the office more than £2,000, but had given security for only part of that sum, absconded, leaving an unpaid debt of upwards of £1,000. The recovery of this debt had long been regarded as hopeless, but a short time ago a letter was unexpectedly received from the postmaster's son, enclosing a remittance in payment of part of his father's debt, and expressing a hope that after a time he should be able to pay the remainder; a hope which was soon realised, every farthing of the debt having now been discharged in a manner most creditable to the gentleman concerned."

Hints

THE DECEIVER sets himself a hard task; for his own words, if he speaks, may betray him; or his very looks may if they dont.

COMMON SENSE is the best weapon you can use to cudgel a knave with. A few of its sharp strokes will be enough.

JOY OR GRIEF, when they are in our hearts will mostly shew themselves. But it is often more difficult for us to hide our joy than our grief.

A SELF-IMPORTANT MAN is a blockhead for his pains. The vain fellow does not see that the world could go on very well, and better, without him.

THERE IS BUT ONE SHORT STEP between vanity and pride, and a shorter between a gossip and a liar.

IT IS A CURIOUS FACT that one foolish fellow has no respect for another foolish fellow. He does not like his own kin, and no wonder, for he knows they are a bad lot.

ECONOMY is commendable. None but fools would despise it. For it is far more respectable to live on little than outlive a great deal.

.VAGANCE always brings its ishment; and more than that, res the rod which will make back smart more severely.

›YMENT in getting what is good ıelves, or in doing good to s one of the best remedies we for the cure of all kinds of

›NDENCY AND DESPAIR are sad They chain a man down d legs; but they cannot keep ›re, if he once resolves, by ›lp, to be free.

Gems.

ON DEATH.

lical idea in death is separa-

ual death is the separation of from God.

y death is the separation of from the body.

al death is the separation of ly and soul from God for ever.

tian death is the separation of from sin.

ɜ the seed-bed of death, and the seed bed of salvation.

ıe flower sin is the root, and the blossom.

ıother death is the root, and n is the blossom.

ı was conquered by his own The death of Christ was the ? Death.

t rising from the grave over- th death and the devil; and at will kill death outright, and p the devil for ever. G. H.

ı this frail world our only rest,
g or dying none were blest.
ı breaks our prison bars away,
›pes the door to endless day.

ıould we mourn departed friends,
ake at death's alarms?
: the voice that Jesus sends,
ıl them to his arms.

QUESTION.

leath! where ends thy strife?

ANSWER.

In Everlasting Life!

Poetic Selections.

WATCH AND WAIT.

Be patient—life is very brief;
It passes quickly by;
And if it prove a troubled scene,
Beneath a stormy sky,
It is but like a shaded night,
That brings a morn of radiance bright.

Be hopeful—cheerful faith will bring
A living joy to thee,
And make thy life a hymn of praise,
From doubt and murmurs free;
Whilst, like the sunbeam, thou wilt bless,
And bring to others happiness.

Be earnest—an immortal soul
Should be a worker true;
Employ thy talents for thy God,
And ever keep in view
The judgment scene, the last great day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away.

Be holy—let not sin's dark stain
Thy spirit's whiteness dim;
Keep close to Jesus 'mid the world,
And trust alone in Him.
So 'midst thy business and thy rest,
Thou wilt be comforted and blest.

Be prayerful—ask, and thou wilt have
Strength equal to thy day;
Prayer clasps the hand that guides the world—
O make it then thy stay!
Ask largely, and thy God will be
A kingly giver unto thee.

Be ready—many fall around,
Our loved ones disappear;
We know not when our call may come,
Nor should we wait in fear;
If ready, we can calmly rest—
Living or dying, we are blest. *Moravian.*

TO MY BLESSED SAVIOUR.

BLESSED Saviour! Thou dost know
How the waves of sorrow flow;
All the conflict and the care,
Thronging, pressing, everywhere;
All the busy, ceaseless strife,
And the weariness of life.

Blessed Saviour! Thou canst heal
All the griefs Thy people feel;
And o'ercome the woe of sin,
Dwelling, Lord, their hearts within;
While Thy loving power is such,
They can never ask too much.

Blessed Saviour! in the might
Of Thy mercy infinite,
Come, and dwell in our poor hearts,
With the peace Thy love imparts;
Healing, teaching, blessing, come,
Make our happy hearts Thy home!

The Children's Corner.

LITTLE THINGS.

From "Old Jonathan."

LITTLE pleasures, little cares,
Little sorrows, hopes, and fears;
Little kindnesses that come,
Like bright stars, to cheer life's gloom;
Little trials, hard to meet,
Little sympathies most sweet;—
"Mark such, youth," Experience sings,
"Life's made up of little things!"

Little gems more precious seem,
In most eyes, than heaven's bright beam;
Little troubles vex and cross
Often more than weightier loss;
While all times this truth betray,
Man is made of breathing clay;
As the oak from acorn springs,
Life grows up from little things!

Little mild words wrath repel,
As oil will smooth when waves rebel;
But no sympathy or zeal,
To promote another's weal,
Hollow friendships, craft's disguise,
Heartless compliments and lies,—
These choke up life's nobler springs,
In this world of little things!

When a youth I thought not this,
Earth seem'd made for happiness;
Now I know oft darkness lours
O'er this changing world of ours!
God be praised, there's nought to mar
In you glorious realm afar;
Heed, then, youth, what old age sings,
Look beyond life's little things!

Bath. W. S.

ROGER HOLLAND.

)N May-day, 1558, about forty persons were assembled in a etired field, or part of St. John's Wood, near Islington, "occu- ied in the meditation of God's holy word," when they were iscovered, and the greater part of them carried before Sir Roger)holmley and the Recorder of London, who committed twenty- wo as prisoners to Newgate; of these, seven were burned in)mithfield, on the 27th of June, and six at Brentford, on the 4th of July. Among those who suffered in Smithfield on this ccasion, was Roger Holland; his history is given at some ength by Fox, and may be interesting to our readers. In it is ncluded also a pleasing anecdote of one, who, though only a ervant, was willing to bestow her little property in the hope of urning a sinner from the evil of his ways.

Roger Holland was apprenticed to Mr. Kempton, a merchant ailor in Watling Street, and was much addicted to bad company nd evil practices; besides which he was a bigoted Papist, and no one would have supposed that he was ever likely to be a martyr in the cause of truth.

One day he had received a sum of money on his master's account, amounting to thirty pounds; but, falling into bad company, he lost every farthing at dice; and, having no means to replace it, he determined to run away and take refuge either in France or Flanders.

Having determined upon this plan, he rose early in the morning, and went to a respectable female, his fellow-servant, who professed the gospel, and conducted herself in a manner conformable to its precepts; she had also frequently spoken to Holland in serious terms, reproving him for the life he led, and his blind attachment to Popery. "Elizabeth," said he, "I would I had followed thy persuasions and friendly rebukes, which if I had done, I had never come to this shame and misery which I am now fallen into; for this night I have lost thirty pounds of my master's money, which to pay him and make up my accounts I am not able. But this much I pray you,—desire my mistress that she would entreat my master to take this bill of my hand, that I am thus much indebted to him, and if I ever be able I will see him paid; desiring him that the matter may pass with silence, and that none of my kindred nor friends may ever know of this very ill conduct; for if it should come to my father's ears,

it would bring his grey hairs over soon to the grave:" having thus said, he was about to depart.

Elizabeth seeing that he was on the brink of ruin, "Stay," said she; and having some money which had come to her by the death of a relation, she brought him thirty pounds, saying, "Roger, here is the money; I will let thee have it, and keep thy bill; but since I do this much to help thee and save thee from ruin, thou shalt promise me to forsake all evil and wild company, all swearing and ribaldry talk, and if ever I know thee to play for one twelvepence, either at dice or cards, then will I show this thy bill unto my master. And thou shalt promise me to resort every day to the lecture at Allhallows, and the sermon at Paul's every Sunday; and to cast away all thy papistry and vain ballads; and get thee the Testament and books of service, and read the Scriptures with reverence and fear, calling unto God for his grace to direct thee in the truth. And pray unto God fervently, desiring him to pardon thy former offences, and not to remember the sins of thy youth; and ever be afraid to break his laws or offend his Majesty. Then shall God keep thee, and send thee thy heart's desire."

This kind behaviour and good advice appear to have wrought upon the prodigal. He attended regularly on the means of grace; and in less than a year he became an altered character, to the great surprise of all who had known him. When his apprenticeship was expired, he went home to his father in Lancashire, carrying with him several of the books lately published by the Reformers, and was the means of bringing his father and others to the knowledge of the gospel. After some time his father gave him fifty pounds to begin the world on his own account, with which he returned to London, and going to Elizabeth, told her that he had brought back the money she had lent him; but that he owed her much more for her good advice, and the good-will she had shown him; and as the only recompence he could offer, he entreated her to become his wife.

To this she consented, and they were married in the first year of Queen Mary. The Papists, however, obtained information of this; and Holland having gone into the country with his child, that he might not be obliged to have the superstitious rites of the Roman Catholics performed, Bonner caused his goods to be seized, and treated his wife very harshly.

For a time he remained concealed among the followers of the

truth in London, but was taken at last on May-day, 1558. Bishop Bonner, with his doctors, and a relative of Holland, who was of some note in Lancashire, tried earnestly to persuade him to recant, and again become a member of their church; but he was enabled to withstand them, and in the course of his examinations gave the following strong testimony to the power of the truth:—"It is not unknown to my master that I was formerly of this blind religion, having that liberty under auricular confession that I made no conscience of sin, but trusted in the priest's absolution, he for money doing also some penance for me, after which I cared not what offences I did; so that lewdness, swearing, and all other vices I considered of no consequence, so long as I could for money have them absolved. So straitly did I observe your ceremonies, that I would have ashes on Ash Wednesday, though I had practised never so much wickedness at night: and although I did not eat flesh upon Fridays, for conscience sake, yet I made no conscience of swearing, dicing, or drinking, all night long. And thus was I brought up, and thus have I continued, till of late that God has opened the light of his word, and called me by his grace to repent of my former idolatry and wicked life."

After several examinations, Holland was condemned, and burned with six of his companions. The day they suffered, (June 27, 1558) a proclamation was made that no one should speak unto them, upon pain of imprisonment. Notwithstanding this command, the people cried out, entreating God to strengthen them; and the martyrs likewise prayed for the people, and the restoring of his word. Holland embraced the stake, and said, "Lord, I most humbly thank thy majesty that thou hast called me from the state of death unto the light of thy heavenly word, and now unto the fellowship of thy saints, that I may sing and say, 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts.' And, Lord, into thy hands I commit my spirit. Lord, bless these thy people, and save them from idolatry." Thus concludes this narrative; and so he ended his life, looking up into heaven, praying and praising God with the rest of his fellow saints. For whose joyful constancy the Lord be praised!

These were the dying words of one of the last martyrs who suffered in Smithfield in the cause of truth; and surely they come to us with double power from one who was so striking a monument of divine grace.

THE HOTTENTOT AND THE LION.

In the year 1829, a Hottentot, in South Africa, went out on a hunting excursion, accompanied by several other natives. Arriving on an extensive plain, where there was abundance of game, they discovered a number of lions also, which appeared to be disturbed by their approach. A prodigiously large male immediately separated himself from the troop, and began slowly to advance towards the party, the majority of whom were young, and altogether unaccustomed to rencontres of so formidable a nature; the very appearance of the lion made them tremble. While the animal was yet at a distance they all dismounted to prepare for firing; and according to the custom on such occasions, began tying their horses together by means of the bridles, with the view of keeping the latter between them and the lion, to attract his attention, until they were able to take deliberate aim. His movements, however, were too swift for them. Before the horses were properly fastened to each other, the monster made a tremendous bound or two, and suddenly pounced upon the hind parts of one of them, which, in its fright, plunged forward, and knocked down the poor man who was holding the reins in his hand. His comrades instantly took flight and ran off with all their speed; and he, of course, rose as quickly as possible, in order to follow them. But no sooner had he regained his feet, than the lion, with a seeming consciousness of his superior might, stretched forth his paw, and striking him just behind the neck, immediately brought him to the ground again. He then rolled on his back, when the lion set his foot upon his breast, and lay down upon him. The poor man now became almost breathless, partly from fear, but principally from the intolerable pressure of his terrific load. He endeavoured to move a little to one side, in order to breathe; but feeling this, the lion seized his left arm, close to the elbow, and continued to amuse himself with the limb for some time, biting it in different places down to the hand, the thick part of which seemed to have been pierced entirely through. All this time the lion did not appear to be angry, but merely caught at his prey, like a cat sporting with a mouse that is not quite dead; so that there was not a single bone fractured, as would in all probability have been the case had the creature been hungry or irritated. Whilst writhing in agony, gasping for breath, and expecting every moment to be torn limb

from limb, the sufferer cried to his companions for assistance, but cried in vain. On raising his head a little, the beast opened his dreadful jaws to receive it, but providentially the hat slipped off, so that the points of the teeth only just grazed the surface of the skull. The lion now set his foot upon the arm from which the blood was freely flowing; his fearful paw was soon covered with it, and he again and again licked it clean! But this was not the worst; for the animal then steadily fixed his flaming eyes upon those of the man; smelt on one side and then on the other of his face; and, having tasted the blood, he appeared half inclined to devour his helpless victim. "At this critical moment," said the poor man, "I recollected having heard that there was a God in the heavens, who was able to deliver at the very last extremity, and I began to pray that he would save me, and not allow the lion to eat my flesh and drink my blood." Whilst thus engaged in calling upon God, the beast turned himself completely round. On perceiving this, the Hottentot made an effort to get from under him; but no sooner did the creature observe his movement than he took fast hold of his right thigh. This wound was dreadfully deep, and occasioned the sufferer most excruciating pain. He again sent up his cry to God for help; nor were his prayers in vain. The huge animal soon afterwards quietly relinquished his prey, though he had not been in the least interrupted. Having risen from his seat, he walked majestically off, to the distance of thirty or forty paces, and then lay down in the grass, as if for the purpose of watching the man. The latter being happily relieved of his load, ventured to sit up, which circumstance immediately attracted the lion's attention; nevertheless it did not induce another attack, as the poor fellow naturally expected; but as if bereft of power, and unable to do anything more, the lion again rose, took his departure, and was seen no more. The man seeing this, took up his gun, and hastened away to his terrified companions, who had given him up for dead. Being in a state of extreme exhaustion, from loss of blood, he was immediately set upon his horse, carried away, and by the use of suitable means, soon recovered.

There can be no reason for doubting the truth of this narrative. It was related at the time on good authority. But some men are wicked enough to disbelieve anything which looks like the providential interposition of God in his own world.

Poetry.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Out on an ocean all boundless we ride,
  We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Toss'd on the waves of a rough restless tide.
  We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Far from the safe quiet harbour we rode,
Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
Promise of which on us each he bestowed;
  We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
  We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,
  We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel,
O how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail,
The canvas all fill'd by the gusts of the gale:
  We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

Into the harbour of heaven we now glide,
  We're home at last, home at last;
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
  We're home at last, home at last;
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er;
We stand now secure on the glorified shore;
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
  We're home at last, home at last.

THE SHINING SHORE.

My days are gliding swiftly by,
  And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly!
  Those hours of toil and danger.
    For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand,
      Our friends are passing over,
    And just before, the shining shore
      We may almost discover.

We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
  Our distant homes discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
  Let every lamp be burning.

Should coming days be cold and dark,
  We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest nought can molest,
  Where golden harps are ringing.

Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
  Each chord on earth to sever,
Our King says, Come, and there's our home
  For ever, oh! for ever!

Anecdotes and Selections.

SINGULAR ESCAPES.—The late Mr. T. Raban, of Yardley Hastings, ı one occasion being in an unfinished building two stories high, his ot slipped, and he fell to the gronnd upon an axe, the edge of which ood upright; it cut his hat, but not his head, and he suffered but :tle injury. At another time, a large piece of timber on which he ıd set his foot heaved up, and fell with him into a saw-pit, and an ıvil of a hundred pounds weight, connected with it, fell upon him; ıt it only slightly bruised his leg. A still more remarkable preserva-on was vouchsafed to him. As he was assisting in raising a beam in mill, the rope slipped, and the beam under which he stood fell with m the height of four stories, and yet he was saved. And, once ore, he was driving a team with a load of hay down a narrow lane, hen, attempting to pass on to the other side of the waggon, he fell, ıd was thrown under one of the wheels; but calling out to the orses, they instantly stopped. But while God thus preserves the ves of his servants, that they may accomplish his designs, he often ımoves them in a way not expected when those designs are accom-lished. Mr. Raban was to learn by experience the truth of his friend owper's statement:—

> "Safety consists not in escape
> From dangers of a frightful shape;
> An earthquake may be bid to spare
> The man that's strangled by a hair."

ıfter preaching one Lord's-day, and walking home, his foot slipped ver a pebble, and he broke his leg, which in a few weeks brought on is death.

WHITEFIELD'S BROTHER.—One Lord's-day morning, Mr. Whitefield, ith his usual fervour, exhorted his hearers to give up the use of the ıeans for the spiritual good of their relations and friends, *only with eir lives*, remarking that he had had a brother for whose spiritual elfare he had used every means. He had warned him and prayed r him, and apparently to no purpose, till a few weeks ago, when his :other, to his astonishment and joy, came to his house, and with ıany tears declared that he had come up from the country to testify ı him the great change that divine grace had wrought upon his ɜart, and to acknowledge with gratitude his obligation to the man hom God had made the instrument of it. Mr. Whitefield added, that ɜ had that morning received a letter which informed him that on his 'other's return to Gloucestershire, where he resided, he dropped down ıad as he was stepping out of the stage-coach, but that he had pre-ɔusly given the most satisfactory evidence of his being a new man in ırist Jesus. "Therefore," said Mr. Whitefield, "let us pray always ourselves and for those who are dear to us, and never faint."

ESCAPE FROM AN EARTHQUAKE.—The following epitaph is said to have been copied from a tomb in the vicinity of Port Royal, Jamaica:—"Here lieth the body of LOUIS CALDY, Esq., a native of Montpelier, in France, which country he left on account of the revocation. He was swallowed up by the earthquake which occurred at this place in 1692, but, by the great providence of God, was by a second shock flung into the sea, where he continued swimming till rescued by a boat, and lived forty years afterwards.

The Fireside.

PEACE AT HOME.

ALL reform, I say, should begin at home. In nine cases out of ten we can set everybody else right but ourselves. Or else we smile so sweetly, and look so lovingly, and act so kindly in other people's houses, and never know how to behave at all decently by our own fireside. Well for us would it be if we thought more about home. Well for many if they spent their money upon bread and beef instead of beer, upon knowledge instead of noggins, and upon home happiness rather than hollow and silly convivialities. We want more mercy too in our homes. Kind words for the weak and erring.

"We are all of us human, and all of us erring,
And mercy within us should ever be stirring."

Oh, I have such faith in the power of kind words! Kind words nerving young men to withstand the temptations of every day life—kind words piercing hard, selfish hearts, and making them yield obedience to the pure and good—kind words dashing aside teardrops of agony, and holding heads erect in moral dignity—kind words making dark dreary homes of desolation break forth into beauty and rejoicing. And they are so cheap, they may be given so freely. I like that simple little story about the wind and sun falling out. They tried their strength upon a traveller, the wind beginning first. It howled mightily—snapped the pine growth of a century—drove the leaves whistling through the forest—and went forward upon its wonder-working way. And the man wrapped close round him his cloak, bent down before the storm, and persevered, till the wind gave up the contest. The sun then came out soft, and clear, and bright, and golden, and threw its beautiful rays upon the traveller, till overpowered, he cast aside his cloak, and dropped down upon the greensward. So shall it be with our words. Hard, and rough, and big-sounding, men will wrap closer round them the sins which curse and enslave; but before the golden, lovely, Christ-like power of kind words, they will often be melted into submission, and with the confiding hearts of little children be won back to Christ—to joy and *peace—to* heaven and God.

The Penny Post Box.

TO YOUNG MEN.

DIRECTIONS FOR CHOOSING A WIFE.

Now if you are old enough listen to me—
I will breathe in your ear what a good wife should be;
So plain, and so simple, each feature I'll write,
You cannot mistake if you look but aright.

Seek her not in a ball-room, where glitt'ring array,
Makes bitter look sweet, and every heart gay;
Fly far from such scenes, and leave folly's gay dome,
To seek her amid the calm duties of home.

Mark her footsteps, if followed by parent's fond smile,
If the cares of the aged she seek to beguile,
If infancy run for the fond sister's kiss,
Be sure, such a wife would form your home's bliss.

Is a tale of misfortune e'er breath'd in her ear?
She hastens with sympathy's aid and its tear;
She has smiles for the happy, she comforts the sad;
And in modest simplicity ever is clad.

The mind in her eye, and the blush on her cheek,
A soul tun'd to virtue will ever bespeak;
She may not be lovely in some people's eyes;
But he who can win her will value the prize.

And should he obtain such a gem for a wife,
Let him cherish her well, she's the best gift of life;
She will soothe him in sorrow, will heighten each joy,
To make his home happy each charm will employ.

His love is sufficient, she seeks none beside;
Her home is her paradise, he is her guide;
Next to God, she obeys him, his will makes her own,
His approval she covets—she seeks it alone.

Proud fashion may scoff at her "notions and ways,"
She heeds not its frown, she courts not its praise;
Should poverty come, with its cares to annoy,
Such pure love as this it can never destroy.

The best earthly gift to man ever given,
To be rear'd on this earth or transplanted to heaven;
But Religion must ever its guardian be,
For without it she will not be much good for thee.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

PROPORTION OF THE SEXES.

At birth 106 males appear for every 100 females; yet, by the law of nature, the tendency to fall under disease is so much greater in the male than in the female, that by about the eighteenth year of life the proportion of the sexes becomes equalized, 100 males being alive at that age for every 100 females. After that period other elements come in to disturb the natural balance of the sexes; but these other causes are chiefly felt in a small country like Scotland, where, from the small chance of advancement for the youth who stays at home, emigration is largely resorted to. Were the proportion to be regulated by the respective tendency of each sex to death, (the males dying in a higher ratio than the females at all ages,) then in the whole population the proportion would be about 102 females for every 100 males. But the excessive drain on the males by emigration, and by supplying our merchant shipping, royal navy, and army, going along with this higher male death-rate, increases the proportion of females in Scotland to 111 females for every 100 males in the general population.

In Prussia, in 1858, there were 100.7 females for every 100 males. In Denmark, in 1860, there were 100.8 females for every 100 males. In Spain, in 1859, there were 101.5 females for every 100 males. In Holland, in 1858, there were 101.8 females for every 100 males. In France, in 1856, there were 101.9 females for every 100 males. In the combined States of the German Union, in 1856, there were 102.3 females to every 100 males. In Norway, in 1855, there were 104.2 females to every 100 males. In Sweden, in 1855, there were 106.3 females to every 100 males; while in England and Wales, in 1861, there were 105.2 females to every 100 males; the proportion of Scotland being 111.2 females to every 100 males. It is thus seen that Scotland far exceeds all these countries in the excess of her female population.—*Report on the Census of Scotland*, 1861.

Hints

Opportunities.—He that will not attempt any good object until opportunity offers its help, is very likely to do nothing at all.

Peevishness is the canker of life. It paralyses vigour, rusts activity, and checks improvement. It is a self-punishment, which none but a fool would inflict on himself.

Reading the Eyes.—You may often tell what a man thinks by his eyes, let him say what he will. And so one man may use another man's eyes as spectacles to read his heart with.

Rich yet Poor.—This is possible. For though a man may have abundance of all things; yet if he makes not a right use of them, he is only a poor man after all.

The Best Physic is only a poor substitute for temperate living and healthy exercise. In these things every man may be his own cheap doctor.

True Piety is a beautiful flower, that buds in the countenance, blossoms into kind actions, and sheds a fragrance all around, delighting both God and man.

Worldly Pleasure, when it is the chief object of a man's life, is so unsatisfying, that it is as if he had only a dish of currant jelly for his dinner.

Prejudice wont let a man see with his own eyes, but puts a pair of its spectacles on his nose that he may see things by a false colour.

is never so much put to the
s when it finds itself stand-
close contact with virtuous

.

NCE is that virtue by which
hat is proper to be done, and
ng it at the right time and in
place.

Gems.

ON FAITH IN CHRIST.

a right exercise of mind
Christ.
is the centre of revelation,
ium of salvation.
prophecies meet in Christ,
the doctrines of the gospel
around him as the eternal
centre.
reason stops at the outside of
aith makes her way to the

can find only one pillow to
nd that is the bosom of Jesus.
goes first to the root, and
ibs into the branches of the
Life.
iath three eyes, one is called
ge, another belief, another

is the daughter of Sorrow,
r of Charity, and the mother

neets the world's "no" with
our's "yes." Mountains melt
much, and the world is con-
y her sword.
is as sure that sin is done
Christ as if an angel were to
written message from heaven
th the Divine signet.
ometimes puts our faith, as
rs, to the trial, to "be tried
" But he never puts it in a
if a little one will do.
draws largely upon the pro-
God, who accepts and in-
ne bill, and pays it in due
of his riches in glory by
esus.

Poetic Selections.

TOO FAR FROM THEE.

We are too far from Thee, our Saviour,
Too far from Thee,
Before our eyes
Dark mists arise,
And veil the glories from the skies;
We are too far from Thee.

We are too far from Thee, our Saviour,
Too far from Thee,
Fierce pains oppress,
Dark cares distress,
Made darker by our loneliness;
We are too far from Thee.

We are too far from Thee, our Saviour,
Too far from Thee.
Dark waters roll
Above the soul;
Striving to reach the heavenly goal,
We are too far from Thee.

We are too far from Thee, our Saviour,
Too far from Thee.
Alone, afraid,
Our path is laid
In darkness; send Thy heavenly aid,
We are too far from Thee.

We are too far from Thee, our Saviour,
Too far from Thee.
E'en if Thy rod
Bring us to God,
In meekness be the pathway trod,
If it but lead to God.

Draw us more close to Thee, our Saviour,
More close to Thee.
Let come what will
Of good or ill,
'Tis one to us, Dear Saviour, knowing still
Thou drawest us to Thee.

PERFECT PEACE IN CHRIST.

Thou very present aid
In suffering and distress:
The soul which still on thee is stayed,
Is kept in perfect peace.
The soul by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
'Mid raging storms exults to find
An everlasting rest.

Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill.
What though created streams are dry,
I have the fountain still.
Stripped of my earthly friends,
I find them all in *one;*
And peace, and joy that never ends,
And heaven in Christ begun.

The Children's Corner.

CHRIST THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

CHRIST was once a little child like you. There is none that child so well as he. You would be afraid to come near a lion; look and angry roar would make you afraid; but you are not touch a lamb. You thrust your hand without fear among its s curls. Its look is so mild, gentle, and loving, that you love it If the lion, with all its strength, was as meek and mild, s peaceful, and loving as the lamb, you would not fear him th his fierceness, and not strength, that makes you afraid.

Now, though Jesus is the Lion of the tribe of Judah, he is Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world." He than the lion's strength, for he is mighty to save; but he h lamb's gentleness. He is so strong that he conquered death that had the power of death, that is the devil; but he is harmless. He is the Ancient of Days; but he was also the l at Bethlehem. You need not be afraid. He will not cast You are very weak, but he is very strong. The strong gene to protect the weak. It is a very bad strong man that hurt weaker than himself. Even we, who are not good, love t those who are weaker than ourselves. If you saw a little little robin, with its red breast and black eye,—if you saw su chased by a fierce hawk, how your heart would beat, and would wish that the poor little bird might escape. But the lit after wheeling and doubling in vain, sees that it cannot es then, it flew straight to you, and took refuge in your breast, perfect confidence in you, folded its weary wing there, wh you feel? You would not drive that little trembler out, with ing heart, to be devoured by the fierce hawk that still swe over your head, in many a circle and swoop, and with savage would be glad and proud of the little bird's confidence. Y wish that all the robins in the world would only come to yo ever a foul bird of prey chased them, that in your bosom th have secure shelter, and there find their peaceful rest.

Now, just as you would love to be trusted by that little Jesus loves to be trusted by you. He sees all your dan knows the thousand evils that beset your path, and he would you would run to him at once for shelter. He says, "Su children to come unto me, and forbid them not." He would in his bosom, and fold you lovingly to his heart. He woul over you, and be exceeding glad.

AN AMERICAN HOSPITAL SCENE.

Louisa M. Alcott, of Boston, United States, who acted as nurse n one of the hospitals at Washington, thus describes one case of wounded Federal soldier. Alas! alas! how cruel is war. When vill it cease to curse the world?

"One evening I found a lately-emptied bed occupied by a arge, fair man, with a fine face, and the serenest eyes I ever net. One of the earlier comers had often spoken of a friend who had remained behind that those apparently worse wounded han himself might reach a shelter first. It seemed a David and Jonathan sort of friendship. The man fretted for his mate, and was never tired of praising John, his courage, sobriety, self-denial, and unfailing kindliness of heart, always winding up with—'He's an out and out fine feller, ma'am, you see if he ain't.' I had some curiosity to behold this piece of excellence, and when he came, watched him for a night or two before I made friends with him; for, to tell the truth, I was a little afraid of the stately-looking man, whose bed had to be lengthened to accommodate his commanding stature, who seldom spoke, uttered no complaint, asked no sympathy, but tranquilly observed what went on about him; and, as he lay high upon his pillows, no picture of dying statesman or warrior was ever fuller of real dignity than this Virginia blacksmith.

A most attractive face he had, framed in brown hair, and beard, comely featured and full of vigour, as yet unsubdued by pain, thoughtful and often beautifully mild while watching the afflictions of others, as if entirely forgetful of his own. His mouth was firm, with plenty of will and courage in its lines, but a smile could make it as sweet as any woman's; and his eyes were child's eyes, looking one fairly in the face, with a clear, straight-forward glance, which promised well for such as placed their faith in him. He seemed to cling to life as if it were rich in duties and delights, and he had learned the secret of content. The only time I saw his composure disturbed was when my surgeon brought another to examine John, who scrutinised their faces with an anxious look, asking of the elder—'Do you think I shall pull through, sir?' 'I hope so, my man.' And as the two passed on, John's eye still followed him with an intentness which would have won a clearer answer from them had they seen it. A momentary shadow flitted over his face, then came the usual

serenity, as if in that brief eclipse he had acknowledged the existence of some hard possibility, and, asking nothing yet hoping all things, left the issue in God's hand, with that submission which is true piety.

The next night, as I went my rounds with Dr. P——, I happened to ask which man in the room probably suffered most, and to my great surprise he glanced at John.

'Every breath he draws is like a stab; for the ball pierced the left lung, broke a rib, and did no end of damage here and there; so the poor lad can find neither forgetfulness nor ease, because he must lie on his wounded back or suffocate. It will be a hard struggle and a long one, for he possesses great vitality, but even his temperate life can't save him. I wish it could.'

'You dont mean he must die, doctor?'

'Bless you, there's not the slightest hope for him, and you'd better tell him so before long—women have a way of doing such things comfortably, so I leave it to you. He wont last more than a day or two, at farthest.'

I could have sat down on the spot and cried heartily, if I had not learned the wisdom of bottling up one's tears for leisure moments. Such an end seemed very hard for such a man. The army needed men like John, earnest, brave, and faithful, fighting for liberty and justice with both heart and hand. I could not give him up so soon, or think with any patience of so excellent a nature robbed of its fulfilment and driven into eternity by the rashness or stupidity of those at whose hands so many lives may be required. It was an easy thing for Dr. P—— to say, 'Tell him he must die,' but a cruelly hard thing to do, and by no means so 'comfortable' as he politely suggested. I had not the heart to do it then, and privately indulged the hope that some change for the better might take place, in spite of gloomy prophecies, so rendering my task unnecessary.

After that night, an hour of each evening that remained to him was devoted to his ease or pleasure. He could not talk much, for breath was precious, and he spoke in whispers; but from occasional conversations I gleaned scraps of private history, which only added to the affection and respect I felt for him. Once he asked me to write a letter, and as I settled pen and paper, I said with an irrepressible glimmer of female curiosity, 'Shall it be addressed to wife or mother, John?'

'Neither, ma'am; I've got no wife, and will write to mother

myself when I get better. Did you think I was married because of this?' he asked, touching a plain ring he wore, and often turned thoughtfully on his finger when he lay alone.

'Partly that, but more from a settled sort of look you have, a look which young men seldom get until they marry.'

'I didn't know that, but I'm not so very young ma'am—thirty in May, and have been what you might call settled this ten years, for mother's a widow. I'm the oldest child she has, and it would'nt do for me to marry till Lizzie has a home of her own, and Laurie's learned his trade; for we're not rich, and I must be father to the children, and husband to the dear old woman, if I can.'

'No doubt you are both, John; yet how came you to go to the war, if you felt so? Was'nt enlisting as bad as marrying?'

'No, ma'am, not as I see it; for one is helping my neighbour, the other pleasing myself. I went because I could'nt help it. I didn't want the glory or the pay. I wanted the right thing done, and the people kept saying the men who were in earnest ought to fight. I was in earnest, the Lord knows, but I held off as long as I could, not knowing which was my duty. Mother saw the case, gave me her ring to keep me steady, and said, 'go;' so I 'went.'

'Do you ever regret that you came when you lie here suffering so much?'

'Never, ma'am. I haven't helped a great deal, but I've shown I was willing to give my life, and perhaps I've got to give it; but I dont blame anybody, and if it was to do over again I'd do it. I'm a little sorry I wasn't wounded in front. It looks cowardly to be hit in the back, but I obeyed orders, and it dont matter in the end, I know.'

Poor John! it did not matter now, except that a shot in front might have spared the long agony in store for him. He seemed to read the thought that troubled me, as he spoke so hopefully when there was no hope, for he suddenly added:—

'This is my first battle—do they think it's going to be my last?'

'I'm afraid they do, John.'

It was the hardest question I had ever been called upon to answer; doubly hard with those clear eyes fixed on mine, forcing a truthful answer by their own truth. He seemed a little startled at first, pondered over the fateful fact a moment, then shook his head with a glance at the broad chest and muscular limbs stretched out before him.

'I'm not afraid, but it's difficult to believe all at once. I'm so strong it dont seem possible for such a little wound to kill me.'

'Shall I write to your mother now?' I asked, thinking that these sudden tidings might change all plans and purposes; but they did not; for the man received the order of the Divine Commander to march with the same unquestioning obedience with which the soldier had received that of the human one, doubtless remembering that the first led him to life, the last to death.

'No, ma'am; to Laurie just the same; he'll break it to her best, and I'll add a line to her myself when you get done.'

So I wrote the letter which he dictated, finding it better than any I had sent, for, though here and there a little ungrammatical or inelegant, each sentence came to me briefly worded, but most expressive, full of excellent counsel to the boy, tenderly bequeathing 'mother and Lizzie' to his care, and bidding him good-bye in words the sadder for their simplicity. He added a few lines with steady hand, and, as I sealed it, said, with a patient sort of sigh, 'I hope the answer will come in time for me to see it;' then, turning away his face, laid the flowers against his lips, as if to hide some quiver of emotion at the thought of such a sudden sundering of all the dear home ties.

These things had happened two days before. Now, John was dying, and the letter had not come. I had been summoned to many death beds in my life, but to none that made my heart ache as it did then, since my mother called me to watch the departure of a spirit akin to this, in its gentleness and patient strength. As I went in John stretched out both hands.

'I knew you'd come! I guess I'm moving on, ma'am.'

He was, and so rapidly that even while he spoke, over his face I saw the grey vail falling that no human hand can lift. I sat down by him, wiped the drops from his forehead, stirred the air about him with the slow wave of a fan, and waited to help him die. He stood in sore need of help, and I could do so little; for, as the doctor had foretold, the strong body rebelled against death, and fought every inch of the way, forcing him to draw each breath with a spasm, and clench his hands with an imploring look, as if he asked, 'How long must I endure this and be still?' For hours he suffered dumbly, without a moment's respite or a moment's murmuring. His limbs grew cold, his face damp, his lips white, and again and again he tore the covering off his breast as if the slightest weight added to his agony; yet, through

all, his eyes never lost their perfect serenity, and the man's soul emed to sit therein, undaunted by the ills that vexed his flesh.

One by one the men woke, and round the room appeared a rcle of pale faces and watchful eyes, full of awe and pity; for, ough a stranger, John was beloved by all. Each man there ıd wondered at his patience, respected his piety, admired his rtitude, and now lamented his hard death; for the influence of ı upright nature had made itself deeply felt even in one little eek. Presently the Jonathan who so loved this comely David ıme creeping from his bed for a last look and word. The kind ıul was full of trouble, as the choke in his voice, the grasp of .s hand betrayed; but there were no tears, and the farewell of ıe friends was the more touching for its brevity.

'Old boy, how are you?' faltered the one.

'Most through, thank Heaven!' whispered the other.

'Can I say or do anything for you anywheres?'

'Take my things home, and tell them that I did my best.'

'I will! I will.'

'Good by, Ned.'

'Good by, John, good by.'

They kissed each other tenderly as women, and so parted; for oor Ned could not stay to see his comrade die. For a little hile there was no sound in the room but the drip of water from stump or two, and John's distressful gasps as he slowly breathed ıis life away. I thought him nearly gone, and had just laid down he fan, believing its help to be no longer needed, when suddenly e rose up in his bed, and cried out with a bitter cry that broke he silence, sharply startling every one with its agonized appeal, For God's sake give me air!'

It was the only cry pain or death had wrung from him, the nly boon he had asked, and none of us could grant it, for all ıe airs that blow were useless now. Dan flung up the window, ıe first red streak of dawn was warming the gray east, a herald the coming sun. John saw it, and with the love of light, hich lingers in us to the end, seemed to read in it a sign of ope of help, for over his whole face there broke that mysterious pression, brighter than any smile, which often comes to eyes at look their last. He laid himself gently down, and stretch-g out his strong right arm, as if to grasp and bring the blessed r to his lips in fuller flow, lapsed into a merciful unconsciousness, ıich assured us that for him suffering was for ever past.

As we stood looking at him. the ward-master handed
letter, saying it had been forgotten the night before. I
John's letter, come just an hour too late to gladden the eye
had looked and longed for it so eagerly—yet he had it; fo
I had cut some brown locks for his mother, and taken c
ring to send her, telling how well the talisman had done its
I kissed this good son for her sake, and laid the letter
hand, still folded as when I drew my own away."

Poetry.

READING THE LIST.

"Is there any news of the war?" she said.
"Only a list of the wounded and dead,"
Was the man's reply,
Without lifting his eye
To the face of the woman standing by.
"'Tis the very thing that I want," she said.
"Read me a list of the wounded and dead."

He read her the list—'twas a sad array
Of the wounded and killed in the fatal fray;
In the very midst was a pause to tell
Of a gallant youth who fought so well,
That his comrades asked, "Who is he pray?"
"The only son of the widow Gray,"
Was the proud reply
Of his captain nigh.
What ails the woman standing near?
Her face has the ashen hue of fear!
"Well, well, read on. Is he wounded? Quick!
O God! but my heart is sorrow-sick!
Is he wounded?" "No! he fell," they say,
Killed outright on that fatal day!"
But see! the woman has swooned away!

Sadly she opened her eyes to the light;
Slowly recalled the events of the fight;
Faintly she murmured, "Killed outright!
It has cost the life of my only son;
The will of the Lord, let it be done!"
God pity the cheerless widow Gray,
And send from the halls of Eternal Day
The light of His peace to illume her way!

Philadelphia Dispatch

Anecdotes and Selections.

LUNATIC RESTORED.—The following particulars were commu- l by a friend, who received the information immediately from one brethren who attended the prayer meeting. The daughter of a minent christian, a deacon of a baptist church at Birmingham, l a respectable merchant of the city of Bristol, and at a subse- ›eriod (such was the will of Providence), by one sudden and unex- loss at sea, he was nearly ruined. This news gave such a shock amiable companion, that she was rendered altogether insane, at to such a degree, that it was necessary to confine her, in ;o prevent her from doing herself or others harm. Her dis- situation was immediately communicated by a letter to her who, on receiving it, like one of old, "conferred not with flesh ›od," but presented the case before his heavenly Father; and in ›ning gathered together at his house several of his brethren in ırch for the purpose of pleading with God in her behalf. It was n of solemn and united supplication to the Lord. He answered ; for a few days afterwards a letter was received by her father, ng him that on such an hour her reason returned, she sat up in ›r bands of confinement were removed, and she was, as it were, instant restored to her usual health. That evening and that f restoration were the *same evening* and the *same hour* when ere gathered together and prayer was made unto God for her.

ERVED REBUKES.—An eminent man is said to have been so :able for his reverence of the Divine name, that even the bold ›mer was awed before him, and could not swear. A youth, who s nephew, one day said to him, "Sir, I believe some parts of the ' The uncle replied, "Great condescension in you, no doubt, to › anything your Maker has said. Vain boy! whether you be- ; or not, that word with which you trifle shall judge you in the y."—On one occasion, the Rev. A. Fuller, when travelling in rtsmouth mail, was much annoyed by the profane conversation young men who sat opposite him. After a time, one of them, ing his gravity, accosted him with an air of impertinence, ng, in rude and indelicate language, whether, on his arrival at ıouth, he should not indulge himself in a manner corresponding heir own vicious intentions. Mr. Fuller, lowering his ample and looking the inquirer full in the face, replied in a measured lemn tone, "Sir, I fear God." Scarcely a word was uttered the remainder of the journey.

OOR HOTTENTOT IN AFRICA being under deep conviction of as anxious to know how to pray; he went to his master, a nan, to consult with him, but received no encouragement. A of his own wickedness increased, and he had no one near to

direct him. Occasionally, however, he was admitted with the family at the time of prayer. The portion of Scripture which was one day read by the master, was the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican. While the prayer of the Pharisee was read, the poor Hottentot thought within himself, "This is a *good* man; there is nothing for me;" but when his master came to the prayer of the Publican—God be merciful to me a sinner—"This suits me," he cried; "now I know how to pray!" With this prayer he immediately retired, and prayed night and day for two days, and then found peace. Full of joy and gratitude, he went into the fields, and as he had no one to whom he could speak, he exclaimed, "*Ye hills, ye rocks, ye trees, ye rivers*, hear what God has done for my soul!—he has been merciful to me a sinner."

PHILIP HENRY'S PROMISE.—The remark of Philip Henry, after he had been engaged in ardent prayer for two of his children, who were dangerously ill, is so expressive of the *simplicity* and *tenderness* of christian faith and love, as to recommend it to the hearts of those who walk with God: "If the Lord will be pleased to grant me this my request concerning my children, I will not say as the beggars at our door used to do, 'I'll never ask anything of you again;' but, on the contrary, he shall hear from me oftener than ever; and I will love God the better, and love prayer the better as long as I live."

The Fireside.

HINTS TO MOTHERS.

JOHN and Mary and Fanny were all in a pet together, and there seemed a fair prospect of the baby's being awakened to add his music by way of chorus. Now what do you think mother did? Punish all of the little offenders for their fretfulness this oppressive summer day, when she found it so hard to preserve her own temper unruffled? She took a different expedient.

"Come here, Fanny," she said to the youngest, and let mother tell you a funny story she read the other day." Of course all were by her side directly.

"A lady who lived on a farm," she began as she softly jogged the cradle, "baked a very large loaf of bread one day, and as she took it down after a few days, to cut up for the table, she found a curious little hole on one side: she cut round it and followed it up to the middle of the loaf, and what do you think she found?"

The little ones exhausted their ingenuity in guessing, when mother said at last, "She found five young mice."

O how the little children laughed at the idea of a mouse's nest in a loaf of bread!

"She had taken a leaf of an old copy-book and nibbled it up to

make their bed of," said mother, "and there was no fear of their being hungry, they had only to turn about and eat up their house."

The fretfulness was all gone, and the children went out in the garden to play as happy as could be. What a wonderful thing tact is, especially for a mother! Every mother should cultivate the habit of telling little amusing stories to her children, or those calculated to awaken tender, sweet emotions. Though they may be ever so simple, children delight in them, if they are told with a pleasant voice, and interesting manner. It will save you hours of valuable time, often, and will be a blessing to your own heart as well as your children, giving them food for pleasant thoughts and conversation. Tell a story the next time the little company get "so cross you do not know what to do with them," and see if it does not answer better than a sharp reproof.

The Penny Post Box.

THE POOR BROTHER COMFORTED.

Our blessed Lord said, "The poor ye have always with you and when ye will ye can do them good." I think, perhaps, it may do some of your poor readers good to read what a good man once wrote for the comfort of his poorer brethren.

"A state of poverty, viewed by itself, is both chilling and cheerless. Nature revolts at it. A lowly habitation, a dry and scanty morsel, mean attire, hard labour, and the want of respect among men, are things which cannot be agreeable. If all were alike, it would be somewhat different; but the poor man is affected by the disparity between his condition and that of others. Plenty daily passes by his door; but he scarcely tastes it. If the fig-tree blossom it is not for *him;* there is no fruit on *his* vine, nor flock in *his* fold, nor herd in *his* stall. But, 'Let the brother of low degree rejoice in that he is exalted.' Come hither, poor man, says the Gospel; art thou but withal a Christian? here is a feast for thee. Although thy fig-tree blossom not, and there be no fruit on thy vine, nor flock in thy fold, nor herd in thy stall; yet mayest thou rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of thy salvation! Say not, I am a dry tree; God hath given thee an everlasting name, that shall not be cut off. Art thou a servant? care not for it; thou art the Lord's free-man. To be an heir of God, a joint-heir with Christ, a son or daughter of the Lord God Almighty, a fellow citizen with the saints, is an honour which princes might envy! Nor is it altogether in hope. As there is a meanness in sin which renders the character of the sinner, in spite of all his efforts and pretences, contemptible even in his own eyes; so there is a dignity in uprightness which ennobles the mind, whatever be its outward circumstances. This it was emboldened the prisoner, while the want of it caused his judge to tremble." Acts xxiv. 25.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

CHEAP EATING-HOUSES IN GLASGOW.

In these eating-houses, breakfast, dinner, and tea, are supplied at a surprisingly low price. A breakfast, consisting of porridge, milk, coffee, and roll, with butter, can be had every morning for 3d. Separate rations of soup, potatoes, bread and butter, or bread and cheese, coffee, tea, porridge, egg, etc., can be had at any hour during the day for 1*d.* each. At the chief branches a 4½*d.* dinner is served, comprising a basin of broth, a plate of meat, either hot or cold, an ample supply of potatoes, and a slice of capital plum pudding. The best proof that these rations are appreciated is to be found in the demand for them. Last year, when there were only twelve branches in working order, the average monthly consumption was as follows:—55,000 basins of broth and soup, 52,000 plates of beef, 82,000 rolls, 54,000 cups of tea and coffee, 14,500 bowls of porridge, 31,000 plates of potatoes, 7,000 boiled eggs, 14,400 tumblers of milk. Since the Jamaica Street depot was opened the consumption has, of course, greatly increased. The present sale of penny rations, such as soup, broth, cups of coffee or tea, &c., amounts to upwards of 400,000. In order to insure the utmost economy, the raw materials are purchased in the wholesale markets, and all payments are made in cash. About 46,000 a year is spent in beef, more than £2,000 in bread, and as much in potatoes. Some notion of the spirit with which the business is conducted may be gathered from the fact that every morning the entire products of two dairies, some six miles off, are brought into town to supply the breakfasts of the multitude. In order to meet the requirements of the numerous branches, a large central store and model kitchen is being erected in Pitt Street. The latter will, when completed, be the largest in the kingdom. It will cover 1,000 square yards of ground, will be twenty feet high, and will be fitted up with ten steam cooking boilers.

The number of persons who frequent these restaurants is now over 140,000. The bulk of them belong strictly to the working class.

Hints

ON DOING THINGS IN TIME.

To Young Housewives.

A WORKING man's wife has many things to attend to. She had need to rise early, move about briskly, and make the best of every minute; or her affairs will all be behind-hand and in confusion. Among other things, her family will rarely sit down to a comfortable well-dressed meal. A good manager is known by her forecast. She thinks of what she has to do; she knows when a thing ought to be begun in order to its being finished at the proper time, and she takes care to do it accordingly. In the business of cooking, a few minutes timely preparation may save an hour of bustle and discomfort. Even in the difference of having to draw a pail of water, when the pot is wanted to be put on the fire, or having it stand ready for use, may consist the difference between having the family meal ready in proper time, or too late and ill-cooked. To think of things at the proper time; to have a time for everything, and everything to its time, are habits worth many pounds in a year to a family manager, and contribute much to family comfort, whether the house and income be larger or smaller.

Gems.

GOOD REPORT, especially from worldly-minded men, may, if we do not take care, do us as much or more harm than evil report.

A THOUGHTFUL CHRISTIAN once said in prayer at a social meeting, "Lord, we are bound this night to love thee more than we ever did before." And he was right.

SECRET SINS, if cherished and indulged by us, are not likely to be secret long. They will soon shew themselves openly.

THE BEST WAY to ascertain the value of our religious principles is to notice what comfort they afford us in time of trial.

WE KNOW MORE of ourselves and our failings than others know of us. Did they know all they might not speak so well of us. But God knows all, and more than all we know.

GOD IS GOOD—perfectly good, and perfectly holy. How must he then be opposed to sin wherever he sees it.

NEVER REST IN SIN. If thou hast in any degree been drawn aside, give no rest to thy soul till thy sin is crucified, and thy conscience purged by the blood of the cross.

IT IS PLEASANT to think what numbers of believers are walking with us to our heavenly home, and what a happy society we shall form at last in our great Father's house.

"FILLED WITH THE FULNESS OF GOD." If there be a sentence in the Bible expressive of perfect happiness, it is surely this, "Filled with the fulness of God! What can the words mean?

TO KNOW CHRIST is certainly the highest knowledge to which we can attain. Nay, it almost seems a paradox; for it passeth knowledge.

TO FEEL CHRIST formed in our hearts the hope of glory, is the most happy feeling of which human nature is capable.

Poetic Selections.

THE HEALING TOUCH.

"COULD I but touch His garments hem,"
The woe-worn mourner said;
"The act my secret plague would stem,
And yield me instant aid!"
She touched, and in her inmost soul,
She felt herself at once made whole.

Long had she sought for help in vain,
From earthly care and skill;
No ease, no respite could she gain,
But grew in weakness still;
And now she has but touched the Lord,
And lo! her health's at once restored.

O woman! matchless was thy faith,
And wond'rous was its power;
It saved thy sinking frame from death,
And healed thee in an hour;
And more, far more, a hope it gave
Of endless life beyond the grave!

Thy case was mine. A fell disease
Had seized me from the womb;
Which sapped my strength by slow degrees,
And wrapped my days in gloom;
A deadly plague, which gnawed within,—
The foul, corroding plague of sin!

I asked my friends to ease my woe,
But all in vain they tried;
I bade the world its help bestow,
The world its help denied;
Its children laughed my griefs to scorn,
And left my soul still more forlorn.

I turned from their reproaches loud,
Their taunts and sneers I braved;
I sought the Saviour in the crowd,
I touched, and I was saved!
My plague was stemmed, my wound was healed,
My everlasting pardon sealed!

Then glory, glory, to that grace,
Whose streams as freely flow
For us, as for lost Israel's race
Two thousand years ago;
And still shall flow, till time shall end,
And Jesus as the Judge descend!

Dr. Huie.

The Children's Corner.

ADAM'S WINE.

One afternoon, Jane and William went down to the brook to fetch water for their mother. When they arrived at the brook, they saw the pure clear stream running gently over the clean stones and pebbles.

"Why does mother call water Adam's wine, William?"

"Because Adam and Eve drank water when they lived in the garden."

"Oh, that is the reason, is it. I wish father would always drink Adam's wine then. We should do better if he did."

"I dont know for that; but I do know this, that he is always cross when he has had too much drink at the beer-shop."

"Yes: we all know that; but that is not all. What did mother say yesterday when you told her that your boots wanted mending—that they were all worn away at the toes, and let the snow and wet in to your feet, and made them so cold?

"I know what she said, and I thought father was too bad to spend his money in drink when he knew my boots wanted mending. I wish he wouldn't go to that nasty beer-shop so often."

"I wish he wouldn't go at all. He might come home every night as John Thompson does. John always comes home. I was there last night playing with Ellen, and her mother had made him a nice cake for his tea, and whilst he was getting it George read to him out of a book of Travels, and we gave over playing and sat still and heard him read. And when he had done, John talked about it, and told us ever so many things. I thought it so nice. I wished my father would do so."

"So do I; for I should like to know about ever so many things that I hear other boys talk about sometimes. Last night I thought I would ask him about a railroad which the boys say they are going to make through our village; for they said that carriages would run on it as fast as a pigeon flies, and all without horses, and only by setting a great pot a boiling; and I wanted to ask him if it were all true, and how it is done, but he was so cross, and looked so stupid, that I sat still in the corner and said nothing."

"Yes: and I wish father would not do as he does. For we cannot have things as other children have while he does so. I asked mother the other day when I should have a new frock, and she said she did not know, for father hardly brought home money enough to buy bread and meat and potatoes. But mother has persuaded him to go to the school-room to night to hear a man talk about drinking water, and he has promised to go?"

"Well. I'm glad of that. I wish he may persuade him never to go to that beer-shop any more as long as he lives. It would be a deal better for us, I'm sure."

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BATTLE OF SOLFERINO.

How long will war curse the world? is a question that no man can answer except in one way—when the gospel of Christ has subdued the evil passions of men and taught them to live in love and peace. Some men would tell us that civilization will do this great thing. It never did, and never will. The dreadful civil war now raging in America shows the fallacy of this expectation. The last great European Battle at Solferino, in Italy, was introduced by a proclamation that the conflict would be conducted "with humanity and civilization." Let us hear from an eye-witness what "humanity and civilization" did on that dreadful day.

"A citizen of Geneva, Monsieur J. Henry Dunant, has lately given to the world a startling book, 'Un Souvenir de Solferino,' in which he details what he saw and did in the Lombard campaign. As the author waited three years before committing his recollections to paper, the horrors he relates are both softened and abridged by the delay. He writes simply, touchingly, and heartily. He witnessed the battle of Solferino; he also witnessed its results. A simple tourist, he was present at the stirring scenes he describes. Moreover, when the drama was played out, he did not quit the theatre at the fall of the curtain—the closing in of night. He remained on the spot with a heroism far greater than that of the fiercest combatant, tending and consoling, to the utmost of his strength, the disabled actors in the bloody tragedy. He went from bed to bed, from room to room, from hospital to hospital, unappalled by heart rending sufferings and loathsome stenches, doing his duty to all, irrespective of nation, as nurse of the wounded and comforter of the dying. Being clad all in white (the heat at that time was overpowering), he was known to the patients as Le Monsieur Blanc (Mr. White).

The combined French and Sardinian forces amounted to one hundred and fifty thousand men, with about four hundred pieces of artillery. The Emperor of Austria had at his disposal in Lombardy, nine corps d'armée, amounting in all to two hundred and fifty thousand men; but only seven corps were to enter into the engagement—that is, one hundred and seventy thousand men, supported by five hundred pieces of artillery. More than three hundred thousand men were, therefore, assembled for mutual destruction, according to rule, 'with humanity and civilization.' *The numbers thus met* for human butchery can only be realised

to the imagination by thinking of towns with populations of twenty or thirty thousand souls, and then multiplying them mentally. The line of battle occupied twelve miles of ground, and they fought for more than fifteen hours, that memorable Friday, the 24th of June, 1859.

The two contending armies had not expected to come to blows quite so soon. Each was in error respecting the movements of the adversary. The shock of meeting was a surprise to both. The Austrian army, after sustaining the fatigue of a difficult march during the whole night of the 23rd, had to support, at break of day of the 24th, the violent onslaught of the allied army, and to suffer excessive heat, as well as hunger and thirst; for, with the exception of a double ration of brandy, the greater part of the troops took no nourishment whatever during the whole of Friday. The French army, which began to move with the dawn, had nothing but their morning coffee. The exhaustion of the combatants, and especially of the unhappy wounded, was extreme at the close of that terrible battle.

The first blows were struck amidst the difficulties of a ground entirely unknown to the allies. The French army had to thread its way through plantations of mulberry-trees interlaced with vines. The soil was cut up by large dry ditches, and long walls of no great height, but very broad at their base. The horses had to climb over the walls and to leap the ditches.

To check their advance, the Austrian artillery pours down upon them an incessant hail of bombs, balls, and bullets. The smoke from the cannon and the guns is intermingled with the dust and earth thrown up by such a multitude of projectiles striking the ground. The French brave the thunders of the batteries, in order to storm the positions, which they are resolved to take at any price.

But it is during the torrid noontide heat that the struggle, which rages all around, gradually becomes fiercer and fiercer. Close columns of men rush, one against the other, with the impetuosity of a torrent. French regiments engage, man to man, with the Austrian masses, which grow more and more numerous and menacing, and which energetically sustain the attack, like walls of iron. Whole divisions deposit their knapsacks on the ground, to be freer in plying the enemy with the bayonet. If one battalion be repulsed, another takes its place immediately. Every hill, every eminence, every ridge of rock, is the scene of a series of

tinate combats. The dead lie in heaps, in the ravines and on rising ground. Austrians and allies trample each other under-t, murder each other over bleeding corpses, fell each other with butt-ends of their guns, fracture skulls, and rip up bellies with sabre or the bayonet. No quarter is given; it is a butchery, ombat of wild beasts, furious and drunk with blood.

The wounded defend themselves to the last extremity; those o have lost their arms, seize their adversary by the throat, and r him with their teeth. The struggle is rendered still more rful by the approach of a squadron of cavalry. It comes on at gallop; the horses crush the dead and the dying beneath their n-shod feet; one poor wretch has his jaw carried away, another skull fractured; a third, who might have been saved, had his st crushed in. Shouts of rage and howlings of despair are rpowered by the neighing of the horses. The artillery sweeps t, following the cavalry at the top of its speed. It forces a sage through the dead and the living, indiscriminately scattered r the ground; brains are spattered about, limbs are broken l brayed, the ground is saturated with blood, and the plain is trewn with fragments of human bodies.

The Austrian positions are excellent; they are intrenched in the ses and the churches of Medola, Solferino, and Cavriana. But hing checks, or suspends, or diminishes, the carnage; there is olesale slaughter, and slaughter in detail; every hollow and slope carried by the bayonet; standing-ground is disputed foot by foot. lages are torn from the enemy, house after house, farm after farm; h of them necessitates a siege; the doors, the windows, and e court-yards are a frightful pell-mell of throat-cutting.

The French grape-shot causes fearful disorder in the Austrian sses; it covers the hill with corpses, and extends its ravages to odigious distances, even to the remote reserves of the German my. But, if the Austrians give way a little, they only do so step step, and very soon resume the offensive. Their ranks re-form cessantly, to be shortly broken up again. The wind raises a luge of dust with which the plain is inundated; its clouds are thick as to darken the air and blind the combatants. If there ems to be a lull in the strife here and there, it soon breaks out ain with increased violence. Fresh reserves of Austrians imme-tely fill the gaps made in their ranks by the fury of attack, ich is as obstinate as it is murderous. The Zouaves rush for-rd, bayonet in hand, bounding like tigers, and uttering wild

cries. The French cavalry dashes against the Austrian cavalry; Hussars transfix Uhlans, and Uhlans tear Hussars to pieces. The horses, excited by the ardour of combat, themselves participate their riders fury, and madly bite the horses of the enemy, at some points the rage is such that, powder and shot being exhausted, and muskets broken, the soldiers pound each other with stones, and fight in single combat, man to man. The Croats cut the throats of all who fall into their clutches; they put the wounded to death, knocking them on the head with the butts of their guns: while the Algerian sharpshooters (whose ferocity their leaders are unable to restrain) retaliate in the same way on the dying Austrians, whether officers or private soldiers, and rush into the thickest of the fray with savage howlings. The strongest positions are taken, lost, and retaken, to be again lost and reconquered. Everywhere, men are falling by thousands, mutilated, riddled through and through with bullets, mortally wounded by all sorts of projectiles.

The spectator posted on the heights which environ Castiglione, observes that Solferino, by its position, has become the turning-point of the battle. Who shall obtain possession of it? The French officers, ever pushing forward, waving their swords in the air, and drawing on by their example the soldiers who follow them, are decimated at the head of their battalions. The orders they wear, and their epaulettes, make them a mark for the Tyrolese sharpshooters. Lieutenant de Guiseul, who carries the flag of a regiment of the line, is surrounded with his battalion by a force ten times superior; struck by a shot, he rolls on the ground, pressing to his breast his precious trust. A sergeant seizes the flag to save it from falling into the enemy's hands; his head is carried away by a cannon ball. A captain who clutches the staff, a moment afterwards stains with his blood the standard, which is broken and torn. All who carry it, whether subalterns or soldiers, fall in turn; but the living and the dead form around it a rampart with their bodies. The glorious relic at last remains, all shattered and mutilated, in the hands of a sergeant-major of Colonel Abattucci's regiment.

At Guidizzolo, Prince Charles of Windischgrätz, an Austrian colonel, braves certain death by attempting, at the head of his regiment, to retake and carry the strong position of Casa Nuova. Mortally wounded, he still commands. His soldiers sustain him; they carry him in their arms; they remain motionless under a shower of bullets, forming thus a last shelter around him. They

are certain of being killed; but they will not abandon their colonel, who soon breathes his last.

At the attack of Monte Fontana, the Algerian sharpshooters are decimated, their colonels, Laure and Herment, are killed, a great number of their officers fall; all which only redoubles their fury. They excite each other to avenge these deaths, and rush down upon their enemies with the rage of the African, and the fanaticism of the Musulman, massacring them with the frenzy of bloodthirsty tigers. The Croats throw themselves on the ground, hide in ditches, allow their adversaries to come close upon them, and then suddenly starting up, shoot them dead point blank.

At San Martino, an officer of Bersaglieri, Captain Pallavicini, is wounded. His soldiers take him in their arms and carry him to a chapel, where his wounds receive a slight dressing. But the Austrians, repulsed for a moment, return to the charge, and force their way into the chapel. The Bersaglieri, too few in number to resist, abandon their chief. Immediately, the Croats, seizing big stones which they find at the door, beat in the captain's skull. Their tunics are bespattered with his brains.

A sub-lieutenant of the line has his left arm broken by a Biscayan, and the blood flows abundantly from his wound. Sitting under a tree, he is taken aim at by a Hungarian soldier. But the assailant is stopped by one of his officers, who, drawing near to the young Frenchman, compassionately takes his hand, and orders him to be carried to a less dangerous spot.

The cantinières (female sutlers) advance, like well-seasoned troopers, under the enemy's fire. They raise the poor wounded soldiers, who eagerly beg for water, and they are themselves wounded while administering drink and applying bandages. Perhaps these heroic women are the same afterwards burnt by the Mexicans (on the 9th of June, 1862), fastened by chains to powder-carts.

Horses, more humane than their riders, at every step avoid treading underfoot the victims of this furious and frenzied battle. An officer of the Foreign Legion is laid low by a bullet. His dog, warmly attached to him, whom he had brought from Algeria, and who was the favourite of the whole battalion, was by his side. Carried on by the rush of the troops, he also is struck by a bullet, a few paces further; but he summons strength enough to drag himself back again, to die upon his master's body. In another regiment, a goat, adopted by a voltigeur and petted by his com-

rades, mounts with impunity to the assault of Solferino through a heavy shower of grape-shot and bullets.

What multitudes of brave soldiers are not arrested by their first wound, but continue to march forward until a second shot prostrates them, and renders them impotent for further strife! Elsewhere, whole battalions, exposed to a murderous fire, are obliged to await, motionless, the order to advance, and are forced to remain quiet spectators, boiling with impatience.

Nature can bear the horrid spectacle no longer. The sky is darkened; thick clouds obscure the horizon; the winds are let loose with fury, and break the branches of the trees. A cold rain, driven by the hurricane, or rather a veritable water-spout, deluges the combatants, already exhausted by hunger and fatigue, at the same time that gusts and whirlwinds of dust blind the soldiers, who thus have the elements for their common enemy. The Austrians, beaten by the storm, nevertheless rally at the voice of their officers; but, at about five o'clock, human fury on both sides is forcibly suspended by torrents of rain, by hail, lightning, thunder, and darkness.

During the whole of the action, the head of the house of Hapsburg displays remarkable calmness and presence of mind; but as there is no longer any hope of forcing the position of the allies, a general retreat is ordered. Worse than that, at several points panic seizes the German troops; with some regiments, retreat is changed into utter rout. In vain their officers, who have fought like lions, try to restrain them. Exhortations, insults, sabre-strokes—nothing can stop them. The very soldiers who have bravely borne the brunt of the battle, now prefer to let themselves be struck and railed at, rather than not run away. The Emperor of Austria is in deep despair. While contemplating the scene of desolation, tears stream down his cheeks. His aides-de-camp have great difficulty in persuading him to quit Volta and proceed to Valeggio. The Austrian officers, in their consternation, expose themselves to death, out of rage and despair. Several kill themselves in the intensity of their grief, not choosing to survive their fatal defeat. The majority only rejoin the regiments, covered with their own or their enemies' blood."

The details this writer gives of the personal sufferings of the wounded, are more horrible. Well might death be preferable. But we drop the curtain, not, however, without hoping that enough has been said to induce every reader to turn away from the accursed *war spirit*, in whatever form it may present itself.

Anecdotes and Selections.

PEACE WITH GOD AND CONSCIENCE.—"When I used to go," said a man who formerly lived in sin, "to all kinds of fairs and revels, and horse-races, I was never happy. As I was coming home through the woods at nights, the rustling of a leaf frightened me; terrified by I knew not what, fleeing when no man pursued, I galloped home as fast as my horse could carry me. Now, if I go to visit a poor dying man, or if I have been enjoying the word of life, I come home in a calm and peaceful frame of mind. I find that the Lord is present with me; and as I walk my horse gently along, I look up and see the bright stars above my head, and am happy in the assurance that the God who made them all is mine in Christ. O, what a mercy!—the loneliness of the wood, the rustling of the leaves, the stillness of night, no longer alarm me. I am, I trust, reconciled to my God, and at peace with him and my own conscience, through the death of his Son. He that fills the heavens with his glory, and the earth with his mercies, condescends to dwell in and to comfort my poor sinful heart."

WASTING OTHERS' TIME.—A committee of eight ladies, in the neighbourhood of London, was appointed to meet on a certain day at twelve o'clock. Seven of them were punctual; but the eighth came hurrying in, with many apologies for being a quarter of an hour behind time. The time had passed away without her being aware of it; she had no idea of its being so late, and so on. A Quaker lady present said, "Friend, I am not so clear that we should admit thine apology. It were matter of regret that thou shouldst have wasted thine own quarter of an hour; and here are seven besides thyself, whose time thou hast also consumed, amounting in the whole to two hours, and seven-eighths of it was not thine own property."

TIME.—To show the worth of time, God, most liberal of all other things, is exceedingly frugal of that; for he never gives us two moments together, nor grants us a second till he has withdrawn the first; still keeping the third in his own hands, so that we are in a perfect uncertainty whether we shall have it or not. The true manner of preparing for the last moment is, to spend all the others well, and ever to expect its coming. We dote upon this world as if it were to have no end; and we neglect the next as if it were never to have a beginning.—*Fénélon.*

SIMPLICITY IN PREACHING.—In June, 1790, the Rev. J. Wesley preached at Lincoln: his text was, Luke x. 42; "One thing is needful." When the hearers were retiring from the chapel, a lady exclaimed, in a tone of wonder, "Is this the great Mr. Wesley, of whom we hear so much in the present day? Why, the poorest might have understood him." The gentleman to whom this remark was made, replied, "In this, madam, he displays his greatness; that, while the poorest can understand him, the most learned are edified, and cannot be offended."

Do I love God?—If I delight but in some garden, or walk, or gallery' I would be much in it; if I love my books, I am much with them, and almost unweariedly poring over them. The food which I love, I would often feed on; the clothes that I love, I would often wear; the recreations which I love, I would often use; the business which I love, I would be much employed in. And can I truly love God above all these, and yet have no desire to be with him? Is it not a far likelier sign of hatred, than of love, when the thoughts of our appearing before God are our most grievous thoughts, and when we think ourselves undone because we must? *Baxter.*

The Fireside.

THE WORN WEDDING-RING.

Your wedding-ring wears thin, dear wife; ah, summers not a few,
Since I put it on your finger first, have passed o'er me and you;
And, love, what changes we have seen—what cares and pleasures too—
Since you became my own dear wife, when this old ring was new.

O blessings on that happy day, the happiest of my life,
When, thanks to God, your low sweet "Yes" made you my loving wife;
Your heart will say the same, I know; that day's as dear to you,
That day that made me yours, dear wife, when this old ring was new.

How well do I remember now, your young sweet face that day:
How fair you were—how dear you were—my tongue could hardly say;
Nor how I doated on you; ah, how proud I was of you;
But did I love you more than now, when this old ring was new?

No—no; not fairer were you then than at this hour to me,
And dear as life to me this day, how could you dearer be?
As sweet your face might be that day as now it is, 'tis true,
But did I know your heart as well when this old ring was new?

O partner of my gladness, wife, what care, what grief is there,
For me you would not bravely face,—with me you would not share?
O what a weary want had every day, if wanting you,
Wanting the love that God made mine when this old ring was new.

Years bring fresh links to bind us, wife—young voices that are here,
Young faces round our fire that make their mother's yet more dear,
Young, loving hearts, your care each day makes yet more like to you,
More like the loving heart made mine when this old ring was new.

And bless'd be God all he has given are with us yet; around
Our table, every little life lent to us still is found;
Though cares we've known, with hopeful hearts the worst we've struggled through,
Bless'd be his name for all his love since this old ring was new.

The past is dear; its sweetness still our memories treasure yet;
The griefs we've borne, together borne, we would not now forget;
Whatever, wife, the future brings, heart unto heart still true,
We'll share as we have shared all else since this old ring was new.

›d spares us 'mongst our sons and daughters to grow old,
his goodness will not let your heart or mine grow cold;
l eyes will see in mine all they've still shown to you,
› and yours all they have seen since this old ring was new.

hen death shall come at last to bid me to my rest,
› looking in those eyes, and resting on that breast;
y parting gaze be blest with that dear sight of you,
fond eyes—fond as they were when this old ring was new.

W. C. BENNETT.

The Penny Post Box.

OLD AGE.

your readers, like myself, may be getting old; for their sakes
ive them the words of a good old man.

age, thought I, is a time in which *tribulations* commonly bear
e spirit; and, if unsanctified, they work *peevishness;* but, if
l, *patience.* I have known many a good old christian whose
ıs softened and mellowed by them. His firmness became tem-
ith gentleness, and his zeal with tenderness and prudence.
youth, it may be he was full of fire, and would hardly be per-
o put up with an injury; but now he will give up everything
ı and a good conscience, for the sake of peace.

ge, thought I, farther, is a time in which *experience* becomes
Observation and reflection are now ripened into decision.
ınsanctified, works *obstinacy;* but, if sanctified, '*the meekness of*
The aged christian has had large experience of his own
e, weakness, and depravity; and this renders him humble and
ıg.

:e is a time in which heaven draws near, and *hope* goes forth to
Old age, if unsanctified, commonly increases in *covetousness.*
as it may seem, when men are about to leave the world, they
he fastest to it. 'The lust of the flesh' has nearly spent its
:he pride of life' has lost its charms; depravity, therefore, has
channel left—'the lust of the eye;' and this commonly flows
ınd stronger. But, sanctified by the grace of God, we shall
ıer, and *seek after a better portion.* How charming is it to see
l soar, while the body bows, and to hear the venerable saint
, with broken but affecting accents, the words of the apostle,
ow ready to be offered; and the time of my departure is at
. have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have
› faith.' Or of the dying patriarch, 'I have waited for Thy
ı, O Lord.' Such 'hope maketh not ashamed;' for, having
the earnest, in the shedding abroad of God's love in the heart,
. receive the inheritance; and so shall not be ashamed nor
led before Him at His coming."

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

CAUSES OF IDIOCY.

THESE facts are selected from a masterly and very interesting essay on "Idiots and Idiot Life," in *Meliora*, a Quarterly Review of Social Science, confirming the great and unalterable fact, that a course of sin brings its own punishment.

"Intemperance is unquestionably one of the primary causes, and has been so established from even remote antiquity, as might be proved by many sayings, speculations, and facts, gathered from medical and non-medical authors. The effect, chiefly of spirit drinking, shows itself in the bony and nervous structures, producing dwarfed and defective offspring. The children of old men who have lived luxurious and dissolute lives are also constantly observed to border upon the idiotic state when they do not pass into it. Thus, there is a type of the luxury-idiot or weakling, as well as of the one born in poverty and hardship; both causes acting pretty much in the same way. Peculiarities of diet have been said to have their effect, and Southern Europe is a sad illustration of its truth. Fanciful speculators have discovered other causes. The choice of a wife of the same temperament as the husband was also said to be another cause, and was condemned by old writers, as we believe it still is by modern phrenologists. Close relationship of blood, as a prolific—perhaps the most prolific—cause, is unfortunately too patent to be denied, and needs no demonstration or additional confirmation. Perhaps we have still to mention another great source, and that is illegitimacy. Abnormal conceptions, attempts at concealment and abortion, and the anguish resulting from their condition, which leads u married mothers to be more liable milk fever than others, are all e ments of an extremely active can when conjoined with the relative you of the parties and their frequently i moral lives. Dr. Mitchell, the Dept Commissioner in Lunacy for Scotla has gathered some reliable resul which seem to establish, first, t larger mortality of natural childr and, second, a causative connecti between illegitimacy and idiocy."

Hints

SOME PEOPLE make themselves u easy and unhappy by fancying th want this or that. The indulgence such fancies makes their life miserab

WHEN A MAN has health a strength and opportunity, he will right to surround himself with co forts, and if he can help others the better.

THE TRULY GREAT MAN is not who seeks the praise of the world; does more—he deserves it.

BROODING OVER TROUBLES is way to double them. It is like irri ing a slight scratch into a sore wou

SPARE MINUTES are the gold-d of time. Take care of them, and weeks and months and years will t care of themselves.

BE PLEASANT.—It costs little, does much. A pleasant husb makes a pleasant wife, and a pleas wife a pleasant husband, both m pleasant children, and all a pleas family.

RIGHT RECKONING.—The best to know whether we are going on ri in money matters is to reckon w we spend as well as what we earn thing many dont like to do.

Gems.

ROM ANDREW FULLER.

art of man cannot be reduced
ium; if spiritual things do
y it, carnal things will.
o common for sin to be worn
n the memory by time and
irrences, instead of being
way at the Gospel Fountain.
faith in the sufferings of
nd the glory arising out of
key which unlocks a large
e sacred oracles.
sermons are only a *mob* of
your preaching be such as
roves, and if you study to
rself approved of Him, it will
people to admire your Saviour
an you.
e be any true religion in us,
more likely to be discovered
n out by an exhibition of the
l grace of Christ, than by
for it in the rubbish of our
ings. To discover grains of
dust use a magnet, not a
pe.
ns a lovely thing which is
hrist: "He went about doing
continually doing good to
dies, as the means of gaining
their minds.
ians worshipping God in a
themselves "a building fitly
gether, and grow unto a holy
the Lord; in whom they are
gether, for a habitation of God
the Spirit." It is a dangerous
despise the servants of God.

Poetic Selections.

IE STREET PREACHER.

ıtful man, returning home one day,
by his sister, "Have you been to
non?" "I met a sermon," was the
Ie had met a corpse on its way to
-the preacher was Death!

: you seen the street preacher,
at all times of year
sy proclaiming
message of fear,
Which some time or other
All people must hear?

His foes are ten thousand;
But such is his might,
Were each a Goliath,
He knoweth the sleight
Whereby, with a pebble,
To put them to flight.

His speech is too silent
An echo to wake,
As he comes to the threshold
His errand to make:
Yet never a preacher
So eloquent spake.

With look of assurance,
Right fearful to see,
He finds out his victims
Wherever they be;
But never seems seeking
For you or for me.

He cometh at midnight,
And cometh at morn;
Of the mother he claimeth
The new baby born;
And the bride of her bridegroom
He leaveth forlorn.

When spring is the sweetest,
He blights the green grass,
And kills the young rose-buds;
And sighs of "alas!"
Are heard in the gardens
Through which he will pass.

No need hath he ever
Of bread or of meat;
No need of wild honey
Or locusts to eat;
Room only he asks for
To preach in the street.

Shrink—hide from his presence
However you may,
Hand to hand, face to face,
You will meet him some day,
And have to go with him
His terrible way.

But once on a time
This horrible foe
Met with a repulse
And was stunn'd by the blow;
And the day is a coming
When Death shall die too.

For Jesus o'ercame him
Within the dark cave,
And He yet is mighty
And willing to save
Our souls and our bodies
From Death and the Grave.

The Children's Corner.

THE FARMER'S BOY AND THE HORSES.

SOME of the boys who read this corner page may be in farmer's ser so I want to say a word to them about the horses.

Farmers are very careful about their horses; and well they may they would get on very slowly without them. Horses drag t ploughs to turn up the soil, and their harrows to cover in the s they draw their loaded carts and wagons in hay-time and harvest, do many other things which would require many men and boys to form. They do well, therefore, to take care of the horses.

"Tom, have you seen after the horses," is a very common inq from the farmer as he sits in the corner, of the lad as he comes the door and hangs up his hat on the peg; "Yez sur," is Tom's s but ready reply, as he takes his seat at the deal table for his supp bread and cheese and milk. And indeed the question need hardly been asked; only the farmer was thinking about the work they have to do tomorrow, and wished before he went to bed to be sati that all was right; for farmers lads love their horses, which, witl dog, for days together, are their only companions. To them they and whistle, and the horses seem to understand them, by doing as are bidden, though they can say nothing in reply. And a trusty g lad would never think of going into the house to get his supper t he had given his horses theirs.

And horses know when they are used well and when they are t ill. There are some boys and young men, not many, we hope, ro coarse, vulgar fellows, who say bad words to their horses, and flog tl cruelly. And the horses seem as if they knew that this was wr and sometimes in revenge will kick or bite those who treat them kindly. But when a lad is kind to his horses he may do what he with them—they will not hurt him. They always look as if they w glad to see him, and he may play with them and lead them at where he likes without a bridle or halter.

Yes: and it is always right to be kind to those animals which has made for our use, and there is not upon earth a more useful obedient animal than the horse, when it is treated kindly. We always pained when we see such a creature loaded and goaded bey his strength. "A merciful man is merciful to his beast," the B says, and the words are good because the beast cannot talk. An we all agree that it is very wicked indeed to ill use a dumb boy dumb man, it is also wicked to ill use a dumb horse or a dumb. So always be kind to dumb creatures, for they are all the creat of God.

FALLING AMONG SMUGGLERS.

Mr. Burchell, a well-known and respected Missionary in Jamaica, when a young man, was a woollen cloth manufacturer in Gloucestershire.

The first piece of cloth Mr. Burchell could call his own, he disposed of to a house in Bristol. About a week afterwards he was in the company of a friend, who, in ignorance of the transaction, happened to say that a certain firm (mentioning the self-same house) was reported as likely to fail. It was the summer season. The splendours of noon had long since passed, and were softening down into the chastened radiance of evening. It occurred to him that if he could start that night, he should gain considerable time, and arrive in Bristol (nearly thirty miles distant) some hours before the coach, which did not leave until the morning. His determination was at once taken. Between eight and nine o'clock he commenced his journey, and continued to walk on briskly till it was quite dark, when he turned into an inn on the road-side: here he rested until daybreak. The worthy host advised him, on departure, to strike across the country and make for the Severn, where he would be sure to find a boat which would take him down in good time. He did so; and on nearing the river, which lay stretched out in noble amplitude before him, saw a boat push off from land. He hailed the men in her, but they seemed in haste to be gone; he then called more loudly to them, but they pressed on the more vigorously, and were soon out of hearing.

On looking about he saw another boat, and feeling that if he did not succeed in this instance he would fail in the object for which he had come so much out of a direct course, he resolved to make every effort to induce her little crew to return to shore and take him in. He accordingly took off his coat, and waved it in the air, and soon had the satisfaction of observing that they had brought the boat up, and seemed to be debating whether or not they should comply with his wishes. In about ten minutes they put back; but as they approached, it struck him that he had never before seen five such desperate looking fellows. After some objection on their part, they told him to get in. He had not done so long, however, before he found that he was in most undesirable company. Several of the men whispered to each other a good deal;

and now and then he caught a word, the import of which made him feel uneasy and anxious. At length he perceived they were steering in an opposite direction. On his referring to this fact, one of them, a brawney Irishman, exclaimed, 'Oh! and do you think you are going to lave us so soon, now that we have caught you at last? Do you see that?—(pointing his finger to the water on which they were floating)—you shall go and see the bottom before you go to land again.' They all now set up a shout, in confirmation of their murderous design, and as though to urge each other on to the deed.

Somewhat alarmed, their threatened and helpless victim asked who they thought he was? At this they laughed, and said, 'Do you take us for fools?' From their horrid oaths and avowed intentions, he perceived that they took him for a spy in the preventive service; and he could now see, by some kegs of spirits which had been covered up in the bottom of the boat, that they were a party of smugglers, Again and again he assured them that he was not the person they suspected him to be, but to no purpose; they only renewed their threats of immediate and signal vengeance. Finding he could not gain on them by merely asserting that he had no connexion with government agents, he began to address them in a very serious strain; reminding them that, if they did him any injury, God would judge them for it. After some little while, he saw the countenance of one of them relax, and observed a tremor pass over the frame of another. Still they did not alter the wrong course they had been steering for some time.

He then addressed each one, separately and solemnly, saying that each would have to stand, in his own person, at the bar of God, and receive according to his deeds, whether good or bad. At length the man who seemed to sustain the office of captain, cried out, 'I say, Dick, I can't stand this; we must let him out. I don't believe he is the man we thought he was. Where do you want to be put out, sir?' The traveller replied, that he wished to be taken up the Avon to Bristol. The man said, 'We cannot go up so far as that, for we dare not pass Pill: but we will take you as far as possible, and put you in a way to go on.' He thanked them, and begged them to make the utmost speed, as his business was urgent. Finding them so far subdued, he took the opportunity of speaking of their nefarious mode of life. They all appeared struck with his statements and conduct; and, on his landing, refused to receive what he had stipulated to pay as fare; at the

same time offering to forward one of the kegs of spirits to any place he would mention. One of the men also accompanied him to a farmhouse, and so far interested the occupant in his favour as to induce him to drive him to Bristol in his own conveyance. He thus reached the end of his journey at an early hour in the morning, and, as a result, succeeded in recovering the greater part of his cloth.

Some years after, on his return from Jamaica to this country, Mr. Burchell met the smuggler who had accompanied him to the farmhouse, in a small village near the Cheddar Cliffs, in Somersetshire. The man proffered his hand, at the same time reminding him of their previous interview. He was much struck at his altered appearance, and inquired what was the cause. 'Ah, sir,' said he, 'after your talk we none of us could ever follow that calling again. I have since learned to be a carpenter, and am doing very well in this village; and I attend a chapel three or four miles off. Our poor master never forgot to pray for you to his dying day. He was quite an altered man; took his widowed mother to his house, and became a good husband and a good father, as well as a good neighbour. Before, every one was afraid of him, he was such a desperate fellow: afterwards he was as tame as a lamb. He opened a little shop for the maintenance of his family, and, what is better still, he held prayer meetings in his house. The other three men now form part of a crew in a merchant vessel, and are very steady and well behaved.'

Such was the delightful change that had passed on the character, conduct, and destiny of a gang of smugglers, and which had been brought about by a course of events as unexpected as it was singular. The providence of God is conspicuous in all. And while it tends to illustrate the wisdom and benignity of his purposes and plans, it shows also with what facility he can secure their accomplishment; rendering the ordinary occurrences in business, and the pecuniary interests of a stripling tradesman, subservient to that end.

This singular incident should also remind us of those well-known words of our Lord, "And I say unto you my friends, Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do. But I will forewarn you whom ye shall fear: Fear him, which after he hath killed hath power to cast into hell; yea, I say unto you, Fear him."

Poetry.

NO, NEVER!

WHILE wandering in the downward road,
Far from my Saviour and my God—
While striving then with might and main,
The trifles of this world to gain—
While its vain pleasures I pursued,
And sought them as the highest good—
Did I e'er satisfy my mind,
Or solid peace and comfort find?
No, never!

But when to Jesus I applied,
My heart's desires were satisfied;
He gave my fetter'd soul release,
Fill'd it with happiness and peace;
Beneath his smile I feel that joy
The world gave not, nor can destroy.
Shall I forsake my Saviour then,
And turn back to the world again?
No, never! J.

Anecdotes and Selections.

NEARER TO JESUS.—"You are an old man; you must die soo "Yes, I know I must." "Where do you expect to go?" "I thi shall go to the good land." "Why do you think you will go the "I cannot tell; but the nearer I come to death, somehow Jesus a get nearer together." Good reasoning; blessed experience. "Fa I will that those whom thou hast given me be with me where I a

WIT WITHOUT WISDOM.—"Ah, Jemmy, Jemmy," said kind-hea Dr. Ponsonby to a drunken blacksmith, "I am sorry to see you be ning your evil courses again; and, Jemmy, I am very anxious to k what you intend to do with that fine lad, your son?" "I intend, said Jemmy, "to do for him what you cannot do for your son, Doc "Oh! eh! how's that? how's that?" "I intend to make him a b man than his father."

A CHRISTIAN is a believer in Christ, a friend of Christ, and a foll of Christ. A Christian seeks to become like Christ, loves Ch labours for Christ, lives by faith in Christ, has his peace, and hope, happiness in Christ. A Christian reflects the image of Christ, l to be with Christ, and knows that he shall never be separated from love of Christ. Reader, are you a Christian?

PRAISE AS WELL AS PRAY.—We are not to forget that *praise* is as important a part of communion with God as *prayer*. It is the language of gratitude; and, unless we are grateful for what we have received, we are not in a condition to receive more. We have heard of a man cast on a desert island; through a whole year, he devoted one day each week to fasting and prayer, that a vessel might come that way and take him from his lonely exile. But no vessel came. At last he thought of his numerous mercies, and chided his own ingratitude. Why did he not perish with his companions in the wrecked ship? Why was he cast upon an island furnishing food and drink? Why was he not a prey to wild beasts? Why were his health and reason preserved? Why was he yet alive? Why out of hell? He set apart the next day for thanksgiving and praise. The whole day proved too short to recount his mercies and express his gratitude; but while still praising God, just as the evening sun was rolling his golden wheel into the ocean, he saw the ship in sight that was to answer all his prayers, restore him to his native country and the bosom of his rejoicing family.

VALUE OF BOOKS.—Books are the windows through which the mind gets light. A house without books is like a room without windows. No man has a right to bring up his children without books, if he has the means to buy them. It is a wrong to his family. He cheats them. Children learn to read by having books. The love of knowledge comes with reading, and grows upon it. And the love of knowledge, in a young mind, is a preservation from evil passions and vices. Let us congratulate the poor, that, in our day, books are so cheap that a man may every year add several volumes to his library for the price of what his tobacco and his beer would cost him. A little library, growing larger every year, is an honourable part of a young man's history. It is a man's duty to have books. A library is one of the necessaries of life.

TAKING LESSONS.—"I wonder why mother goes so often to Mrs. Anson's," said Jane Robins to her sister, "Mrs. Anson don't need anything." "She dont need anything but health and sympathy," said Mrs. Robins, who overheard her daughter's remark. "Do you go to make her well, mother?" "No, I go to take lessons of her." "Take lessons of her! what does she teach?" "Patience and uncomplaining submission to the will of God. I never go there without a deeper sense of the obligations we are under to be thankful for the unnumbered mercies bestowed upon us."

"I HAVE LOST ALL BUT CHRIST," said an aged, very poor, and very afflicted christian. "I had property, but it is gone; I had a wife, but she is dead; I had children, but they are dead, for my last son who helped me is now gone too; I am old, nearly blind, and very deaf; but Christ is yet mine, and he is rich; Christ is strong, though I am helpless; Christ never grows old, never can die, always lives; and the best of all is, Christ never will forsake me."

The Fireside.

WINTER EVENINGS—THINKING AND TALKING.

WINTER EVENINGS afford plenty of time for thinking and talk When the chiidren are all gone to bed, and the house is still, father and mother, as they sit by the warm fireside, can find time bit of quiet talk. It may be on some evening when the end of year draweth nigh, and as their thoughts travel back over the mo and weeks as they came and went, they can remind one anothe what took place at this time or at that. At one time they had fea heavy trouble, but somehow or other they got through, and thing not turn out so bad as they apprehended; at another time some unexpectedly paid them a visit and made them glad. And so may go on thinking and talking about the various events that transpired in that little world of theirs—their own house.

Happy are they who can thus sit down and talk such things without having to reproach themselves for the neglect of duty; happier still if they can only see that it is by the favour of t Heavenly Father that they have had health and strength to pro things honest and good for themselves and their children. Thank HIM for his mercies will then rise from their hearts, if not from t lips, before they retire to seek rest in sleep.

The Penny Post Box.

A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR TO TRACT DISTRIBUTORS ON A NE USE OF THE "PIONEER."

As the "CHRISTIAN PIONEER" is not a sectarian publication, it ma circulated by any denomination of evangelical christians. The Le is in itself an ordinary tract; beside which there is every mont considerable number of anecdotes, paragraphs, poetry, and select tences, affording a variety of reading of an instructive character, to be found in any single tract, which is usually on one subject onl

Tract Distributors who circulate over any given district, eithe loan or gift, may thus be supplied with a new tract every month. cases where the distributor would prefer to have the *Pioneer* in outward appearance more like a tract, he would only have to stri the covers, and it would at once assume that form.

Many of the *Pioneers* are now used monthly for gratuitous or distribution, and the EDITOR will be glad to find that a much gre number will be required for this purpose during the coming year.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

HOUSE BEER AND SPIRITS.

ɜ men who go round to pub-
to prepare the stock for re-
To the beer they not only
ɜr" or "liquor," as it is com-
med, but the *coculus indicus*
a substitute for malt and
a amara (*nux vomica*), sul-
iron, and other dangerous
Alcoholic liquors are "doc-
h subacetate of lead, oil of
oil of vitriol, oil of turpen-
huric acid, sulphate of zinc
vitriol. The use of such
s compounds is probably the
ıany maladies which puzzle
medical men. These strong
ıubstances admit of large
of water being added to the
pirit as delivered from the
The depraved taste and
ıalates of dram-drinkers do
ive the adulterations, and
ıire the stimulus of these
isons. No wonder that pub-
help of these adulterations,
ɔrt time make large fortunes.

Hints

ALPHABET OF HINTS.

ıll to your own business.
ıal in all your engagements.
well before making engage-
ı.
n all things without fear.
ıan his apparent prosperity.
ıt disappointments.
ally to the suffering poor.
your integrity.
ın no man's right.
others severely.
y from evil company.
rs as yourself.
lisplay of your charities.
N ever profess what you do not practise.
O ccupy your time in usefulness.
P ay every one his just dues.
Q uarrel not with your associates.
R emember your dependence on Providence.
S trive to promote the happiness of others.
T reat every one with civility.
U se the things of this world with discretion.
V ilify no person's reputation.
W atch against every temptation.
X amine your own character.
Y ield not to the persuasion of the vicious.
Z ealously pursue the path of duty.

Gems.

OF ALL OUR MERCIES, pardoning mercy is the sweetest; it comes first to sweeten all the rest.

HAVING OBTAINED PARDON, every other blessing will be brought to us by the Holy Spirit—peace, hope, love, and joy unspeakable, are sure to follow close after pardoning mercy.

THE TEARS of christian sympathy are sweeter than dewdrops dropping from the bosom of roses.

THE BIBLE is a loving epistle from God to man. Who would think of throwing aside a letter from a friend unopened and unread?

WHAT BOOK can best teach us how to live joyfully, die happily, and be blessed for ever! Only ONE.

READING THE BIBLE floats us on the river of life, giving us many a beautiful prospect of the land that is very far off, where we hope to dwell for ever!

DISAPPOINTED we may be in ourselves or others; but never with Christ. He always meets and goes beyond our highest expectations.

Poetic Selections.

A REPLY TO THE INVITATION, "COME UNTO ME."

JESUS! I would come to thee,
That my sins may pardoned be;
Thou who didst bleed and die for me,
Help me to come.

JESUS! teach me how to pray,
Thou alone canst show the way;
May I feel the words I say
With my whole heart.

JESUS! thou art full of love,
Send, O send me from above,
Thy good Spirit's aid to move
My heart to Thee.

JESUS! teach my soul to rise
To thee, above yon starry skies,
For there alone true pleasure lies,
At thy right hand.

JESUS! Lord, my heart is cold,
Draw me, draw me to thy fold;
All my best affections hold,
And make me Thine

Then when time shall cease to be,
JESUS, I shall dwell with Thee;
Thy beauty, Lord, I then shall see,
In endless bliss.

The Children's Corner.

FACTS FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, the great American President, when young, was about to go to sea as a midshipman. Everything ready, and the vessel lay opposite his father's house. After his had been carried down to the boat, he went to bid his mother fare and saw the tears bursting from her eyes. However, he said no to her; but feeling that she would be distressed if he went, and haps never be happy again, he turned round to the servant, and "Go and tell them to fetch my trunk back. I will not go aw break my mother's heart." His mother was struck with his dec and she said to him, "George, God has promised to bless the chi that honour their parents, and I believe he will bless you."

A BOY'S RELIGION.—"My son," said Legh Richmond, "rem you must die—and you may die soon, very soon. If you are to boy, we must look for a boy's religion, a boy's knowledge, a faith, a boy's hope, a boy's salvation: or else a boy's ignorat boy's obstinacy, a boy's unbelief, a boy's destruction. Rememt this, and beware of sin. Pray for pardon and grace, pray for heart, and a soul conformed to the image of Christ Jesus."

WINKS AND SON, PRINTERS, LEICESTER.

THE

CHRISTIAN PIONEER;

A

MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

ISSUED IN NUMBERS, ONE HALFPENNY EACH.

EDITED BY JOSEPH FOULKES WINKS.

VOLUME XVIII.

1864.

LONDON:
J. HEATON AND SON.
LEICESTER:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY WINKS AND SON.

The Editor to his Readers and Friends.

In presenting the closing number of this periodical for another year, the Editor desires to express his gratitude to the Father of mercies, and his obligations to those of his friends who have assisted him in furnishing suitable matter for its pages, and also his best thanks to those who have recommended it to the notice of their neighbours.

He needed their help; and whilst acknowledging their kindness, he hopes they will permit him to urge upon them the importance of renewing their efforts to give the *Pioneer* a wider circulation. During the past year he has received from numerous friends expressions of approbation of its contents, as calculated for general usefulness; its evangelical, yet unsectarian character, presenting no obstacle to its adoption or diffusion.

In order to promote the much-desired extension of its circulation, the Editor cannot suggest any plan more likely to succeed than that of every subscriber showing one of them to his neighbours. In this simple way the circulation might be at once doubled. Indeed he cannot conceive that any of his present readers, who profess to receive benefit from its perusal, will be found unwilling to take upon themselves so easy a task, on the principle that what we find good for ourselves we always feel a pleasure in recommending to others.

Another consideration may be mentioned. Death and other causes, are always reducing the number of our regular subscribers, and therefore it is indispensably necessary to repair such losses as quickly as possible. We believe that our present readers would much regret the discontinuance of this monthly visitor, but we beg to remind them that no periodical publication—great or small—can possibly exist in life and vigour, except strenuous efforts be made to sustain and extend its circulation.

We say no more; but we hope that all our readers and friends will at once do something in the way we have suggested. If they will only just try, we dare answer for their success.

CONTENTS.

AUNT KATE, THE NEGRO GRANDMOTHER.

"SEND her up, Minnie," was my answer when told that a coloured woman wished to see me. I threw down my pen almost impatiently, for I did not care to be interrupted just then; but the appearance of the new comer interested me. She was a tall woman, her complexion a tawny yellow, her features good, and an indescribable air of sweetness in her face and manner. Her dress was a neat blue check, quite scant, and swelled out by no hoops. It was short, also, scarcely reaching to the tops of her heavy shoes. She had on a white apron, and folded about her neck a coarse white handkerchief. Her bonnet was an ordinary one of straw, and her white hair, bleached by time, stood out on either side of her temples. She made me a low courtesy, and seemed for a moment keenly reading my face.

"My name is Katy Morrison, ma'm," she said, as I beckoned her to be seated. "They call me Aunty Kate at my old home."

"And where was your old home, aunty?"

"Up in Virginia, dear child; long ways up, I tell ye."

"And you were a slave, I suppose."

"'Deed, I was so, miss; but now I'se out o' bondage—Hallelujah! Praise be to God!" And she held up her withered hands, while the large tears gathered in her eyes.

"Did you run away?"

"Ah, sweet child, you better bleeve I did, honey. Me and my old man, (he's 'most seventy-four,) we totted it all de way, 'cep now an' den we get a lift in some baggage wagon. 'Twas putty hard 'deed, it were."

"I have heard it said, Aunt Katy, that most of the slaves love their homes and their masters too well to run away. How is that?"

"Don' you bleeve the half, honey," said the old negress, with an emphatic wave of the hand. "We's bad enuff, but not so bad as to hate liberty. People what tells you dat, dunno child, dey dunno know," she added, with strong emphasis. "'Pears to me if dey was slaves for a while, dey'ed change der tune mighty quick, 'deed would dey."

"Did you have a kind master, aunty?"

"Why, as dey goes, yes." She sat looking down and crimpling up her apron at one corner. "But as for missus, dear! her

temper were tarrible. She'd hit right an' lef' when she were out o' sorts; and she were dat often. She had a kind heart, too, if we were sick, but she upset de kittle of milk too often; 'deed she did. Massa he never looked much after his niggers—he had a hard overseer he had—mighty cruel to de field hands, mighty cruel; but I'se a house sarvant, and he never notice me—no 'twasn't me he noticed; I's too old an' ugly."

The strange look she put on, the sigh and sudden inclination of the head, led me to suspect there was more meant in what she had said than appeared on the surface.

"Didn't he raise you aunty?" I asked.

"Laws! no chile. I was sold to him, me an' my old man, and Tilly. Poor Tilly."

"Who is Tilly?"

"She's my grand-darter, ma'm; an' would God I had died for her; 'deed, ma'm, I could say so with old king David."

"Why have you left her behind?"

"O, sweet miss, that's what troubles me," she said, beginning to rock her body back and forth.

"I has no sorrow now, 'pears to me, but dat. But Tilly, miss, were the blessing of my old heart. Missus, it's hard to tell, but sure we poor black folks can't help ourselves. We feels it as bad as any body, though folks laughs and thinks we don't. But, miss, Tilly was my darter's child, and my old massa is her father. Dat's Gospel truth, miss; and why should I deny it? I never could get over it, some way, 'specially as Susan, dat' my child, kind o' pined away; for you see she liked one of the house servants, an' he liked her, but massa wouldn't hab it no how. So pore Susan, she died soon after Tilly was born; and I's slow to tell ye dat I blessed de Lord for it; 'deed I did. But O, miss, Tilly she grow'd up ever so beautiful, much more beautifuller dan my Susan, who was right peart dat way; an' it made my heart tremble, sure. She was so sweet a little creeter, too, dat every body took to her; an' the young missusses dey teached her a heap o' tings; an' she's almost a lady; true is she. O, miss, when I tinks of her my heart aches; 'deed it does."

"But why didn't she come with you?"

Aunt Katy heaved a long deep sigh as she said, "O, if de blessed Lord had 'llowed it, I'd be willing to part in peace; but I has a sad story to tell you, miss, and maybe ye won't bleeve old aunty."

"I should be very unwilling to believe that at your age you would tell an untruth," I said.

"No, miss, as Jesus died to save me I wouldn't," she said solemnly. "I's very perticular 'bout my word, for God's eye is upon me. Well, miss, I telled ye Tilly was beautiful. She's as white as you are, sweet miss, every wit; an' her hair curls, an' her eyes are blue. O, 'deed she's too pretty, God help her! You see Tilly's fifteen now, an' very tall of her age. She knows, poor chile, who her father is, for I told her myself; an' it almost took the life out of her. But, O dear, miss, you wouldn't bleeve it, perhaps, but it is de truf, I've hid her many a time when dat man's come to my cabin drunk. O, miss, we pore slaves, nobody don't know but de Almighty Heavenly Fader what we has to suffer."

"But what did you hide her for?"

"O, dear, miss, don't ax me. What does ever the pore, persecuted slave hide for, but to get shut of flogging, or worse. Dese massas, miss, has no mercy on der own flesh and blood. Dey doesn't know what natral feelins is, when poor slaves is in de 'count. It didn't make no difference to him dat she was his own chile. Wasn't she a nigger? an' didn't she b'long to him? Miss, dat pore chile has taken ten whippings on her pore back 'cause she resisted evil, 'cordin' to the way I brought her up. An' at last, ole massa swore with mos' tarrible oaths, dat she should do as he said, or he would sell her. Well, anything was better dan dat disgrace, so after he'd give her a big beating, he sold her to a wicked man, who boasted dat he could git his thousands for her. Just den dis war broke out, an' though he took her away, I has hopes dat she is still de same good girl she was. O, dear, miss, if I only knowed! I's prayed to God for her on my knees all night—yes, till de morning broke. An' 'pears 's if God would hear my pore prayers—'pears 'sif He did answer em to my pore ole heart. We reads in his blessed Gospel dat he does. An' dar was two, my old man an' me—though sure sometimes pore Abram he'd go to sleep right in de middle of de prayer. An' de good good God, He knew how hard pore old man use to work; an' He knowed dat de sperit willin', but de ole body mighty weak; for Abram he had de rheumatis bad; 'deed he had."

This blending of the pathetic, the reverential, and the ludicrous, was almost too much for me; but I conquered my inclination to smile, for the sake of her hearty earnestness, and out of sympathy, too, for her story impressed me most painfully.

"Perhaps she has escaped," I said.

"I dunno, missus; 'pears if dars danger for her every side, poor chile. She wouldn't have nobody to pertect her; and how'd she find de way? 'Sides, I kinder 'fraid some ob de soldiers might be rude to her; dey is, sometimes, to pore slave girls. I's seen it myself, 'specially if deys good looking."

"How many children have you had, aunty?"

"I's had seventeen, miss."

"And are most of them living?"

"I thanks God, no, miss," she said, in the most solemn accents. "Dars only three as may be; de rest de good Lord took to Hisself. Nine of dem died when dey was babies. You see miss, I had a hard missus at fust. It always seemed my luck to have hard missuses, and she kept me for hire, an' I had to tote out every day to do hard washings; den almost every night I had to wash and clean for missus, an' dat done, took all my strength you sees, and killed de poor chillen. Dey allers come into de world weak an' sickly; an' den you see, I has to leave 'em, an' can't tend to 'em, possibly, as babies has t' be that is deliket; an' so I's lost 'em. But, O, I's mighty glad, miss, for I tinks de good Lord don't make no diff'rence in de odder world, an' my poor little picninnies wasn't none of 'em black, miss. Dey's happy, if der poor old modder is miserable."

The utter mournfulness with which she ended this sentence drew the tears to my eyes.

"Five of dem, miss, lived to be growed up gals, den somehow dey sunk down one after de odder—some of dem after dey was married, and died. You see dey hadn't no constitutions, no way poor things. Dars three may be living—I don't know—deys sold away down in Georgia, for house servants."

I had a little further conversation with the old negress, and then, after receiving the help she had come for, she took her leave.

Just one week ago, some one told me that Aunt Kate wanted to see me again. I was rather anxious for another interview. She entered the room as tall, as clean, as respectful as ever, but her intelligent face was beaming with happiness. It was so bright that I exclaimed, "Why, Aunt Kate, what good thing has happened?"

"O, sweet miss," cried she, lifting her hands, "jest 'joice with me. I's found my Tilly."

"Why, aunty, I'm very glad, How did it happen?"

"Why, it just happen dis yer way," said the old woman, laughing till ever wrinkle shone. "I's in de market buying some tomats for my ole man, when a yeller boy, right smart an' handsome, comes up and kep' peering inter my face. Well, I thinks, what does he mean? He's right sausy anyhow. But, by-me-by, he comes up an' lafs right in my face. 'I reckon your name's Morrison, ain't it?' says he"

"Says I, 'An' what then my boy?'"

"'Nothin', says he, 'on'y how d' ye ole mother?' an' he got hole of my hand, an' went to shaking it right smart."

"'Who are you, boy?' says I, for I didn't know him."

"'Why, I's Tilly's Husband,' says he."

"With that I jest could a nocked him down. I didn't know what to do. I was wild, thinkin this an' thinkin that—an' all 'mounting to nothin."

"Says I, 'Boy, is you foolin' me?'"

"Says he, 'No; I tells ye I'm Tilly's husband. I know'd you in a minnit by what she said—'cause, laws, she's all de time a talkin' 'bout you—an' she 'scribed you. Tilly run away, she did, an' fus thing she knows she's into camp, an' fus' thing I knows, I's married to her. It's all right an' no mistake, mother, an' I'm your lovin' son, cause Tilly she's a fine gal, Tilly is.'"

"Now, miss, only think of it, I's got my prayer. Know'd de Lord would hear old Aunt Kate. An' Tilly's all right, too. She's my good little grand-darter; and I'm so happy—Lor' bless you miss, I'se de 'appiest ole critter in Washington, bress an' praise de good Lord."

I had no doubt of it. And when I saw Tilly and her husband—a handsome couple, I blessed God with all my heart that He had delivered them from bondage.—*Boston Watchman.*

Tales like this may sound oddly in English ears, but many such tales of iniquity on the one hand and suffering on the other, some far worse than this, might be told with truth of the slave system in the southern states of America, now doomed, we hope, to entire and everlasting extinction. Indeed, the iniquity of slave-breeding is so foul and filthy, so utterly beastly, that it cannot be talked about, and never can be written or printed. The holy judgments of God must sweep it from the face of the earth, let man do what he may!

Poetry.

THE PRESIDENT'S HYMN.

GIVE THANKS, ALL YE PEOPLE.

By Dr. Muhlenburg, writer of the hymn, "I would not live alway." 1 mitted to the President, requesting that it should be styled "The Presi Hymn." Consent was given.

GIVE thanks, all ye people, give thanks to the Lord,
Hallelujahs of freedom, with joyful accord;
Let the East and the West, North and South, roll along,
Sea, mountain and prairie, thanksgiving and song.
CHORUS—Give thanks, all ye people, &c.

For the sunshine and rainfall, enriching again
Our acres in myriads, with treasures of grain;
For the earth still unloading her manifold wealth,
For the skies beaming vigour, the winds breathing health!

For the nation's wide table, o'erflowingly spread,
Where the many have feasted, and all have been fed,
With no bondage, their God-given rights to enthral,
But Liberty guarded by Justice for all.

In the domes of Messiah, ye worshipping throngs,
Solemn litanies mingle with jubilant songs,
The Ruler of Nations beseeching to spare,
And our empire still keep the elect of his care.

Our guilt and transgressions remember no more;
Peace, Lord! righteous peace, as thy gift we implore;
And the banner of Union, restored by thy hand,
Be the banner of freedom o'er all in the land.

Anecdotes and Selections.

THAT FASHIONABLE LIE, "NOT AT HOME."—"I never," says a l "sent this message to the door but once, and for that once I s never forgive myself. It is more than three years ago, and I told servant to say that morning 'I was not at home' to whomsoever m call, except she knew it was some intimate friend. I felt my ch tingle, and the girl's look of surprise mortified me exceedingly. she went about her duties, and I about mine, sometimes pleased I had adopted a convenient fashion by which I should secure n time to myself, sometimes painfully smitten with the reproaches o conscience. Thus the day wore away; and when Mr. Lee came h

he startled me with the news that a very dear and intimate friend was dead. 'It cannot be,' was my reply, 'for she exacted of me a solemn promise that I would sit by her dying pillow, as she had something of great importance to reveal to me. You must be misinformed, no one has been for me.'" Here, suddenly, a horrible suspicion crossed her mind. "'She sent for you, but you were not at home,' said Mr. Lee, innocently; then he continued, 'I am sorry for Charles, her husband, he thinks her distress was much aggravated by your absence, from the fact that she called your name piteously. He would have sought you, but your servant said she did not know where you were gone. I am sorry. You must have been out longer than usual, for Charles sent a servant over here three times.' Never in all my life did I experience such loathing of myself, such bitter humiliation. My servant had gone further than I, in adding falsehood to falsehood, and I had placed it out of my power to reprove her by my own equivocation. I felt humbled to the very dust, and the next day I resolved, over the cold clay of my friend, that I would never again, under any circumstances, say 'Not at home.'"

JOHN BUNYAN introduces his "Pilgrim's Progress" under the similitude of a dream. But once he had a real dream. When in Bedford prison the gaoler permitted him to go out sometimes. This being known to some of his persecutors, they sent an officer to talk with the gaoler on the subject; and, in order to discover the fact, he was to reach the gaol in the middle of the night. Bunyan was at home with his family, but so restless that he could not sleep; he therefore acquainted his wife that, though the gaoler had given him his liberty to stay till morning, yet, from his uneasiness, he must immediately return. He returned, and the gaoler blamed him for coming in at such an unseasonable hour. Early in the morning the messenger came, and interrogating the gaoler, said, "Are all the prisoners safe?" "Yes." "Is John Bunyan safe?" "Yes." "Let me see him." He was called, and appeared, and all was well. After the messenger was gone the gaoler, addressing Mr. Bunyan, said, "Well, you may go in and out just when you think proper, for you know when to return better than I can tell you."

THE CAPTAIN'S ORDER.—"My lads," said the captain, on taking command of the ship, "I have one order to make to which I hope you will all agree. It is this: that you allow me to swear the first oath in this ship. No man on board must swear an oath before I do: I am determined to swear the first oath on board. What say you my lads; will you grant me this favour?" The men stared, and stood for a moment quite at a loss what to say. "They were taken," one said, "all aback." "They were brought up," said another, "all standing." The appeal seemed so reasonable, and the manner of the captain so kind, that the ship's company burst out with "Ay, ay, sir," and their usual three cheers; and swearing was abolished in the ship.

WRONG PREACHING.—"I preached earnestly eight years," says a minister, "and not one of my hearers was converted. I had set them to save themselves, and they could not; but as soon as ever I preached Jesus Christ, and faith in his blood, then believers were added to the church; then people flocked from all parts to hear the glorious gospel, some coming six, others eight, and others ten miles, and that constantly. The reason why my ministry was not blessed, when I preached up salvation partly by faith and partly by works, was because that doctrine is not of God.

THE MAINTENANCE OF PIETY.—He who would be saved must not only enter upon the christian pilgrimage—the king's highway—but must continue therein to the end of his journey. It will not answer to enter the straight gate, go a short distance in the path to heaven, and then stop. He must continue on the way he first set out through light and shade, joy and despondency, never turning aside, or halting, until he reaches the celestial city, and passes through its portals. "He that endureth unto the end the same shall be saved."

GRATITUDE TO GOD.—A good man, when near the end of a long life said: "I have met trials as well as others; yet so kind has God been to me, that I think, if he were to give me as many years as I have already lived in the world, I should not desire one single thing in my lot changed, except that I had less sin. It might be written on my coffin, 'Here lies one of the objects of Providence, who early wanted both father and mother, and yet never missed them.'"

The Fireside.

ON SAVING SOMETHING.

I WAS, one Saturday night, waiting for my turn to be shaved in a barber's shop. Several working-men were talking about saving. Of course they were not agreed. Some said a working man could not save at all. Others mentioned how some men they knew had saved much out of littles. The next day I met with these remarks:—"There are few people that cannot at some period of their lives be able to save a trifle from their weekly earnings. A youth just beginning to earn money should be encouraged to set apart a sum, no matter how small, say a penny or twopence a week, to be increased as his wages increase. Few would be unable to spare for their deposit sixpence or a shilling a week for five years before the time when it would be prudent for them to marry. We happen to know that is no uncommon thing among the working classes to which we now refer for a young couple to undertake the responsibilities of married life without having

ıing more to depend on than the man's weekly wages, without any he most scanty furniture, which is left to be supplied as occasion , and which occasion does not in many instances offer at all. often lodge in the cottages of others, and so those become crowded; ›eing for the most part ill-ventilated, the result is often disease death to the occupants, or at least a great wear of their gth and constitution, which sends them to the workhouse, their refuge, years before their time. These people start behindhand the world, and are seldom or never able to make it up. The ex- nce of every village beer-shop-keeper shows that mere maintenance :lothing does not exhaust even their scanty wages, especially those e single men. If these could be induced to save a part of what spend at the public house they might start fair with a cottage ›rtable furnished, and a small fund in hand, and thus have a better :e." The secret of the whole thing is, *getting into the habit of saving.* ı once started the engine will move along smoothly enough.

The Penny Post Box.

AMERICAN SLAVERY AND THE WAR.

great law which has never ceased to be at work in our world's ry is the law of retribution, whether to individuals or nations. .he past three years we have seen this law at work on a large scale › most horrid slavery system in the world having brought about nost horrible war the world ever knew. All this might have been cted—was expected—by all good men who believed in the good 3ook—they believed an awful retribution would come, and it has. Rev. John Angell James, writing (May 9, 1857) to the Rev. Dr. ›n, of New York, soon after the now celebrated Dred Scott decision r the Fugitive Slave Law, expressed himself in the following ı of sagacious warning:—"This decision of your Supreme Court us with astonishment, horror, and indignation. It is, indeed, the terrible outrage upon humanity that has been perpetrated for and will do more to lower the moral character of your country even the present system of slavery. All Europe and the whole zed world will blush for you. It is the first time that I know of ı a whole race was put without the pale of social life on account of olour of their skin. Will your country submit to it? Can it be :ived that the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers will bow to so ble a rebellion against the precepts of Christianity and the dictates ason? What are the Eastern States about, that they do not rise *isse* against this dictum of a few men upon the bench? However : is one hope. It is so bad—shows so clearly the advance of the

slaveocracy in your country—that it must help on eventually the c of abolition. The American Union of the states appears to me t becoming an idol, before which your people are willing to make most costly sacrifice of moral principle. Anything so that the U be preserved! If it is attempted to be preserved in this way, (with one of the thunderbolts of his vengeance, will by and by sh it to pieces."—*Life of John Angell James.*

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

NATIVE WIT.

An Irishman thus describes his cold reception by an old friend:—"I saw Pat Ryan t'other side of the way. I thought it was Pat, and Pat thought it was me; and when I came up it was neither of us."

A lad was sent with a note, and a basket containing some living partridges. On the way, tempted by curiosity, he peeped into the basket, when the partridges flew away. Much perplexed was he; but after a little consideration he reclosed the basket, went on his way, and delivered the letter with his best bow. "Well, my lad," said the gentleman on reading it, "I see there are some live partridges in this letter." "O," says Paddy, "I am glad of that; for they flew out of the basket."

A poor Irish labourer had an impediment in his speech, and could not pronounce words beginning with the letter P without stammering. A neighbouring gentleman, seeing him digging potatoes, and wishing to make him ridiculous, said, "What do you call these things you're digging?" "Sir," says poor Pat, "I don't *call* them; when I want them I *fetch* them."

A poor old Irish cripple sat begging at a bridge, urging his appeal to the charity of passengers with the eager and versatile eloquence of his cou A gentleman and lady—young, and handsome, with that peculiar of gratified and complacent consci ness which indicates the first few w of married-life—crossed the bri They regarded not the petitions o beggar; so, just as they passed he exclaimed, "May the bles which brings love, and joy, and we and a fine family, follow you all days of your life!"—a pause- couple passed heedlessly on—and beggar, with a fine touch of ca humour added, "and never ove you!"—*North British Review.*

Hints

How many things are there w we have done and are sorry for which we can never mend.

Ill-gotten gain only build houses on the sand, soon to tu down. Honest industry builds on a rock.

Fretting never brings us a bles It is only a foolish way of incre our troubles.

Time is Property.—He who w his own time or the time of othe a spendthrift, wasting what is precious than silver, and what cannot buy.

A Contented Spirit is thankf small favours, but a discontente is not satisfied with large ones.

MAN IS LIKE A BOOK that begins and ends with blank leaves—infancy and imbecility.

DOING WRONG pays bad interest at the end of life. It brings a harvest of regrets, but no fruits.

DAILY BREAD is needful for us all, so we may pray for it. And we always have the best supply when God is the carver.

SOME PEOPLE are ever indulging vain expectations. What is this but like trying to carry water in a sieve, or catch the wind in a net.

TRUTH AND PEACE.—That is the way in which they should stand: truth first, then peace. For there can be no real peace where truth is not.

Gems.

MISERY AND MERCY.—The proper object of God's mercy is the misery of man. We have much misery, but, blessed be God, he has far more mercy.

EMPTYING AND FILLING.—This is God's way with us. First emptying our hearts of all self-righteousness, he then fills them with the knowledge of the righteousness of Christ.

COME AND WELCOME are pleasant words, and we are as welcome to come to God's throne of grace on earth, as angels are to come to his throne of glory in heaven.

ONE PROMISE which God has made to them that obey him may well make us wonder. What is it? This—"their sins will I remember no more." Think of that. God will not even *remember* them.

OUR PRAYERS should always be in agreement with the promises which God has made to us, or we shall be only like bold beggars who ask for what they cannot expect to receive.

READING THE BIBLE always does us good; but we should not only read, we should think; and not only think, but pray; then we may expect a full benefit.

Poetic Selections.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

BETTER than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and titles a hundred fold,
Is a healthful body, a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please.
A heart that can feel a neighbour's woe,
And share his joy with a genial glow—
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in an humble sphere,
Doubly blest with content and health,
Untired by the longings or cares of wealth.
Lowly living and lofty thought
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot;
For mind and morals on nature's plan,
Are the genuine tests of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when their labours close,
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep,
Bring sleeping draughts to the downy bed
Where luxury pillows its aching head;
But a simpler opiate nature deems
A shorter road to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind
That in realms of thought and books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore;
The sage's lore, and the poet's lay,
The glories of empires passed away,
The worlds great drama will thus unfold,
And yield a pleasure far better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home,
Where all the fireside comforts come,
The shrine of love and the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife.
However humble that home may be,
Or tried with sorrow by heaven's decree;
The blessings that never were bought or sold,
And centre there, are better than gold.

Better than gold in affliction's hour
Is the balm of love with its soothing power;
Better than gold on a dying bed
Is the hand that pillows a sinking head.
When the pride and glory of life decay,
And earth and its vanities fade away,
The prostrate sufferer need not be told
That trust in CHRIST is better than gold.

The Children's Corner.

HE WOULD NOT BE TEMPTED.

On a Sabbath afternoon, a little boy, eight years of age, was chamber of his afflicted father, reading aloud a chapter in the when two persons called to see the father. They requested th child might be permitted to finish the chapter, and this being one of the visitors praised him highly for his reading, and gav sixpence, desiring him to go and buy some cakes, and divide the his brothers and sisters. "What, to-day!" exclaimed the child, had been taught to reverence the Sabbath; "none but wicked keep open shop to-day, and I must not go and buy them."

"But mother will give you leave for once," returned the visito cause you have been such a good boy and read your chapter so

The parents, of course, expressed their objection to such a pr and the child steadily refused to receive the money. On the p taking their leave, the little boy was desired to go down stair them and open the street door; when his mistaken friend renew temptation, slipping the sixpence into his hand, saying, "There you can run and buy what you like, your mother will not miss "No," replied the child, "but if she should not, it is God's com ment, 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.'" So sayi laid the sixpence on the step, and shut the door; there it was fo the servant, some hours afterwards; when, on enquiry being the little boy confessed that the visitor had again offered him the and that he had refused it. It was from the other lady, wh grieved at the impropriety of her friend's conduct, while she ad that of the child, that the parents were afterwards informed firm and proper reply. The boy's next concern was, how to retu money; for the idea of retaining it for his own use, even on a day, seemed never to have entered his mind. After a little cons tion, he inquired if it would be right to purchase with it a bo keeping holy the Sabbath-day; his proposal being agreed to, a su book was named, but as the price was a shilling, the boy chee paid the other sixpence from his own little store; and the foll day the book was purchased, and sent to his mistaken friend.

Now that boy was a noble little fellow—and gave hope parents that he would grow up to be a good man.

THE BOOK OF SPORTS.

ET not the reader be alarmed by these words. We are not out to advocate sporting, such as races, hunting, shooting, hing, or anything of the sort, but to tell you about a small old ok with this title, published by Royal Authority years ago.

There are two old publications which bear this name. The st, issued by King James I., is a coarse-looking document, a w pages in length, printed on such paper and with such type as ay be seen in the lowest ballads, and having for its title, "A eclaration to encourage Recreations and Sports on the Lord's-ay." The composition of this production is attributed to Bishop oreton. It is dated, Greenwich, May 24th, 1618, and states at, "For his good people's recreation, his majesty's pleasure as, that after the end of divine service they should not be disrbed, letted, or discouraged from any lawful recreations; such dancing, either of men or women; archery for men, leaping, aulting, or any such harmless recreations; nor having of May-ames, Whitson-ales, or Morrice dances, or setting up of May-oles, or other sports therewith used; so as the same may be ad in due and convenient time, without impediment or let of ivine service; and that women should have leave to carry rushes o the church for the decoring of it, according to the old customs; rthal prohibiting all the unlawful games to be used on Sundays nly; as bear-baiting, bull-baiting, interludes, and at all times to the meaner sort of people prohibited) bowling."

It should be observed that this "people's recreation" was enied to Roman Catholics, under the designation of recusants; such as were not present at the whole of divine service; and such as did not keep to their own parish churches.

Fuller, the author of the Church History, informs us that when is declaration was published, "It is not so hard to believe, as d to recount, what grief and distraction thereby was occasioned many honest hearts." Great, however, as were the "grief d distraction" produced by this declaration when first issued James, it was not until its republication in the next reign that bitter fruits were ripened, and their deadly effects were expeenced throughout the country. Opposition was made by archshop Abbot, who was then at Croydon, and who "flatly forbid being read there."

Many of these "lawful recreations" are too well known in our

own day to need description; but as some of them are no gotten, except in the most obscure parts of the country, i be as well to give such brief notices of a few of them as may the reader to know the nature of the amusements in wh was the pleasure of king James the First that his subjects s not be "letted" (hindered) after divine service.

An author who lived in the reign of queen Elizabeth tel that "In certain townes where drunken Bacchus bears ' against Christmas and Easter, Whit-Sunday, or some other the churchwardens of every parish, with the consent of the ' parish, provide half a score or twenty quarters of mault, wh some they buy of the church stoke, and some is given to th the parishioners themselves, every one conferring some according to his ability; which mault being made into strong ale, or beer, is set to sale, either in the church or in other place assigned to that purpose. Then, when this n tum, this huffe-cappe, as they call it, this nectar of life, i abroach, well is he that can get the soonest to it, for he is co the godliest man of all the rest, and most in God's fa because it is spent upon his church forsooth."

The carrying of "rushes to the church for the decoring o originated in the use of rushes for covering the floors of h and the pavement of the churches previous to the introducti carpets and matting. At the period under consideration, practice was turned into an exciting amusement. The w went in procession, and the occasion was marked by a amount of noisy and intemperate mirth.

The only prohibited amusements which require a word c planation are the interludes. They are described as consi of facetious or satirical dialogues calculated to promote n and were generally performed by strolling minstrels, jug tumblers, dancers, and jesters. A tragical occurrence a Paris garden in Southwark, in the reign of Elizabeth, was sidered by most people to be a judgment from God, and occasioned a general prohibition of such pastimes on the L day. On the occasion in question, "a prodigious concour people being assembled together on a Sunday afternoon, t plays and a bear-baiting, the whole theatre gave way and f the ground; by which accident many of the spectators killed, and more hurt."

For twenty-five years this disgraceful edict was the cau

great distress and suffering to faithful christian ministers and their people, wherever it was put in force; until, on the 5th of May, 1643, it was burned by the hands of the common hangman in Cheapside, as well as in other places. All persons, too, having any copies of it in their hands, were required to deliver them up to the sheriffs of London to be burned—a circumstance which will account for the rarity of this notorious "book," of which most people have heard, but which comparatively few have seen.

In the year 1633, under the advice of archbishop Laud, the Book of Sports was issued by Charles I., "out of a like pious care for the service of God, and for the suppressing of those humours that oppose truth, and for the ease, comfort, and recreation of his majesty's well deserving people." At this period, as on the former appearance of the royal command to violate the christian sabbath, a controversy prevailed throughout the country respecting the proper observance of the Lord's-day. Great numbers of the people were fond of the most ungodly recreations, and the justices of the peace had petitioned the king against the revels, which not only introduced a great profanation of the Lord's-day, but "riotous tippling, contempt of authority, quarrels, and murders." It is very remarkable that these sinful amusements were defended by not a few in high stations in the church, on the plea which we have frequently heard of late adduced in favour of opening the British Museum, the National Gallery, and the Crystal Palace—their tendency to civilize the multitudes. In direct opposition to the petitions of magistrates, who had prayed the king to suppress these amusements, it was declared as his express will and pleasure that the feasts and wakes should be observed, and "that all neighbourhood and freedom with manlike and lawful exercises be used;" and the justices of peace were commanded not to molest any in their recreations, "*having first done their duty to God*, and continuing in obedience to his majesty's laws."

The seven years which followed the revival of the Book of Sports, witnessed the severe persecution of all who would not yield to its sinful requirements. The sober part of the nation had the pain of seeing the youth of the country spending the later hours of each sabbath in revels, morrice-dances, maygames, church and clerk ales: while the royal proclamation was sustained by corresponding example, for the court was the scene of balls, masquerades, and plays, every Sunday evening.

The historian of the Puritans tells us that "The severe pressing of this Declaration made sad havoc among them. Many poor clergymen strained their consciences to read it. Some, when they had read it, immediately read the fourth commandment to the people, adding, 'This is the law of God, the other the injunction of man;' some put it on their curates; but great numbers refused to comply on any terms." It is calculated that about eight hundred faithful ministers of the gospel were deprived of their offices and their benefices in consequence of refusing to obey the king's commandment. The vicar-general of Laud had a special charge to convene before him all ministers who would not read the Declaration, and to suspend them for their refusal. When some of the ministers, after they had been suspended, repaired to Lambeth and petitioned to be restored, archbishop Laud told them that "If they did not know how to obey, he did not know how to grant their petition." The names are preserved of many excellent clergymen who had to suffer the loss of all things, and see their wives and children reduced to great privation because they would obey God rather than man.

Among those who thus courageously stood up for the honour of the divine law, one instance may be given, in the case of the Rev. Lawrence Snelling, the rector of St. Paul's Cray, who was not only suspended by the high commission for four years, but deprived of his living and excommunicated, for not reading the Declaration of Sports. This good man pleaded in his own defence the laws of God and of the realm. All which Mr. Snelling offered to the commissioners in writing: but the archbishop would not admit it, and said in open court that "Whosoever should make such a defence, it should be burned before his face, and he be laid by the heels." This faithful servant of Christ continued many years under sentence, suffering great damage for his fidelity to his heavenly Master.

History tells what troubles came after these wicked doings. The great rebellion filled the land with war and misery; and both the archbishop and the king suffered death by violence. But the name of King James, who began the mischief, is yet allowed to defile and disgrace the first pages of the English Bibles. The good men who translated it ought not to have said so much in his praise, for he was a bad man, and a *very* bad man. We should rejoice to see that fulsome dedication, and some parts of the title page, removed from our translation of the Word of God.

Poetry.

THE SABBATH.

HAIL! blessed ONE in seven!
When from the gates of Heaven
Are wafted to the faithful souls of earth
Strains from the angel-choir—
Sparks from the quenchless fire
Of LOVE Divine, and thoughts of sacred birth.

When in the bright'ning East,
Night's sullen gloom has ceased,
And soft grey clouds lead in the hallowed Day,
In rapt expectant mood,
Nature awaits the flood
Of golden light—bright herald of its sway.

When dawns the DAY of REST—
It's cold and selfish vest
With gladsome haste the busy world puts off;
The holy calm that reigns
Allays the thirst for gains
And treasur'd gold, and stays the sneerer's scoff.

The chime of morning bell
Makes christian bosoms swell
With ardent love—the peaceful joys to share,
And myriad voices blend,
As unto God ascend
The melodies of grateful PRAISE and PRAYER.

Fit emblem of that time,
When, in celestial clime,
The music of the Sabbath's here below
Shall rise to loftier song,
And from one blood-washed throng
Perpetual harmonies of PRAISE shall flow.

The Sabbaths that we have
This side the narrow grave
Are shadows of the nobler ONE above;
There, none of earth's alloy
Will mingle with the joy,
Or dim the splendour of that HOME of LOVE.

The Sabbath here, at best,
Is only partly blest—
It's fleeting hour's soon yield to Time's control;
But when that land is won
Where JESUS is the SUN,
No cloud of coming night will ever roll.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Anecdotes and Selections.

THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH.—With evangelical christians the observance of the first day of the week is rendered obligatory by apostolic example, and as a memorial of the resurrection; but with the Romanists it is made purely a church institution that had no authorative existence till the period of popes and councils. In our Protestant cities the shops are closed, but in those of popish countries they are open, the military is out, and it is a day of universal bustle and business. The women and children, and sometimes the men, in Paris, attend church in the morning, and theatres, balls, circuses, horse-races, or other amusements, in the afternoon. As to the different results of these opposite ideas and practices, let the condition of things in Romanist and Protestant countries bear witness. General ignorance in the one and intelligence in the other characterize the people. Indeed the whole social system, the course of business, and all the great interests of human life, show the effects of one or the other of these different modes of sabbath observance—in the one case depressing, in the other elevating the character of the people. The christian sabbath is emphatically the commemoration day of the resurrection, or of the new spiritual creation and the accomplished redemption, and hence a day of sacred joy and thanksgiving, 'the pearl of days,' the crown and glory of the week, and a foretaste and pledge of the eternal sabbath in heaven.

"A day of sweet reflection,
A day of sacred love;
A day of resurrection
From earth to heaven above."

OPEN THE PEW DOOR.—It is told of an individual now advanced in life, and distinguished both in the political and religious world, that when he first came up to London to study for the bar, he casually entered St. John's Chapel one Sunday evening. After standing for a long time in the aisle, and failing to get a seat, he felt vexed and chafed, and was retiring. One of the settled congregation, however, saw him going, followed him to the outer door, brought him back and made room for him in his pew. The sermon that he then heard was instrumental to his conversion, and he walked from henceforth in the way that leadeth to everlasting life.

SIMPLICITY IN PREACHING.—Simplicity of style, then, as opposed to the artificial and rhetorical, is essential to earnestness; for who can believe *that* man to be intent on saving souls, who seems to have laboured in the study only to make his sermon as fine as glittering imagery and high-sounding diction could render it. I could as soon believe a physician were intent on saving his fellow creatures from death, who, when the plague was sweeping them into the grave, spent his time in studying to write his prescriptions in beautiful characters.

A SABBATH-KEEPING MILLOWNER.—At a large meeting held in Manchester, to petition the legislature on the better observance of the Sabbath, a leading spinner came forward, and said that there was nothing more common than to hear from his brother spinners and master manufacturers this assertion: "If you stop the mill altogether on Sunday, you must frequently stop it on Monday also; because, if the engine gets out of order, or any other necessary repair be required, it must be done on the Sunday, or the mill cannot proceed on the Monday." Now, all this seems very plausible, said the good man, but I can prove it to be false; for in my mill I never suffer a stroke to be struck on the Sabbath; and on one occasion, my boiler had suffered a misfortune on a Saturday, and I feared the mill must stop on the Monday, but determined to try what could be done. I sent for a leading engineer, and said to him, "Can you have the mill ready to work on Monday morning?" "Yes, certainly I can." "But then," said I, "you mean to work on Sunday?" "Of course, sir." "But," said I, "you shall not do it in my mill." "But I cannot mend the boiler, if I do not," said he. I said, "I do not care, you shall not work in my mill on Sunday. I would rather that my mill stood the whole of Monday, than that the sabbath should be violated in it!" The man said, "You are different from all other masters." I said, "My Bible, not the conduct of others, is my rule; and you must do it without working on Sunday, or I will try to get somebody else." This had the desired effect: they set to work, and worked till twelve o'clock on the Saturday night, and began again at twelve o'clock on the Sunday night; and the repairs were finished, and the mill was in full work, at the usual hour on Monday morning.

A TEST OF LOVE.—Christ will not take sermons, prayers, fastings—no, nor giving our goods, nor the burning of our bodies—instead of love. And do we love him, and yet care not how long we are from him? Was it such a joy to Jacob to see the face of Joseph in Egypt, and shall we be contented without the sight of Christ in glory, and yet say we love him? I dare not conclude that we have no love at all when we are so loath to die; but I dare say, were our love more, we should die more willingly; by our unwillingness to die, it appears we are little weary of sin. Did we take sin for the greatest evil, we should not be willing to have its company so long.—*Baxter.*

A SENSE OF GOD'S PARDON.—When faith sees the bleeding Saviour, and reads upon his thorn-torn brow the language of his heart, "I am thy salvation," then, and not till then, do we obtain the first pledge of forgiving love and witness the dawning of that peace which is the sacred earnest of eternal day.

A SLAVEHOLDER in Louisville was exhorting a poor, pious, old female to be very humble, reminding her that the Saviour Jesus had neither house nor home. "Yes," she replied with emphasis, "Blessed be God! he had no house, no home, and no niggers!"

MAN AND WOMAN.—Man is strong; woman is beautiful. Man is daring and confident; woman is diffident and unassuming. Man is great in action; woman in suffering. Man shines abroad, woman at home. Man talks to convince; woman to persuade and please. Man has a rugged heart; woman a soft and tender one. Man prevents misery; woman relieves it. Man has science; woman taste. Man has judgment; woman sensibility. Man is a being of justice; woman of mercy. Each possesses peculiar gifts and a wide sphere of usefulness, and, by the wise use of these respective gifts, society is benefited and God is honoured.

THE CURE OF AN EVIL TONGUE must begin at the heart. The weights and wheels are there, and the clock strikes according to their motion. A guileful heart makes a guileful tongue and lips. It is the workshop where the forge of deceits and slanders is, and the tongue is only the outer shop where they are vended, and the lips the door of it. Such ware as is made within, and no other, can come out.

HUME AND HORNE.—"I never saw a religious man who was not melancholy," said Hume to Bishop Horne. "That, sir, may be very true," replied the Bishop, "for it is enough to make any one melancholy who meets with Mr. Hume, and thinks how he is perverting his best talents to rail against the God who made him."

A NEGRO PREACHER, exhorting his hearers to obedience to the divine commands said—"Bredren, whatever de good God tell me to do in dis blessed book,"—holding up at the same time an old and evidently much-read Bible,—"dat I'm goin' to jump at it. Goin' *troo* it 'longs to God—jumpin' *at it* 'longs to *me*."

The Fireside.

PRAYING FOR DAILY BREAD.

THERE are families which sometimes want bread, and yet the children never hear their parents use the words the Saviour taught, "Give us this day our daily bread."

A poor but pious widow relates, that she and her little boy were one night eating their scanty supper. "Mother," said little John, "what shall we do to-morrow morning? there is no bread in the house; we shall have no breakfast." I answered him, "Do not fear, John; God has not forsaken us; let us pray to him, he will remember us." I made him kneel down by my side, and prayed that God would, in his goodness, have pity upon us, and give us bread for the morrow. I then put my child to bed, telling him to go to sleep quietly, and to depend *upon God*, who never forgot those who put their trust in him. I myself went to bed, firmly believing that God had heard my prayer, and

I slept comfortably till four in the morning, when John woke me, by saying, "Mother, is the bread come?" Poor little fellow! he had but a scanty supper, and was very hungry. "No," I answered, "it is not yet come, but be quiet and go to sleep again; it will come." We both went to sleep; but I was awakened a little before six, by some one rapping at my window. "Dame Bartlet," said a woman, "you must get up immediately. Mrs. Martin's dairymaid is taken very ill, and you must come and milk her cows." Here then was bread for us. I went to Mrs. Martin's, and milked her cows, and afterwards sat down in the kitchen to breakfast; but I thought of my child, and could not eat. Mrs. Martin observing me, said, "You do not eat your breakfast, Dame Bartlet." I thanked her, and told her that I had left a little boy at home in bed, very hungry; if she would permit me, I should prefer carrying my breakfast home to him. "Eat your breakfast now," was the kind answer; "you shall carry some breakfast home to your little boy besides." Mrs. Martin then gave me a basket of provisions, sufficient for myself and child for two or three days. As I returned home, I could not but thank my God, and feel grateful to my kind benefactress; and I rejoiced my little boy's heart by a sight of a good breakfast. He arose directly, and after eating it I made him kneel down again by my side, whilst I returned thanks to my gracious God who had heard our prayers.

Dame Bartlet added, "I have never wanted bread since. I am blessed in my son, who is now a man; he is dutiful and good to me, and has never forgotten the pains his mother took with him in his childhood, nor the advice I then gave him to trust in God."

The Penny Post Box.

DIRECTIONS BY THE EDITOR FOR WRITING LETTERS.

As the EDITOR of the PIONEER would be glad to have more correspondence from his readers, he again invites them to send him their thoughts on any subjects which they may consider worthy of notice. He is aware that most of his readers are working men and working women; but as it is for such persons that the *Pioneer* is published, he thinks they should express their own views and wishes. He does not expect them to do this perfectly, but he engages to look over what they may write, and, if suitable, prepare it to appear in print. For this purpose he gives a few plain directions which all may easily observe, whether writing to him or any one else.

1. Always put the name of the town or village at the top of the letter, with the day of the month, and the year. If the place be a village, put also the name of the nearest post town from which the letters are delivered by the postman.

2. Write your names in full at the end of the letter; and if live in a town, the street too, and what is your trade or employm

3. Never write again across what you have written. Paper postage are both cheap enough now. Stick the stamps fast, with head of the Queen upward. Mind that the letter is not overweigh

4. Let all your writing, and the figures too, be in a plain bold ha Scribbling is painful to read, and wastes much time. Some Edi wont read such letters at all.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

CHURCH PEWS.—In the Anglo-Saxon and some other northern churches of early date, a stone bench was made to project from the wall. In 1319 the people are represented as sitting on the ground or standing. About this time they introduced low, rude, three-legged stools promiscuously over the church. Wooden seats were introduced soon after the Norman conquest. In 1327 a decree was issued in regard to the wrangling for seats, so common that none could call any seat his own, except noblemen and patrons, each entering and holding the one he first occupied. As we approach the Reformation, 1530 to 1540, seats were appropriated, the entrance being guarded by crossbars, and the initial letters engraved on them. Immediately after the reformation the pew system prevailed, and in 1608 galleries were introduced. As early as 1611, pews were arranged to afford comfort, by being baized or cushioned; while the sides around were so high as to hide those within—a device of the Puritans to avoid being seen by the officers, who reported those who did not stand when the name of Jesus was pronounced. The services were very much protracted, so that many would fall asleep. Hence Swift's pithy allusion:

A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact, of timber many a load,
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphosed into pews,
Which still their ancient nature keep,
By lodging folks disposed to sleep.

In our days the old high pews fast disappearing, and their doors both in churches and chapels. stead of them, more convenient pe without doors, and having reced backs, with neat cushions on the se are now becoming general.

Hints

MAN IS LIKE A BOOK that begins ends with blank leaves—infancy imbecility.

DOING WRONG pays bad interes the end of life. It brings a har of regrets, but no fruits.

DAILY BREAD is needful for us so we may pray for it. And we alw have the best supply when God is carver.

SOME PEOPLE are ever indulging expectations. What is this but trying to carry water in a sieve, catch the wind in a net.

TRUTH AND PEACE.—That is way in which they should stand; tr first and then peace. For there be no real peace where truth is no

NO MAN ever yet wrote a true tory of his own life. He would b ashamed of many things, that he wo rather forget them himself than others read them.

D BOOKS are what a King once "medicines for the soul." Bad ought to have a label outside ıe word "POISON" on them in etters as a caution.

THOU REPROACHED? Get good it. If true, thy consience will ee so, and bid thee to amend. rue it will comfort thee. So get from gall.

Gems.

›N THE THREE SABBATHS.

Bible word "Sabbath" means The sabbath-day means the ;-day. Rest is the chief idea ɣ out of the word.

re are three Sabbaths or Rests, ›ned in the Bible—the sabbath ation, the sabbath of Redemp- nd the sabbath of Heaven.

sabbath of Creation was insti- when "God blessed the seventh ıd sanctified it; because that in had rested from all his work God created and made."

ı sabbath was sanctified, that is, ırt, for his worship. And after .nned it was kept, that the great :e of redemption might be kept .d until it was fulfilled.

sabbath of Redemption began HE who died for our sins rose from the dead on the first the week. We meet on that worship the Father and cele- he dying love and resurrection of the Redeemer of the world. souls now enter into rest.

sabbath of Heaven is that "rest remaineth for the people of When once we pass through te of pearl, we shall enter into ; rest and keep perpetual sab- ı the Paradise of God.

) glorious hour! O blest abode!
ɜ shall be near and like our God;
d flesh and sin no more controul,
e sacred pleasures of our soul!"

G. H.

Poetic Selections.

THE CHIEF OF SINNERS.

CHARGE no other man with guilt,
I alone His blood have spilt;
Every crime against the Lamb
Charge on me. Lo! here I am
Self convicted, self confessed—
Chief—alone—discharge the rest.

Olivet! 'twas I that slept—
Slept when watch hour should be kept—
I alone—'twas not the three:
Spare me, too, Gethsemane!
Though thy sod with bloody sweat
For my wicked sloth was wet.

Who, 'gainst Peter, bringeth blame?
Enter there another name:
He but thrice—I stood beside,
And a thousand times denied.
His sin, washed with bitter tears—
Mine, persisted in for years.

Say'st thou doubting who I am;
Judas sold the Paschal Lamb:
Yes, for silver—but they bought
Jesus Christ of me for nought.
'Tis no Jew His life assails,
'Tis no Roman drives the nails:

These are sins, not spikes; and those—
Those are crimes, not thorns—His woes,
Mine iniquities. That spear
In my heart was forged,—and here
Pilate, Herod, both were born—
Cross and spike, and spear, and thorn.

Shamed, I own them every one:
That black cloud that veils the sun,
Veils the Father too in wrath,
From my soul its blackness hath;
Yet it leaves me light and bliss—
All have gone from mine to His.

Joy, peace, righteousness divine,
All have come from His to mine:
Him in my stead, and I in his,
God accepts. For JESUS is
Mine, and He—oh! past belief—
HE, not I, appeared "THE CHIEF."

The Children's Corner.

WORK WELL, AND WITH ALL THY MIGHT.

"LOOK at that boy! He is a stout, strong fellow, and one c sharpest in our workshop. But he will not serve our purpos must be dismissed."

"Why?" I inquired.

"Because he does not work with all his might. Just watc drowsy indifferent way in which he handles his tools. He is thi about something else all the time."

This was said to me, the other day, by one of the proprietors extensive manufactory for machinery, as he conducted me thro part of his enormous works.

"You must require great strength of muscle in your workm remarked.

"No! not so much strength of muscle as strength of purpose- who work with zeal and energy at whatever they set themsel do. It is not the strong 'Samson's' and the big 'Goliaths' that d most good; but lads, like David, earnest, active, and strong of pur doing one thing at a time, but doing that thing well."

Alas! I thought, as I left the scene of labour, how many themselves down into forlorn and disappointed men, through no fault than this!

"With all thy might!" It is God's own commandment as w man's. It is the law of heaven as well as the general condit worldly success. No man ever achieves anything permanently and useful without carrying out this great and useful principle. work may be head-work, or it may be hand-work! We may b strongest among the strong, or we may be the weakest amon weak. No matter, the rule of duty is the same for all. "Work all your might!" All famous men whose words and deeds have g a name which fathers teach their sons to spell—all these—every of them—worked according to the wise man's precept, "Whats thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

We cannot all be reckoned among the great and the famous, b may all be reckoned among the useful and the earnest. Ho moderate our natural powers, however narrow our opportunitie action, life's motto should still be the same: "All thy might." with all thy might. Love and serve thy God "with all thy heart with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mig

A POPISH HOLOCAUST

OF TWO THOUSAND HUMAN BEINGS!

ɛ call the awful destruction of human life to which we are ɔut to refer a Holocaust, for it was a "burnt sacrifice," and a pish one, because it took place at a Popish Festival.

This almost unparalleled catastrophe took place in the city of ntiago, Chili, South America. A correspondent writing from that y, Dec. 14, 1863, thus describes the awful scene. He says:—

"I am writing under the shadow of a fearful and heart-rending blic calamity, unparalleled in the history of nations. Santiago ɔurns in loud lamentations the loss of two thousand of its rest daughters, who, but a short time ago, radiant in beauty and ɛ, now lie in masses of hideous and blackened corpses, victims the imprudence (if one should use so mild a term) of a ıatical clergy. At sunset, on the 8th of December, the colossal ɜuit temple of La Compania held within its walls upwards of ɔ thousand souls; long lines of carriages were still driving up the doors, and there depositing hundreds of fair girls, who had ɪh some difficulty, and by great influence with the clergy, pro- red reserved tickets of admission to the grand evening mass, in nour of the anniversary of the feast of the 'Immaculate Con- ɔtion.' The Prebendary Ugarte, who organised the whole ɛ, had announced some days before that his excellency, Senor izaguirre, the illustrious founder of the American College at ıme, the favourite of Pius IX., and his Holiness's Papal Nuncio the republic of Chili, had condescended to preach on the occa- n. On the evening of the 8th the building was decorated ɔn the most unparalleled scale of splendour; huge draperies crimson velvet, satin, and cloth of gold, hung from the groins the arches to the floor, apart from two thousand wax tapers anged round the high altar. The ceiling was decorated with ıdreds of yards of blue and white gauze, arranged in imitation clouds, and thickly spangled with silver stars. At six in the ning the building held within its walls 2,600 individuals, three ırters of whom were females. Gentlemen who had retained erved seats, true to the Spanish character, readily relinquished m in favour of the ladies, and were content to stand round the ars, in the corridors, about the doors, little knowing that by ı simple act of customary politeness they were procuring their

own safety, and consigning to a horrible fate their fair companions. At 6.30, though the temple was crammed to suffocation, the crowd clamoured for admittance, and pressed against the closed doors.

The staff of acolytes, who, it is said, had been busily engaged since two in the afternoon lighting the endless festoons of lamps, now reached the precincts of the high altar; all the tapers were safely lit, and there remained but to ignite a silver crescent containing the paraffin, which had been placed at the foot of a large image of the Virgin. A careless acolyte, it seemed, mismanaged the lighting of this, and the flame, rising to an extraordinary height, came in contact with the muslin and gold draperies round the altar. These, from their light and inflammable texture, immediately communicated the fire to the cloth of gold canopy above, which in its turn was soon in a blaze, and quicker than thought all the contiguous decorations were in flames. For about one minute—only one minute—the congregation never moved, evidently in the hope that the hand of the merciful God would stay the conflagration. The fire spread rapidly round the building, and the sparks and cinders of the smouldering velvet, flying towards the roof, ignited the masses of artificial gauze clouds which formed a temporary ceiling.

What human pen is there that can describe the scenes that ensued! To escape from the building was to those in the body of the church an impossibility. The first act of the gentlemen collected round about the doors and annexes was to attempt a passage through the densely-packed throng of ladies into the centre, where many had left their wives and daughters. Seeing this, however, was utterly impossible, they allowed themselves to be carried along in the stream of living souls that were making towards the doors. Once arrived in the open air, everybody instead of moving away to make room for his neighbour, endeavoured to re-enter the building in search of some lost friend or relative. There were many ladies also about the annexes who, in ignorance of the true state of affairs, did not rise from their knees (for fear of losing their places) as quickly as they should have done. The consequence was, that those from the centre of the church pressing on towards the doors, stumbled over them: those next behind fell over these last, and in five minutes great piles, twelve feet high, of fainting, trampled, and dying girls, entangled in each other's dresses, barricaded the only

ıree exits that the church possessed, thus excluding from all elp upwards of 1,800 ladies, who now saw themselves face to ıce with death.

The conflagration had now made rapid progress, and the nside of the great dome was enveloped in flames. Drops of nolten lead (which metal had been largely employed in the contruction of the building) poured from above on the heads of the urging multitude. The flames at last reached the festoons, on vhich thousands of paraffin lamps were strung, and, snapping he cords asunder, dashed the coloured globes and their contents on the heads of the people, enveloping them in one sheet of iquid fire. Crash succeeded crash as the devouring element reached each pier, causing each festoon to give way, while from the crumbling dome above there descended a rain of firebrands and live cinders, scattering death and destruction all around. From the windows of the opposite houses people could be seen rushing to and fro amid the flames in the body of the church; others stretched out their hands and implored heaven to commiserate them; and high above the roaring flames could be heard the piercing cries of agony. The gigantic bell in the side tower tolled 'loud and long' for assistance, sounding the alarm for many miles round the metropolis, until at last, when the foundations of the belfry gave way, it fell from its tremendous height with a terrific crash to the earth, making in its passage hrough the air the most extraordinary sounds heard by human ears;—it seemed to understand the awfulness of the moment.

At about eight the loud and continued cries and wailing of the martyrs within the temple had become very faint; at a few minutes after that hour a greater part of the roof fell in with a deafening crash. Then followed the silence of death. Thus perished, in one short hour, the flower, the beauty. youth, and pride of this country.

Though the utmost order and discipline prevailed among the police and fire brigade departments, they completely failed in clearing the approaches to the doors of the church; the maddened throngs pressed forward, and rather than survive their fearful losses, attempted to force a passage into the huge furnace from which they had but a few minutes before narrowly made their escape. Notwithstanding these great obstructions, the gangs of men at the doors worked well and incessantly, and upwards of two hundred ladies were extricated from under the

terrible living weight which was crushing them to death, though, horrible to relate, many of them had their arms completely wrenched from their bodies, while the generality suffered fearful contusions, fractured limbs and ribs, and other fearful injuries and disfigurements. Feats of the most prodigious valour and thrilling heroism were performed by many individuals on the spot. Amongst other incidents it may be noticed that Mr. Nelson, the American ambassador, who was accidentally in the neighbourhood, hearing the tolling of the great bell, ordered his coachman to drive to the spot; on alighting from his carriage, he rushed to the grand entrance, and arrived in time there to witness the crushing and mangling of thirty ladies by the crowd from behind. He immediately set to work, and others, incited by his example, joined him in his noble efforts. He was instrumental in saving the lives of fifty young ladies, and never deserted his post at the threshold of the doors until the roof had fallen in, when a complete shower of sparks and cinders seemed to envelope him. He was carried from the spot, with his clothes smouldering, and every particle of hair on his face and head singed to the roots.

All the doors of the neighbouring houses had meanwhile been opened for the reception of the dying and the wounded. The Palace of the Chambers, the Senate, and the lobbies of the Chamber of Deputies opposite, were crowded with dying girls, whose moans rent the air. Many were laid down to die on the crimson benches of the Senate, and the great house of the representatives of the nation, in all its pomp and gilt trappings, was for a time turned into a charnel-house. The long line of carriages awaiting the return of those who had perished in the flames were now turned to account, and conveyed great numbers of ladies to their homes or to the hospital, where both English and native surgeons and physicians were in attendance. The fire engines worked well and unceasingly, but no power of water could ever have extinguished the mass of inflammable matter, such as gauze, velvet, muslin, tissue, and ladies' veils, fans, and mantillas saturated with paraffin and thousands of pounds of wax from the melting and flaring tapers that flowed down the steps of the altar. The guards were stationed in groups along the streets, and preserved order and decorum. During the night the Zoological Museum caught fire, and the sparks and cinders were borne on the breeze and deposited in all parts of the town. After

three hours, the fire companies got the better of the flames, and it is said that the museum has experienced little loss. Shortly after midnight the great work of exhumation began. Most of the foreign ministers were present, and sympathised with his Excellency the President on this great national calamity. Before daylight a long regiment of police wagons were in the vicinity of the ruins, and before the sun had again sunk in the horizon 160 wagon loads of charred and blackened corpses were deposited in the Pantheon for the inspection of disconsolate parents and friends. It is said there are yet four hundred corpses to remove from beneath the smouldering ruins. It is to be hoped this is an exaggeration; however, the official reports give a list of two thousand dead, mostly ladies from the ages of fifteen to twenty.

There is an intense popular feeling in favour of the total demolition of what remains of the great Jesuit temple of 'La Compania.' It is said that the President is about to convoke the Chambers, when the deputy, Senor Ossa, will move that the present site of La Compania be delivered over by the government to the municipality of Santiago, who shall erect by public subscription a colossal marble mausoleum in honour of those who perished in the flames on the evening of the 8th December, 1863. As for Ugarte and the papal nuncio, nobody has heard of them since their escape from the church by an outlet in the 'sacristy.' They managed to save in their flight the whole of the massive gold church service from the altar when it was in flames. Pieces of furniture and various articles were also saved from the 'sacristy' by Ugarte's satellites. This extraordinary conduct on the part of such individuals, who, from their position, should have been the first and foremost in the noble work of saving lives, has brought down upon their heads the execrations of all honest men."

After reading this distressing narrative we must be careful not to judge the poor victims, or suppose for one moment that they were sinners above others that they suffered these things. But we may wonder that they dared to venture into such a place for such a purpose; and words are too weak to express our indignation at the guilty men who tempted them to venture into such a place with the elements of destruction all around them!

May this lamentable catastrophe be a warning to all the votaries of splendid display wherever they may be assembled. Foolish vanity often pays dreadful penalties for its thoughtless indulgences.

Poetry.

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

THE God of glory sends his summons forth,
Calls the south nations, and awakes the north,
From east to west his sovereign orders spread,
Through distant worlds, and regions of the dead
The trumpet sounds; hell trembles; heaven rejoices:
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

"I am the Saviour, I the almighty God;
I am the Judge; ye heavens, proclaim abroad
My just eternal sentence, and declare
Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear."
When God appears, all nature shall adore him;
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

"Can I be flattered with thy cringing bows,
Thy solemn chatterings and fantastic vows?
Are my eyes charmed thy vestments to behold,
Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold?"
God is the judge of hearts; no fair disguises
Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.

"Unthinking wretches! could ye hope to please
A God, a Spirit, with such toys as these?
While with my grace and statutes on your tongue,
Ye love deceit, and do your brother wrong?"
Judgment proceeds; hell trembles; heaven rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

"Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools, be wise;
Awake before this dreadful morning rise;
Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works amend,
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend."
Then join, ye saints, wake every cheerful passion;
When Christ returns, he comes for your salvation. WATTS.

Anecdotes and Selections.

THE BIBLE IN THE BARN.—A soldier's wife, with her thee childr was passing through Essex on her way to Chelmsford. It was a fi summer's evening, when she saw a young man standing at a farmy gate; she asked him if his master would allow her and her children sleep in his barn; he said he thought he would, and went and ask the farmer gave his consent, and told the young man to unbind t trusses of straw for them to sleep upon. The woman asked him wh she could get a little water, and he went to fetch her some, brought her a small can of milk, for which she was very thank

She then took some bread from her bundle, but before she began to eat she asked God to bless what she and her children were about to partake of, though it was only dry bread and milk. The youth felt interested, and sitting down near the barn door, watched them at their humble meal. After finishing their repast, the soldier's wife took from her bundle a New Testament, and said to the young man, "We are going to read and pray before we go to rest; if you will join us I shall be pleased." He did so; and after reading a few verses from the gospel by Luke, she earnestly prayed for the blessing of the Lord to rest upon the farmer, his family, his servants, and the young man, for the kindness she had received from them. The simplicity of the prayer struck the young man, and the words sunk deep into his heart. He could not sleep; he rose early in the morning, and went to the barn to ask the soldier's wife the way of salvation, but she was gone. He told one of the servant girls what had passed, and she related it to her young mistress, who was pleased to relate the simple tale to the rest of the family. It led the whole of them to reflect; they looked for the verses read by the soldier's wife the previous night. They sent for the young man to have the tale confirmed, who wept as he told the simple story, and closed by saying, "Salvation has come to my heart, for I feel as I have never done before." The farmer, his family, and the young man became constant hearers of the gospel, and a great change was evident in their lives and conduct.

THE VIOLETS.—One fine day in March, a bunch of beautiful blue violets was given to Gotthold. He was delighted with their loveliness and their sweet perfume; he gave thanks to God, who has given so many sources of pleasure to man, and took occasion from thence for the following reflections:—This lovely and fragrant flower is the image of a humble and lowly heart. It grows low on the ground, half hidden by its veil of leaves; yet, in its beauty and delicate odour, it is far superior to the proud blossoms of the gaudy tulip, or the splendid crown imperial. So there are hearts lowly in their own eyes and in the sight of others, which yet resemble our Lord Jesus Christ in their lowliness, and thus have the real blue colour, the hue of heaven. Such humble hearts are often more precious in God's sight than many who seem, to worldly eyes, far more favoured in outward gifts. O my God, it shall ever be my greatest glory, that from the heart I seek first, not mine own honour, but thine, and thine alone! I desire not to shine among worldly men, like the gaudy flowers of a day; I desire no outward honour, if only I may serve thee in all humility of heart, and be useful to my neighbour: and to thee be all the glory!—*Gotthold's Emblems.*

ALONE, YET NOT ALONE.—There is something solemn and even awful in being all alone on some bare mountain top at midnight. How still the air! how silent all, above, around, beneath! Above, the stars twinkle, the moon moves on through fleeces of white clouds, but all are silent; around, no voice is heard; beneath, the busy hum of the city is hushed. 'Tis silence all! and I am alone; yet not alone, for GOD is here!

"WANT OF WATER."—An Australian paper says:—"A few ago, the police at Booligal received information that the remain man were found on the plain; on proceeding to the spot the bone human being were found, with a passport in the German laug and a slip of paper, on which was written in pencil, 'Died, w water.' It is supposed the unfortunate deceased attempted to from river to river, and died of thirst." Poor fellow! how sor feel for him; alone in the desert dying of thirst. But alas! how in our country are dying from want of thirst for the water o which is flowing around them in all directions. God himself is c them, and the Spirit and the Bride say, "Whosoever will let him and take of the water of life freely"—but they will not—they wil

"My God! I shudder at the scene."

The Fireside.

HINTS TO A HUSBAND.

THE wife is the queen of the fireside, and therefore we often ve to give her a few hints on ruling her little kingdom. But the band should sustain her gentle reign. We shall now let a w tell him how.

"Do not jest with your wife upon a subject in which there is da of wounding her feelings. Remember that she treasures every you utter, though you never think of it again. Do not speak of virtue in another man's wife, to remind your own of a fault. D reproach your wife with personal defects, for, if she has sensibility, inflict a wound difficult to heal. Do not treat your wife with ina tion in company. Do not upbraid her in the presence of a third pe nor entertain her with praising the beauty and accomplishmen other women. If you would have a pleasant home and cheerful pass your evenings under your own roof. Do not be stern and s in your own house, and remarkable for sociability elsewhere. Re ber that your wife has as much need of recreation as yourself, devote a portion, at least, of your leisure hours to such society amusements as she may join. By so doing, you will secure her s and increase her affection. Do not, by being too exact in pecu matters, make your wife feel her dependence upon your bounty that tends to lessen her dignity of character, and does not increas esteem for you. If she is a sensible woman, she should be acqua with your business, and know your income, that she may regulat household expenses accordingly. Do not withhold this knowled order to cover your own extravagance. Women have a keen pe tion; be sure she will discover your selfishness, and, though no is spoken, from that moment her respect is lessened, and her confi

shed, pride wounded, and a thousand, perhaps unjust, suspicions d. From that moment is your domestic comfort on the wane. can be no oneness where there is no full confidence.—*A Woman's hts about Women.*"

The Penny Post Box.

ROWLAND HILL'S COACHMAN.

ave received a letter from an old friend, written in a very neat hand, a copy of which we think our readers will be pleased to The writer, if yet alive, is, we believe, near upon ninety years of He says:—

ooking over one of your *Pioneers* for 1861, I read an account of nd Hill's funeral sermon for his coachman. That sermon was red in Tottenham Court Road chapel. I was at that time a er of the Tabernacle, and heard it. Mr. Hill did not say much the man till nearly the close of his discourse, when he said, friends, I will tell you how I became acquainted with this man who is now gone to heaven. Eighteen years since he d me on the highway, pointed a pistol to my breast, and ded my money. I looked at him and said, 'Are you a murderer, you this for want?' He said it was for want. I told him to way his pistol, for I was not afraid of him or of it. I asked him knew who I was. He said, 'No, Sir.' 'Well,' I said, 'I am nd Hill, the Methodist parson as they call me. Now if you do r want, here is half a crown for you, and you may meet me to-w at eleven o'clock at the chapel house in Blackfriars Road.' me, and I inquired what was his calling. He said a coachman. him I wanted a coachman, and asked him if he would come and ith me. He did; and I found him a good, true, and faithful t. Until now I have never related how we became acquainted, t to Mrs. Hill."

s almost sixty years since that sermon was preached. What me remember the time is, that just then myself and twelve young men in Peartree Street, Saint Luke's, commenced the t "Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society." We had a prayer meeting Wednesday evening at a brother's house, by the name of Green, r. Bissett, who attended the meeting sometimes, one evening we had done, brought the subject forward; and on the Friday g following, in his house in the same street, thirteen of us met rmed that society. Mr. Bissett framed the articles, which, I e, are acted upon to this day. He died about six years ago. I a letter by me that I received from him in 1856. He was one lder than myself. Please to excuse my scrawl.

lan. T. SIMS.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

EARTHQUAKES.

EARTHQUAKES are generally preceded or followed by subterranean noises, which vary in character, intensity, and duration. As in the shock which we lately experienced in this country, the sound may resemble the rumbling of a very heavy vehicle, or artillery-wagon, at a rapid rate over a stone pavement; or it may be like a sudden thunder-clap in the bowels of the earth. But the intensity of the noise does not seem to have any connection with the force of the shock, and depends to a great extent upon the character of the soil, which influences the propagation of sound, and may conduct it ten or twelve times faster than air. During the earthquake of 1797, which damaged Quito, and destroyed Riobamba, no sound was heard at the latter place, but a tremendous noise was heard at Quito twenty minutes *after* the convulsion was over. The same peculiarity was observed at the destruction of Lima, when a quarter of an hour after the earthquake, an awful sound, as of a clap of thunder, was heard, but no movement of the ground was perceived. The shock of an earthquake may be instantaneous, or continue with diminishing force for weeks or months. Sometimes they occur periodically, or, as in the Aleutian Islands, are of daily occurrence. Indeed, wherever they are, we may feel thankful that we are not within the limits of their force. The town of Concepcion alone has been totally destroyed by earthquakes three times during the last hundred years; and it is computed that from 1783 to 1857, the *kingdom of* Naples lost at least one *hundred* and eleven thousand inhabitants by the effects of earthquakes, or more than fifteen hundred per year out of a population of six millions!

Hints

FOR GOOD BEHAVIOUR IN COMPANY.

SOCIAL intercourse with friends, if well conducted, is one of the greatest enjoyments of life. In order to this—

1. Be prepared to hear others as well as to talk yourself.
2. Never take up a book or newspaper to read when the rest are conversing.
3. Dont begin to talk before he who is talking has finished what he is saying.
4. Instead of direct contradiction, put your objections in the form of questions.
5. Always pay most attention to the opinions of the more aged and experienced.
6. Never make yourself the subject of conversation, except requested by all present.
7. Dont appear as if you were unwilling to listen to what another is saying.
8. Avoid talking about the failings or faults of absent persons.
9. Be careful not to indulge your own playful wit at the expense of others.
10. When a question is put to another, do not be forward to answer it except requested.
11. If one makes a mistake, point it out quietly. Dont make fun out of it.
12. Never indulge very loud laughter. Let your mirth be always moderate.
13. Never contend. State your own opinion, and leave it for consideration.

14. Try to draw out a modest wise man to say something. It will be worth hearing.

15. Be brief in all you say. Brevity is not only the soul of wit, but of good company.

16. Never say what you will wish you had not afterwards.

17. If you see you have made any one uneasy, make up the matter before you part.

18. That intercourse will bear thinking of in which there has been no scandal.

19. A social company should be like a good choir, in which each takes his part to make up the harmony.

20. Social intercourse never can be profitable without good temper, patience, and forbearance.

Gems.

JESUS CHRIST had no sin of his own, and yet was condemned by men; we have sin, and yet through faith in Christ we are justified before God.

HAPPY ARE THEY who drink of the river of the water of life flowing from the throne of God and the Lamb, for it not only is *over*-flowing but *ever*-flowing.

TIMES OF REFRESHING from the presence of the Lord sometimes come to prepare the christian for seasons of trial, that he may be able to bear them.

NEVER BE SATISFIED with your present attainments in religion. You will always have far more to know and enjoy than you have ever before known or enjoyed.

SUFFERING OR SINNING. — Always prefer suffering to sinning. Suffering, if clearly the will of God, will ever have his blessing—but sinning his curse always.

THE HABIT OF LIVING in dependence on God, with the assurance of his love to us through Christ, is the happiest feeling we can enjoy on earth.

THERE IS NO RELIGION in a man trying to make himself miserable. Sorry for his sins he ought to be; but Christ died to take them away, and the Father waits to forgive him and make him happy.

SAVING SOULS.—The great end of christian effort should be to save souls. Except souls are saved nothing is done. Even eloquent preaching, if it have not this result, will miss the mark.

Poetic Selections.

THE WEARY SUPPLIANT.

By the Archbishop of Dublin.

ALL night the lonely suppliant prayed,
All night his earnest crying made,
Till, standing by his side at morn,
The tempter said, in bitter scorn,

"What peace, what profit do you gain
From empty words and babblings vain?
Come, Lord,—O come! you cry alway,
You pour your heart out night and day,
Yet still no murmur of reply,
No voice that answers, Here am I!"

Then sank that stricken heart in dust;
That word had wither'd all its trust.
No strength retain'd it now to pray,
While Faith and Hope had fled away;
And ill that mourner now had far'd,
Thus by the tempter's art ensnar'd,
But that at length beside his bed
His sorrowing Angel stood, and said:

"Doth it repent thee of thy love,
That never now is heard above
Thy prayer; that now not any more
It knocks at heaven's gate as before?"

"I am cast out,—I find no place,
No hearing at the throne of grace.
Come, Lord, O come—I cry alway,
I pour my heart out night and day;
Yet never until now have won
The answer,—Here am I, my son!"

O dull of heart! inclosed doth lie
In each 'Come Lord!'—an 'Here am I.'
Thy love, thy longing, are not thine,
But gifts that come from love Divine:
That very prayer to thee was given,
Itself a messenger from heaven.
Whom God rejects, are never so,
Strong bands are round them in their woe;
Their breasts are bound with bands of brass,
That sigh or crying cannot pass.
All treasures did the Lord impart
To Pharaoh, save a contrite heart.
All other gifts unto his foes
He freely gives, nor grudging knows;
But Love's sweet smart and anxious pain
A treasure for his friends remain.

The Children's Corner.

THE LAZY LAD.

I KNOW a lazy lad as soon as I see one, and I will tell you how.

If I am walking behind him I can tell he is a lazy fellow by th in which he walks, for he goes creeping along like a snail. The poor thing, has no legs, so it must creep; but he uses his as if did not belong to him, or as if he were lame in both his feet. nearly seventy, but I often overtake such a creeper, pass by hin leave him far behind, thinking to myself—that awkward lad mend his pace, or he will be behind all the days of his life.

If I meet him on some fine morning I can tell he is lazy by his He never seems wide awake. He seems so sleepy and stupid, feel sure he has never washed his face that morning. A lazy lad cold water, and I need not put on my spectacles to see that those places on his face have been there for three or four days at least as for his hair, it does not look as if a comb or a brush had dist it for a fortnight.

If I stop and speak to him, he hangs down his head and mu something in a low voice, and in such a sulky tone, that I cann what it is that he does say, and I feel sure that he dont want know; for before he has done speaking he moves on, just turnin heavy head round once to stare at me with a look that says, business had you to speak to me?

Whenever I happen to meet with such a lazy lad, I cannot feeling sorry for him. Whose fault it is, whether his own o parents, I may not be able to know, but I pity him, for I feel sure no one would be willing to take a lad like that into his employ From work of any kind such a lad as that would skulk whenev could. And it is painful to think what sort of a man he will be; is not hard to guess. It is just of such stuff as these lads that men are made, who always do as little work as they can, and more of what wages they may get at the beer-shop than they home for wife and children, and abuse them cruelly into the barg

I hope the lads who read this will never be lazy, for lazy lads lazy men. I shall tell you about the smart active lad next tim they are the lads for me.

BURSTING OF THE BRADFIELD RESERVOIR.

TWELVE years ago the populous village of Holmfirth, near Huddersfield, was nearly destroyed, and many lives lost, by the bursting of the reservoir at Bilberry. That was a terrible calamity, but this was far more terrible. We sit down, three days after the dreadful event, to give some of the reports which have already reached us. It is a painful task.

The great reservoir for the supply of water to the grinding mills in the valley of the Don above Sheffield was situate at Bradfield, six miles above the town. The works were said to be stronger than those which burst at Bilberry in 1852. But, as one writer observes—"The weight and force of the inundation were far greater, and the consequent demolition more sweeping, more astounding, and more ruinous. The terror was aggravated by the hour of the visitation. The people of the neighbourhood, mostly of a hard-working order, whose day of labour is followed by a heavy sleep, had been for some time in their beds; midnight had not long passed, and they lay tranquil, little dreaming of dangers and deluges as intruders even beneath quiet English roofs; when suddenly, in the very darkest and most silent hour, the whole population is awakened by a sharp, intense, hissing noise, a roaring rush of waters, and the crashing flood falls on the whole valley, bursting into the houses, and drowning the people in their very beds. Buildings, walls, houses, bridges, give way; the rolling billows bear with them the floating wreck; and in the accumulated piles of spoils lie mingled timbers, furniture, and the dead—men, women, and children, as well as brutes, being swept like flies into the common heaps of rubbish."

This brief and fearful description is, alas, too true! How distressing to think that this vast reservoir of water, built up by man and intended to be a blessing to the population of a busy valley, becomes suddenly a mighty instrument of destruction, more fearful than engines of war, and rivalling the earthquake and the avalanche in its overwhelming and resistless power.

Another writer says—"We have to record an occurrence the consequences of which have been so disastrous as to make it rank amongst those appalling catastrophes which from time to time fill a whole nation with consternation and dismay. The great reservoir at Bradfield, about six miles from Sheffield, the bursting of

which was the immediate cause of the sudden inundation of the valley of the Don, had only recently been completed. Its area was seventy-six acres, and it is reported that some time before it gave way it exhibited indications of being unable to sustain the immense pressure of the water within it, the volume of which had been greatly increased by the late heavy rains. When the eventful moment at length came, between twelve and one o'clock on Saturday morning, March 12, 1864, the waters swept everything before them—human beings, domestic animals, houses, great stacks of timber, trees, carts, and furniture of all kinds. Soon after half-past twelve that morning the inhabitants of Sheffield were aroused by the roar of mighty waters, and on running to the banks of the swollen Don the evidences of the occurrence of some dreadful calamity were at once visible. Shooting along on the boiling surface of the discoloured waters were the wrecks of whole villages, while up against the piers of Lady's Bridge, piled as high as the stonework of the parapet, were household and other goods, rafters, floorings, planks, timber, straw, and an immense collection of miscellaneous articles, which had come down in such quantities as to block up the archways. But, sure and certain indices as these were of the destruction which must have been accomplished, the actual nature of the catastrophe far exceeded the gloomiest forebodings of those who watched the wrecks of a hundred households floating by that morning on the waters. As the morning wore on, the waters diminished, but beyond the sight of wet people thronging the streets of Sheffield, or gathering round the fire in the police-station, there was for a time nothing to induce any general belief that life had been lost. About two o'clock the flood in the river had diminished considerably, and the curious proceeded to inspect the neighbourhood of Blonk Street, where the water had been very high. In that street the first evidence that the flood had not been unattended with loss of life was afforded. The body of a man, clinging to a lamp-post, was found. To save himself from being carried away by the water which had rushed through the street like a torrent, he had seized hold of the lamp-post, and perished rather from cold than from actual drowning. In the same street the dead bodies of domestic animals, and whole beds of débris, showed what the furious waters had been doing. In Bridge Street the flood had risen as high as the tops of the shop-windows, and, after it had subsided, dead animals, a quantity of broken furniture, and a deep,

nctuous coating of mud, that almost pulled the boots from the eet, were some of the signs of mischief discernible by the light f the torches and gas. Corporation and other streets were found mpassable with water and wreck, and in various quarters of the own similar scenes were presented."

A newspaper correspondent, writing on the spot and before nything like the full extent of the mischief was known, says:—

'The Iron Bridge and the Hillfoot Bridge both gave way, and he Lady's Bridge trembled under the assault of the timber, that came down upon it with the force of so many battering-rams. As he arches became choked with the labyrinth of rubbish brought lown, the water rose in a few minutes to the level of the bridge. We fear that, as daylight breaks, many dead bodies will be found among the mass of wood and wreck that blocks the upper side of the bridge. We have heard numberless stories of fatalities, persons being drowned in their beds; of dead bodies found by threes and fours in the track of desolation left by the flood; of 'hairbreadth 'scapes,' and of perilous adventures in desperate attempts o rescue those overtaken by the rising waters, and who were elplessly struggling against the death which too many, alas! ave last night died."

At a still later hour in the morning, further particulars of the lood were collected and published in a second edition of the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*—"Whole villages have been swept down he valley of the Don. All the way down from the dam at Bradield to Sheffield the flood has levelled a pathway for itself, and where busy villages stood there is now nothing but an expanse of limy mud, with here and there a dead horse, a tree barked white, and a few mill wheels, the only remnants of mills. Where last night hundreds of people slept in confidence, they and their houses have gone down the stream; their beds floating on the op of the rushing current have spread alarm, and the trustful leepers now sleep the long sleep of death. Never, perhaps, was here a more melancholy change. Where long streets stood esterday at Malin Bridge, to-day not so much as a brick remains o mark the site. The great farm-house of Mr. Trickett is gone, vith all its eleven occupants and stacks. The well-known public-ouses are gone, the two factories, and the wire-workers shop are one; the corn mill has disappeared; the trees, walls, fences, no onger exist, and all that can be found this morning of what was considerable village is a long, smooth expanse of mud, like

what one sees on the banks of the Humber at extreme low tides. The scene is one of annihilation. The double village of Malin Bridge is wiped out, and the place where it stood knows it no more. The force of the flood has even changed the bed of the river, and the oldest inhabitant of the village, were he returning to it, would at first sight be puzzled to make out whereabouts in the broad expanse of brown mud the houses of his neighbourhood stood. In the centre of the village was a large new public-house, and that public-house has left the arched crown of its cellar, under which some barrels may be seen. Near to the fragment of an outbuilding that formerly belonged to the farm some dead horses are lying, and a number of large trees stripped of all their covering, and looking as blanched as the bones of skeletons left on some field of death, lie, with their branches torn off and their roots washed clean, about the adjoining fields. At Owlerton the houses low down near the water have shared the fate of the Malin Bridge houses, while of those which stand higher some have had their sides removed; others have lost their gable ends; and the rooms as they stand look like so many tea chests placed one over another, on their sides with their lids off, to show the various colours of their linings. The flood swept all the bridges clean out of its road.

It appears that the dam gave some intimation of its approaching break-down, for at the near village of Damflask the people were called up by workmen from the dam, and a number of houseless people were applying for admission at the public-house on the top of the hill. But lower down the river there was no warning. The great body of water advanced with all its terrific momentum, and made entire villages collapse like things of pasteboard. In some cases a solitary gable stands tall and white as a monument erected in memory of the departed. The flood has come upon this low-lying neighbourhood like a thief in the night, and the water-mark shows that some of the houses have been submerged nearly to the roof, some have been filled up to the level of the second storey, and in others which stand a little higher the water mark is about shoulder height; and when we note these facts we cannot help but wonder what became of the people who were soundly asleep in the lower rooms, and what of the night wanderers whom the deluge caught in the streets."

Since the above reports were published many distressing and harrowing details have been furnished of how whole families

were swept away, how after great peril some escaped, and how others were rescued. We almost feel relief from a burden in not being able from want of space to tell our readers these sad tales of woe, or the lamentations of those who afterwards discovered their husbands, wives, or children among the dead. It is now supposed that as many as two hundred and fifty have perished, and that the property destroyed exceeds half a million of pounds sterling. On Monday, at a preparatory meeting, £5,000 were subscribed at Sheffield, and a larger meeting was to be held on Tuesday. There can be no doubt that the whole nation will liberally subscribe to relieve the sorrowing sufferers, but the wealth of the world cannot restore the dead!

The reservoir covered seventy-six acres, and was estimated to hold seven hundred million gallons of water. The embankment was three hundred feet long, eighty-five feet high, and forty feet in thickness. The water in some parts was ninety feet deep, but was not up so high as it was supposed the embankment was able to bear; and it now appears that the high winds blowing strong waves upon it made it give way. Late on Friday evening fears were expressed, and workmen were trying to let off the water, when a great crack in the bank was discovered, and the engineer and his foreman, who were inspecting it, had a narrow escape. The crack widened, and at last opened a passage for the mighty rush of the waters 110 feet long and 70 feet deep. The people for two miles down the valley were warned, and many escaped to the hill sides, but for four more miles all down to Sheffield, and there too, they had no warning—the flood came and swept them all away!

Up to Wednesday evening £16,000 were subscribed, £1,000 of which were from the trustees of the Duke of Norfolk, who has vast property in and near the town. At that time also two hundred and forty-one dead bodies had been found.

How powerfully does this appalling calamity remind us of the most awful visitation of Divine judgment ever inflicted upon the world we inhabit. Man may not be guiltless of blame for this, but whilst sympathising with the sufferers, we may express our hope that the lessons which it teaches of the insecurity of human life will lead thousands not only in Sheffield and its vicinity, but in all parts of our land, to serious reflection. Verily, we never know what a day or a night may bring forth!

Poetry.

SERIOUS THOUGHTS.

Soon will my shortening years be past,
And this, perhaps, may prove my last;
Or should kind Heaven me longer spare,
Yet death may seize, ere I'm aware.

Then why should I life's work delay,
Who cannot boast another day?
This moment scarce I call my own,
For while I speak, behold 'tis gone.

Yet, on this short and narrow span
Depends the bliss or woe of man;
Tears and repentance come too late,
When death has fixed our final state.

Be wise, my soul, be timely wise,
Flee to the atoning sacrifice;
The gospel promises embrace,
And trust thy all to Jesus' grace.

Thus seize the moments as they fly,
Learn well to live, and well to die;
Long do they live, nor die too soon,
Who live till life's great work is done.

Lord, teach us that one thing to choose,
Which they who gain shall never lose;
Sufficient in itself alone,
And needful were the world our own.

Anecdotes and Selections.

A Great Folly.—Too many persons, instead of making sure o sent salvation, perplex themselves by trying to find out how they to be lost. Dr. Nettleton used thus to illustrate the conduct of persons: "Suppose a number of men in a boat. By some mean of them gets overboard. He exclaims, 'How came I here?' matter,' says one of his companions, 'let us help you into the l 'No,' says he, 'there is an important question first to be settled *came I here?*' 'We cannot tell,' says his friend, 'there are diff ways; you may have jumped overboard, or been thrown overboa fallen over in your sleep: but take fast hold of this rope.' ' replies he; if you won't tell me how I came here, I'm determin drown."

SEEING JESUS.—Perhaps as *your* Saviour you beheld him once, and the sight you cannot to your dying day forget. But now your eyes are holden that you see him not. Sadder this, surely, than had you ne'er beheld him. We pity most of all the blind whose sight at life's bright noon has gone quite out. To have once gazed upon this fair earth, and those human faces which to us were fairer still, and afterwards to become dependent upon memory for all that once so much delighted us, and to feel our recollectfon of them dying away too—all this how sad! But surely not half so sad as once to have seen Jesus as your Saviour, but now no more to see him! Oh! what has dimmed your vision? How has that darkness come down upon you? But are you content never to see Jesus again as once you saw him? He still loves you with all a Saviour's love. You may have changed, but never he! And now hark! for he is passing by. Oh, ere he passes to return, perhaps, no more to you, cry, "Jesus, Lord, have mercy on me." Hark the response!—"What wilt thou have me to do?" Hesitate not with the reply—"Lord, that my eyes may be opened." And then seeing him, by new visits to the cleansing fountain, and by work for him and by prayer to him, keep your eye bright, and your spirit will be joyful.

A CHRISTIAN LADY whose piety was unquestionable, had one besetting sin. She was fond of criticising the sermons she heard, and being very witty, would sometimes indulge playful sarcasms on the remarks or manners of the preacher. Returning from worship one sabbath morning with her husband, who was not a converted man, she began to make some amusing and spicy comments on the sermon, which a stranger, a man of very ordinary talents and awkward manner, had preached that morning in the absence of the pastor. After running on in this vein of sportive criticism for some time, surprised at the silence of her husband, she turned and looked up in his face. He was in tears. That sermon had sent an arrow of conviction to his heart! What must have been the anguish of the conscience-stricken wife thus arrested in the act of ridiculing a discourse which had been the means of awakening the anxiety of her unconverted husband?

THE CROSS AND THE CROWN.—The way to the crown, is by the cross. We must taste the gall, if we are to taste the glory. If justified by faith, we must suffer tribulations. When God saves a soul, he tries it. Some believers are much surprised when they are called to suffer. They thought they would *do* some great thing for God; but all he permits them to do, is to suffer for his sake. Go round to every one in glory; each has a different story to tell; yet every one a tale of suffering. But mark, all were brought out of them. It was a dark cloud, *but it passed away*. The water was deep, but *they reached the other side*. Not one there blames God for the way he led them thither. "Salvation" is their only cry. Child of God! murmur not at your lot. You must have a palm, as well as a white robe. Learn to glory in tribulations also.

MIGHTY TO SAVE.—Be not discouraged because you are sinful. It is the very office of Christ's love to heal your sin. Not then when you have overcome them yourself is he prepared to receive you; it is his delight to give you help while you are wrestling with your sins. He is your pilot, to steer you out of trouble. No pilot would he be, that only then would take my ship when I had gone through the narrows, and could see the port, and was free from all danger. Who would need a physician if he might not come to his bedside until after he was healed? and what hope of salvation for us, if God would give us no help till the work of subduing the natural heart were completed? Jesus comes to you when you are weak. When you are tempted, when you are vanquished, he comes to strengthen, to deliver, to raise you up again. Yes, always, He is mighty to save.

KIND WORDS never blister the tongue or lips. They do not cost much, yet they accomplish much. They help one's own good nature. Soft words soften our own souls. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them. There is a great rush of words in our day; it therefore seems advisable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, idle words, silly words, profane words, boisterous words enough abroad. Kind words produce their own image on the hearts around. They soothe, quiet, and comfort the hearer, and shame him out of sour, morose, and unkind feelings. We do not yet use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.

The Fireside.

MAKE HOME HAPPY.

ALL home pictures should be bright ones. The domestic hearth should be clean and joyous. If home life is well ordered, the children having, according to age, work-time, play-time, books, games, and household sympathies, they will love and find pleasure there.

Give the little ones slates and pencils, and encourage their attempts to make pictures. Drawing will amuse them when noisy plays are unseasonable, and the art will be useful to them in all the business of after life. Have them read to each other stories and paragraphs of your selection, and save the pleasant ones you see in papers and books, to read to them at your leisure. You cannot imagine how much it will please them, and how it will bind them to you. But choose well for them, for the impression made on their minds now will last when the hills crumble. Have them sing together, and sing with them, teaching them songs and hymns. Let them sing all day, like the birds, at *all proper times*. Have them mutually interested in the same things, *amusements*, and occupations, having specified times for each, so that

their habits will be orderly. Let them work together—knitting and sewing—both boys and girls. They enjoy it equally, unless the boys are taught that it is unmanly to understand girls' work. They should know how to do it, and practically too, as thereby they may avoid much discomfort in future life. Let them work together in the garden —boys and girls—both need out-of-door work. Together let them enjoy their games, riddles, all their plays, books, and work, while the parents' eyes direct and sympathize, and blend in loving accord. Have the children do some little things, daily, for your personal comfort; let them see that it gives you pleasure, and that you depend on them for the service. This will attach them to you more strongly; and if they feel responsibility, even in matters of themselves trivial, and are sure of your sympathy, their affections and joys will cluster around the home hearth.

The Penny Post Box.

THE NOBILITY OF LABOUR.

YES: there is something truly noble in labour. True nobility does not consist in the inheritance of vast estates and high titles, so much as in honest labour for daily bread. He is a noble man who willingly does the work he can best perform; for he is one who lends a hand to remove the consequences of the first great curse with which the Lord God cursed the ground for man's sake. He may be a rough sun burnt day labourer, bowed down by long years of toil—he may be a poor thin half-fed workman at the loom or frame—he may be a begrimed miner, doing his dangerous work down deep in the dark bowels of the earth—or he may be a sailor, exposed night and day to the perils of the great and wide sea—yet to each and all of these I feel myself indebted for food, and clothing, and firing, and many of the comforts I enjoy, and which I could not obtain if they did not secure them for me. I esteem such men as my friends, and I respect them far more than I do those who spend the wealth they inherit but never worked for in vain and sinful indulgences, or in other words, "the pomps and vanities of this wicked world." And I say this with no wish to set the poor against the rich. That I would not do, for I know many rich people who are considerate and kind, and do much good among their poorer neighbours. What I wish to do is to claim for hard-working men, aye, and women too, the respect that is due to them for their valuable services to society. "Honour to whom honour is due," says the Bible, and it is due to them. We are also told to "honour all men," the rich if worthy, certainly, but not to the exclusion of hard-working men and women.

OBSERVER.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

A YANKEE FARMER.

THE rich and proud slaveholders of the South who breed, and sell, and whip black men to make them do the work which they are neither able nor willing to do themselves, despise the Yankee farmers of the North as being mere labourers and stupid clowns. An English writer at New York, says:

"Let me tell you a little about one of these Yankees whom I know well, and in whose house I have lived weeks at a time. He is a small farmer, tilling less than one hundred acres, which have been owned and tilled by his family for generations, and living upon that and a little money out at interest. He not only goes to the fields with his men, but works with them there. I have many a time seen him riding home on a load of hay, a good part of which had fallen before his own well-swung scythe. Now, what do you think that man's recreations are? Chiefly astronomy. A fine observing telescope is his hobby. He is up with it in the middle of the night, and before the dawn, upon all good opportunity. His library, not large, but well chosen, is so thoroughly and intelligently read by him, that some of the most pungent opinions I have ever heard upon literature have come from his lips in English, than which no better, according to the standard of Oxford and Cambridge, is spoken anywhere. The word farmer conveys to you a certain idea. Does it convey the idea of such a man as this? From my observation I should judge decidedly not. And yet this man is only a farmer, and the son and grandson of Yankee farmers on both sides. But you will say that this man is a very rare and marked exception. But in that you will be wrong. He represents a class numbered by hundreds of thousands in New England."

Such men were never likely to allow themselves to be made slave-catchers for the Southern Planters.

Hints

ON OUR ACTIONS.

WE should be careful of our actions, any one of which may result in consequences for good or evil beyond all we now can know or imagine.

Actions are the foundations of character. The sound of your hammer at five in the morning builds it up, but coming out of the beer-shop at eleven at night pulls it down.

A Real Man's life is made up of the good actions he has done, not of the splendid things he has only thought of doing.

No evil action can ever be well done; but a good action, pity 'tis to say it, may be spoiled by being badly done.

There can be no nobler motive to action than the desire to get good and do good. But we may often get good by doing good.

Good actions have eloquent voices. They discourse such sweet music, that all ears are ready to listen to them.

Our actions are our property, and ever will be, for they follow a man into eternity for good or evil—as the Bible says, "and their works do follow them."

In judging of actions we must always be guided by the immutable standard of right and wrong, making all reasonable allowance for circum-

The most charitable deci-
usually the least unjust.
tion is in action. The
sed for man's sin, is turned
ing by his action. But the
irses himself.

Gems.

RTH AND HEAVEN.

ese, and compare them one
her. How different! What
ntrasts! Only in one other
that place is Hell, is there
difference, or more striking

re yet on earth. We know
is, and we have heard
en is, and the contrast
ese is sufficient to excite

a scene of partial light and
ever changing, and often
-Heaven is filled with per-
erpetual light. "There is
ere."

loyments of earth are labo-
often painful; the employ-
heaven are delightful and
g.

g and sorrow abound on
y are alike unknown in

and sighs are the utterances
songs of joy unceasing and
ed are heard in heaven.

lisappointments, anxieties,
h apprehensions and fears
not one of these ever arise

asts his dark shadow across
nd over all we see on earth;
never has, never can, never
heaven.

rise all around us on earth.
none in heaven.

the cause of all these con-
d differences, has never
heaven as it has blasted
earth and filled it with mourning, lamentation, and woe!

To wash out the stains of sin from man's soul, and so prepare him for the holy glory of heaven, the Son of God became the Son of man, endured untold sufferings, and shed his precious blood on the cross of Calvary.

BELIEVE ON THE LORD JESUS CHRIST, AND THOU SHALT BE SAVED.

Poetic Selections.

"LEAVE ME NOT."

DEAR Saviour, leave me not alone,
I need thy care;
The storm is rising high around,
Danger is near;
But with thy presence all is well,
I have no fear.

My confidence once placed on earth,
All fair and bright,
Like to some frail but dying flower,
Fades from my sight;
But thy undying love will yield
Ceaseless delight.

Thy precious words have power, I know,
My heart to cheer:
Though as I travel on I find
The pathway drear,
I cannot well mistake the way,
If thou art near.

My only help and hope art thou;
I cling to thee:
Soon will the icy streams of death
Encompass me;
O may I, in that lonely hour,
Thy glory see!

Blest Jesus! reign within, and make
My heart thy throne;
The needed grace impart, to live
To thee alone;
And when before thy bar I stand,
Thy servant own.

B. M.

The Children's Corner.

BOYS, READ THIS.

FROM the deepest caves of ocean, down amid dark sea-weed and worthless stones, the diver brings up the costliest pearls. Hid in the bowels of the earth is the diamond, which is dug up, and handed to the lapidary, and polished on the wheel, and set in the crown of royalty, where its flashing brilliancy dazzles all beholders. So it is a fact worth noticing that many of the greatest and best men have sprung from the lower classes of society. They have been cradled in poverty and nursed on the rough lap of want. However successful their after career—whatever triumphs they have won in politics, literature, science, or religion—how numerous soever their honours—they have owed nothing to birth, parentage, or early advantages. On the other hand, they have risen to greatness and renown in spite of the obstacles which their mean origin and needy youth threw across their way. I might take up all this space with an enumeration of names illustrative of this fact. Let a small selection suffice. I give them as I think of them. James Ferguson, the astronomer, was the son of a day labourer, and commenced his astronomical and mechanical studies while a shepherd boy. Martin Luther's father was a working miner, and hardly knew how to find his family bread. Robert Bloomfield was the son of a tailor, and passed through the changes of a farmer's boy and a working shoemaker. And that other Robert—I mean Robert Burns—was the son of a gardener, and himself in his early years followed the plough. Ben Jonson, the poet, was a bricklayer. Sir Francis Chantrey, the sculptor, was a milk-boy, who brought milk to Sheffield in tin cans fixed on each side an ass. Captain Cook, the discoverer, was the son of a farm servant, and commenced his career as a common sailor. Early in life William Cobbet followed the plough, like Robert Burns, and then enlisted as a private soldier. William Gifford, who for many years edited "The Quarterly Review," was a sailor boy, and afterwards a shoemaker's apprentice. The father of George Stephenson was a fireman earning twelve shillings a week; and the great engineer himself began life as a cowherd at twopence a day. John Foster, one of the profoundest thinkers of this or any other age, was the son of a hand-loom weaver, and the essayist when a boy followed the same calling. William Carey, the heroic missionary and learned Orientalist, was once a poor shoemaker. One of the most remarkable preachers of modern times, William Jay, of Bath, was a stonemason. The Welsh preacher, Christmas Evans, was left fatherless and in abject poverty when only nine years old, and spent his youth as a day labourer. And John Kitto, the great Bible scholar, at fifteen years of age was a parish pauper.

HYMNS ABOUT HEAVEN;

TO BE READ, OR SAID, OR SUNG ON EARTH.

"We speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confest,
But what must it be to be there?"

ANTICIPATION.

O WHEN shall we sweetly remove,
O when shall we enter our rest,
Return to the Zion above,
The mother of spirits distrest!
That city of God the great King,
Where sorrow and death are no more;
But saints our Immanuel sing,
And cherub and seraph adore.

Not all the archangels can tell
The joys of that holiest place,
Where Jesus is pleased to reveal
The light of his heavenly face;
When caught in the rapturous flame,
The sight beatific they prove,
And walk in the light of the Lamb,
Enjoying the beams of his love.

Thou know'st, in the spirit of prayer,
We long thy appearing to see,
Resign'd to the burden we bear,
But longing to triumph with thee:
'Tis good at thy word to be here,
'Tis better in thee to be gone,
And see thee in glory appear,
And rise to a share in thy throne.

To mourn for thy coming is sweet,
To weep at thy longer delay;
But thou, whom we hasten to meet,
Shalt chase all our sorrows away.
The tears shall be wiped from our eyes,
When thee we behold in the cloud,
And echo the joys of the skies,
And shout to the trumpet of God.

HOPE.

How happy every child of grace,
  Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
  I seek my place in heaven;
A country far from mortal sight;
  Yet, O! by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
  The heaven prepared for me.

A stranger in the world below,
  I calmly sojourn here;
Nor can its happiness or woe
  Provoke my hope or fear:
Its evils in a moment end,
  Its joys as soon are past;
But, O! the bliss to which I tend
  Eternally shall last.

To that Jerusalem above
  With singing I repair;
While in the flesh, my hope and love,
  My heart and soul, are there:
There my exalted Saviour stands,
  My merciful High-Priest,
And still extends his wounded hands,
  To take me to his breast.

What is there here to court my stay,
  Or hold me back from home,
While angels beckon me away,
  And Jesus bids me come?
Shall I regret my parted friends,
  Still in the vale confin'd?
Nay, but whene'er my soul ascends,
  They will not stay behind.

The race we all are running now:
  And if I first attain,
They too their willing head shall bow,
  They too the prize shall gain.
Now on the brink of death we stand;
  And if I pass before,
They all shall soon escape to land,
  And hail me on the shore.

Then let me suddenly remove,
  That hidden life to share;

I shall not lose my friends above,
  But more enjoy them there.
There we in Jesus' praise shall join,
  His boundless love proclaim,
And solemnize in songs divine
  The marriage of the Lamb.

O what a blessed hope is ours!
  While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
  And antedate that day:
We feel the resurrection near,
  Our life in Christ conceal'd,
And with his glorious presence here
  Our earthen vessels fill'd.

O would He more of heaven bestow,
  And let the vessel break,
And let our ransom'd spirits go
  To grasp the God we seek:
In rapturous awe on Him to gaze,
  Who bought the sight for me;
And shout, and wonder at his grace,
  Through all eternity!

GLORIFICATION.

WHERE shall true believers go,
  When from the flesh they fly?
Glorious joys ordain'd to know,
  They mount above the sky,
To that bright celestial place;
  There they shall in raptures live,
More than tongue can e'er express,
  Or heart can e'er conceive.

When they once are enter'd there,
  Their mourning days are o'er;
Pain, and sin, and want, and care,
  And sighing is no more;
Subject then to no decay,
  Heavenly bodies they put on,
Swifter than the lightning's ray,
  And brighter than the sun.

But their greatest happiness,
  Their highest joy, shall be,
God their Saviour to possess,
  To know, and love, and see:

With that beatific sight
  Glorious ecstasy is given;
This is their supreme delight,
  And makes a heaven of heaven.

Him beholding face to face,
  To him they glory give,
Bless his name and sing his praise,
  As long as God shall live.
While eternal ages roll,
  Thus employ'd in heaven they are:
Lord, receive my happy soul
  With all thy servants there!

IMMORTALITY.

And let this feeble body fail,
  And let it droop and die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
  And soar to worlds on high;
Shall join the disembodied saints,
  And find its long-sought rest,
(That only bliss for which it pants,)
  In my Redeemer's breast.

In hope of that immortal crown,
  I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
  And smile at toil and pain:
I suffer out my threescore years,
  Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
  And take his exile home.

Surely he will not long delay:
  I hear his Spirit cry,
"Arise, my love, make haste away!
  Go, get thee up, and die.
O'er death, who now has lost his sting,
  I give thee victory:
And with me my reward I bring,
  I bring my heaven for thee."

O what hath Jesus bought for me!
  Before my ravish'd eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
  And trees of paradise:

They flourish in perpetual bloom,
  Fruit every month they give;
And to the healing leaves who come
  Eternally shall live.

I see a world of spirits bright,
  Who reap the pleasures there;
They all are robed in purest white,
  And conquering palms they bear:
Adorn'd by their Redeemer's grace,
  They close pursue the Lamb;
And every shining front displays
  The unutterable Name.

They drink the vivifying stream,
  They pluck the' ambrosial fruit,
And each records the praise of Him
  Who tuned his golden lute:
At once they strike the harmonious wire,
  And hymn the great Three-One:
He hears; he smiles; and all the choir
  Fall down before his throne.

O what are all my sufferings here,
  If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to appear,
  And worship at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
  Take life or friends away:
I come, to find them all again
  In that eternal day.

RE-UNION.

COME, let us join our friends above
  That have obtain'd the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
  To joys celestial rise:
Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
  With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
  In earth and heaven are one.

One family we dwell in him,
  One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
  The narrow stream, of death:

One army of the living God,
  To his command we bow;
Part of his host have cross'd the flood,
  And part are crossing now.

Ten thousand to their endless home
  This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
  And we expect to die:
His militant embodied host,
  With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
  And reach the heavenly land.

Our old companions in distress
  We haste again to see,
And eager long for our release,
  And full felicity:
Even now by faith we join our hands
  With those that went before;
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
  On the eternal shore.

Our spirits too shall quickly join,
  Like theirs with glory crown'd,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
  To hear his trumpet sound.
O that we now might grasp our Guide!
  O that the word were given!
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
  And land us all in heaven!

Anecdotes and Selections.

RESTING WITH GOD.—The more you are acquainted with God w you live, the more willing you will be to die, to go to him; for de to a child of God, is nothing else but a resting with God, in wl bosom he hath often been by holy meditation, when he was alive. Preston, when he was dying, used these words: "Blessed be (though I change my place I shall not change my company; for I l walked with God while living, and now I go to rest with God."

THREE WONDERS IN HEAVEN.—John Newton said, "When I ge heaven, I shall see three wonders there;—the first wonder will b see many people there whom I did not expect to see; the second wo will be to miss many people whom I did expect to see; and the t and greatest wonder of all, will be to find myself there."

To a Sincere Christian who has lived all his life long in bondage unto fear, not daring to believe himself a child of God, how sweet will be the waking in heaven! With great dread and trembling he may approach the death hour, and go down through chilling mists and vapours to the unknown sea. And when upon the other shore sweet strains come to his ear, he will not understand them; but fair form after fair form will appear to greet him, and at length, from the impearled atmosphere, God's holy band of gathering and reaping angels, more in number than the stars, will come forth, filling all the air with music, and minister unto him an abundant entrance into the heavenly kingdom! It were almost enough to make one's heaven, to stand and see the first beam of joy in the face, and hear the first rapturous cry, as they cross the threshold, of thousands of timid christians who lived weeping and died sighing, but who will wake to find every tear an orb of joy, and every sigh an inspiration of God. Oh, the wondrous joy of heaven to those who did not expect it!

I shall know by next Christmas.—A nobleman mentioning that he had formed a party of pleasure for Christmas, in which he had included a late eminent statesman, added, "It will be a new scene, sir, and I think you will approve of it." "I shall indeed be in a new scene by Christmas next," replied the statesman. "My lord, what do you think of the state of the soul after death?" His lordship, confounded by the unexpected turn of the conversation, made no reply. The statesman continued, "That it is immortal, I am convinced. The existence of the Deity is a proof that spirit exists; why not, therefore, the soul of man? And if such an essence as the soul exists, by its nature it may exist for ever. I should have believed in the immortality of the soul though Christianity had never existed; but how it acts as separated from the body, is beyond my capacity of judgment. This, however, I shall know by next Christmas." And he did!

A Father, with his little Son, is journeying overland to California, and when at night he pitches his tent in some pleasant valley, the child is charmed with the spot, and begs his father to rear a house and remain there; and he begins to make a little fence about the tent, and digs up the wild flowers and plants them within the enclosure. But the father says, "No, my son. Our home is far distant. Let these things go, for to-morrow we must depart." Now, God is taking us, his children, as pilgrims and strangers, homeward; but we desire to build here, and must be often overthrown before we can learn to seek "the city that hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God."

A Worthless Honour.—A distinguished character had an extraordinary mark of distinction and honour sent him by his prince as he lay on his death-bed. "Alas!" said he, looking coldly upon it, "this is a mighty fine thing in this country; but I am just going to a country where it will be of no service to me."

The Fireside.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

It is an important part of a married woman's duty to use well the influence she naturally possesses. The sacred writers speak of holy women "winning" their husbands. A most expressive phrase, showing the constant and powerful moral influence which the character and conduct of a wife exert on her husband; and intimating to what end, and in what manner, that influence should be employed. Her object should be to win him to whatever is good and praiseworthy, to encourage and promote all his good designs and purposes, and to draw him away from such pursuits and companions as may be dangerous or questionable. And how is this to be attempted? Not by lecturing, scolding, driving, domineering—not by setting up herself to oppose and thwart him, even in those things which she may not approve—not by bitter reproach, or by proclaiming his faults to others, or setting them before his own view in an indirect manner, or, as it is commonly expressed, "talking at him," or "giving him a side blow." All these methods tend to irritate, exasperate, and harden. But she is to "win" him by every tender, gentle, and endearing method. If she wishes to win him to the love of goodness, she must let him constantly see in her own example how lovely goodness is. Perhaps he may refuse to hear the preaching of the word, or to read the good book she has placed in his way; but he can and will read "her chaste conversation, coupled with fear," her good works, her meek and quiet spirit, her affectionate forbearance, her tender solicitude. And these, for they are divinely appointed means, may probably be successfully working, even when she is bowed down with discouragement. It may sometimes be the duty of a wife explicitly to point out what she sees wrong in the conduct of her husband; still she must keep in view the beautiful idea of "winning" him back to the good and right way. Little should be said, and that little characterized alike by fidelity and affection, and expressed with the meekness of wisdom.

But all this is on the supposition that the husband is more disinclined to good things than the wife, and more apt to be led into the snares of bad company and vice. The reverse may be the case; and happy is the married woman who can look up to her husband as an example of conscientious and consistent piety, prudence, and goodness. In such a happy case, it becomes her duty to endeavour daily to improve her own character by his example, and also to be very careful that her influence does not, in any degree, tend to injure him. Such are the weakness and corruption of human nature, that there is always a stronger tendency to receive injury from a worse example, than to improve by a better. A wife should therefore take good heed that she

does not interrupt, discourage, or divert from any good practice which her husband may have adopted, and also that she does not originate any practice less excellent than his own. There should be, on both sides, a holy emulation to pursue and to promote the presence of whatever things are honest, just, lovely, and of good report; and especially, they should mutually endeavour to encourage and assist each other in their pilgrimage to a better world, "walking together as heirs of the grace of life."

The Penny Post Box.

FATHER AND MOTHER.

I LOVE old-fashioned words and ways, that is, if there be no harm in them; and so I dont like the new words which some people are using now-a-days, for I think there is harm in them. I confess that I always feel sorry and almost indignant when I hear those noble old English words "Father" and "Mother" thrust aside by such paltry and puerile foreign words as "Pa" and "Ma;" for I think that if there be not evil in them, there is something very objectionable; and chiefly because if the new words become common and supplant the eld ones, they will rob many precious gems in the Bible of their brightest lustre. Let me give two examples:—

"As a FATHER pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."
"As one whom his MOTHER comforteth, so will I comfort you."

How should we like them if they stood—

"As a Pa pitieth his children," &c.
"As one whom his Ma comforteth," &c.

How expressive and powerful are the old words—how unmeaning and feeble are the new!

Fifty years ago, and later than than that, these new words were only heard in the aristocratic and fashionable families of our land; but of late they have found their way down, not only into the families of the middle classes, but some of the working classes are beginning to use them too. I confess my surprise and sorrow for this. I had thought that the good sense of the middle and working classes of England would have stemmed this tide of foreign innovation, and kept it back, by telling the inventors of these new-fangled words that they might use them if they would, but as for themselves they would have none of them.

I have written these few words on this fashionable folly just to direct attention to it; but I have not mentioned, as I might have done, several other injurious effects that must result from its general adoption. Perhaps I may do so some day. A GRANDFATHER.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

LOCUSTS IN NORTHERN INDIA.

THEIR flight extended from Peshawur to the plains of Lower Bengal and the uplands of Central India. They first appeared in Mooltan in September, 1862, full-grown and of mature age. They came by way of the Scinde deserts, probably from Arabia. After destroying only the crops of mustard and other oil seeds, they passed northward to Rawul Pindee, where first our officers took steps systematically to destroy them and their eggs. The spring crops were gathered in without serious damage; but last April the eggs which escaped destruction were hatched in the sandy tracts of Bunnoo and the gorges of the Kohat and Peshawur Hills, and the Salt range. The people were now fully roused, and in vast numbers destroyed the young swarms. Still, innumerable flights escaped, and tormented the peasantry of Goordaspore, like an Egyptian plague, by filling their houses and leaping into their cooking-pots and wells. The springing cotton and sugar-cane suffered. The native States soon sent forth their swarms, and the whole passed south-east by Rajpootana, the Doab, Benares, Ghazeepore, and Chota Nagpore to the delta of the Ganges. They went as high as Almora, doing no damage to the tea-plant, but terrifying its owners. Cotton is unfortunately their favourite, and it is feared they will seriously affect the expected increase of produce this year. At Arrah, where they were very bad, the magistrate described them to me as appearing at sunrise with the whirr of ten thousand weaving machines. They stretched like a firmament for miles on every side, and towered up to heaven in pillars of ever-revolving multitudes, like millions of water-spouts. Every bird abandoned the air to them, and they soon stripped all the plantain trees in the station. With the cold season (1863) they went away to the East; but the fear is that they have left their eggs behind them, and that in place of famine, which irrigation and a permanent settlement of the land-tax will prevent, we may have the locust as a standing curse in India.

Hints.

A LIE always needs a truth for a handle to it, or else he who handles it would cut himself with his own tool.

SOME PEOPLE waste their blessings as they do their bread crusts; they let them get mouldy, and then grumble and throw them away.

SLAVEHOLDERS have been compared to asses chained to the chariot of liberty, who whether they will or no, must draw it along its triumphant course.

A MOTHER'S HEART is her child's school-room, to which it loves to go; and there it learns, or should learn, life-long lessons, never to be forgotten.

A MAN IN THE RIGHT, with a good conscience and the Bible on his side, is never disconcerted. He can afford to wait until Truth comes and clears all up.

IT IS MISERABLE WORK for a man when summoned into the court of his own conscience to see him trying to silence its charges or shuffle them off. Better let it speak out, and plead guilty himself at once.

SUCCESS to some men is often as great a disappointment as a boy feels, who discovering a nest in the bush, finds on putting his hand into it, nothing but last years dead leaves.

ING OR ANYBODY that tempts
) prefer any place to his own
ıght to be regarded by him as
y to the peace and comfort of
household.

NING MAN deceives no one so
he deceives himself. Blind
ıe presumes others are blind

Gems.

HOPE, CHARITY.—Faith sees
lory; Hope mounts towards
enjoys it, and there abideth.

ARN RELIGION you must not
eeds and commentaries and
ns; but give your heart to
ınd the Holy Spirit will then
ı all things.

TWENTY-THIRD PSALM. — A
ılls this "the Nightingale of
and exclaims, "Blessed be
the day when this psalm was

ING OUR EARS to the discords
let us open them to the har-
)f heaven; for there around
ıe of God, the holy songsters
sing.

'OUR LIGHT SHINE, like the
o passing along the ruts of
ıd dirty village with his lan-
es light from it to half-a-dozen
ighbours going the same road.

LIVING GOD is the life of the
). There is no creature seen
en by us, that he does not
vith all it needs. Let us not
t he will neglect or forget us
n Christ died.

ıRS ARE TROUBLESOME to us
es, and tire our patience; but
d never says with a scowl,
omes that poor limping sinner
Nay, he waiteth to receive him
ply all his need.

IAS MADE for every one of us,
ill only come back on it, a
of golden promises, leading
e quagmire of sin to his own
ı heaven.

Poetic Selections.

LIGHT COMING OUT OF DARKNESS.

How weary and how worthless
  This life at times appears!
What days of heavy musings,
  What hours of bitter tears!
How dark the storm-clouds gather
  Along the wintry skies!
How desolate and cheerless
  The path before us lies!

And yet these days of dreariness
  Are sent us from above;
They do not come in anger,
  But in faithfulness and love;
They come to teach us lessons
  Which bright ones could not yield,
And to leave us blest and thankful
  When their purpose is fulfilled.

They come to draw us nearer
  To our Father and our Lord,
More earnestly to seek His face,
  To listen to His word;
And to feel, if now around us
  A desert land we see,
Without the star of promise,
  What would its darkness be!

They come to lay us lowly,
  And humbled in the dust;
All self-deception swept away,
  All creature hope and trust;
Our helplessness, our vileness,
  Our guiltiness to own,
And flee, for hope and refuge,
  To Christ and Christ alone.

They come to break the fetters
  Which here detain us fast,
And force our long-reluctant hearts
  To rise to heaven at last;
And brighten every prospect
  Of that eternal home,
Where grief and disappointment
  And fear can never come.

Then turn not in despondency,
  Poor weary heart away,
But meekly journey onwards,
  Through the dark and cloudy day;
Even now the bow of promise
  Is above thee painted bright,
And soon a joyful morning
  Shall dissipate the night.

Thy God hath not forgot thee,
  And when He sees it best,
Will lead thee into sunshine,
  Will give thee bowers of rest;
And all thy pain and sorrow,
  When the pilgrimage is o'er,
Shall end in heavenly blessedness,
  And joys for evermore!

S.

The Children's Corner.

A YOUNG DISCIPLE.

At the close of a sabbath evening, I sat in the house of prayer. The public services of the day had closed; but a few remained to implore the divine blessing on the engagements of the day now closing. A hymn was sung, and a portion of scripture read, and then the voice of prayer was heard. Soft was that voice, and humble were those petitions, and a sweet influence seemed to pervade the minds of all present. But who was the petitioner? It was William, a sabbath scholar. Yes! blessed be God, there are some over whom sabbath-school teachers have to rejoice, in seeing them devote their early days to God. William blessed God on behalf of those who had pious parents: for he had known their value. Nor were the sabbath-school and the teachers forgotten: he had been blessed with their instructions. He, from infancy, had been brought up in the ways of religion. His pious parents had taught him by their example, instructions, and prayers, and thus had led him into wisdom's ways. His teacher, too, had often urged him to fly to Jesus. William grew up thoughtful, and amiable, but still did not seem decided. One evening, a pious friend called on his father, and related to him a very interesting account of a young person who was powerfully awakened to her state as a sinner. William was present. What was said, struck him to the heart. He saw himself a sinner, and could gain no peace until he had fled to Christ for mercy: and then he found that peace which passeth all understanding. Oh! how happy were all his friends to know that William was indeed a real christian.

Having given himself to God, he gave himself also to his people; and one sabbath, he, with many others, publicly put on a profession of Christ. His consistent conduct shews that he has been with Jesus. William is now a sabbath-school teacher, and feels it a delightful employment to teach his class the way to heaven.

Dear children, such is William. Do you resemble him? Have you given your hearts to Christ? Oh! if not, let me entreat you to

"Seek Jesus, who alone can give
The grace by which your soul may live;
All other hope is false and vain,—
None enter heaven till born again."

Miriam.

FRIENDS CANNOT FIGHT.

THE people who call themselves "Friends," but who are better known by the name "Quakers," have always been remarkable for their steady opposition to the world's three greatest curses—Drunkenness, War, and Slavery.

They have always refused to fight, even in self defence, believing it to be a christian duty, commanded by the Lord Jesus, and sanctioned by the conduct of the early christians, who chose rather to die themselves than kill others.

Here are a few facts, written and published at the time, respecting five "Friends" in North Carolina, who were drafted as soldiers for the slavery army in the South. Their names and ages were—Thomas Hinshaw, aged 32, Jacob Hinshaw, his brother, aged 29, and Cyrus and Nathan Barker, also brothers, aged respectively 22 and 20 years, and William B. Hockett, aged 36.

The first four were forcibly taken from their homes the latter part of the Tenth Month, 1862, and retained in the rebel army until the battle of Gettysburg, in the Seventh Month, 1863. William B. Hockett was taken in the Sixth Month, 1863, and remained with the army nearly one month, when he was taken prisoner by the Union troops, shortly before the battle of Gettysburg, and sent to Fort Delaware nearly two weeks earlier than the others. He was in a different division of the rebel army from them, and they did not know of his being taken from home until they met him, as a fellow-prisoner, in Fort Delaware.

They are all farmers, and the eldest three are married, and have left wives and children, one of the latter born since its father was forced from home. While the four Friends were within those States held by the rebels, they had communication by letter with their families and friends, and once were permitted to visit them; but when the army moved further north, letters could not pass, and for about five months they have had no intelligence from them, which they feel to be a very sore trial.

Thomas Hinshaw was taken at his home by an armed guard, early in the morning, and, notwithstanding the entreaty of his wife, who was preparing breakfast, was hurried away to the military camp, with scarcely any opportunity to prepare for his absence, or to take leave of his family. Jacob Hinshaw was taken from his bed in the night, and carried off in the same hasty

and unfeeling manner; as were also Cyrus and Nathan Barker, who lived with their aged parents.

They were sent to the camp, but would not do anything as soldiers, and would not escape from the guard, who was responsible for their appearance.

Their journey from Weldon, to the rebel camp, near Blackwater, in Virginia, was a trying one. The conscripts were packed into cars so closely that they had no room to sit down, or to rest their weary bodies, only as they leaned on each other's knees; and were kept in this position, without water to drink, and only the little food they carried about them, for nearly twenty-four hours.

Being sent to the 52nd Regiment of North Carolina troops, commanded by Colonel James K. Marshall, they were directed to choose what company in it they would be mustered with. They replied that they were brought there by constraint, against their will, and that their religious principles would not allow them to engage in any service in the army, or to choose any company to be attached to. They were then required to pay the commutation money provided for in the law, 500 dollars, the officers telling them it should only be applied for civil purposes as the ordinary taxes were, and not to the use of the army. But they replied that they considered war to be wrong, and did not think it right to pay anything for exemption from taking part in it on conscientious grounds.

The captain and some of the soldiers behaved kindly; but a lieutenant who was an infidel, treated them roughly, threatening them with violence, but he was restrained by the captain.

They were then tried with offers of bounty-money, clothing, and other government stores, and also with serving as wagoners, cooks, or waiting on the sick in the hospitals; none of which they thought it right to accept or do, and the captain would not allow them to be forced; the lieutenant also appearing more kindly disposed. But the colonel now seemed more earnest to have them do something, and said they should go into service. They calmly reasoned with him, but he did not appear disposed to argue, and ordering his men to make three of them go and load fodder, designed for the use of the army, he mounted his horse and road away. The soldiers tried to compel them to aid in loading the fodder, threatening them with hanging, drowning, and being shot, and some were ordered to run their bayonets through them. Others seemed rough and angry, as if they would

do them harm, but Friends keeping quiet and steady they were not much hurt. After a great deal of unavailing threatening, the soldiers tied them to the tail of a wagon, and drove them through mud and water about three miles to where the fodder was. Here they were again called on to help load it, but, on their refusal, no further attempt at force was made. They kept them tied to the wagon until their return to camp, when they were released. The wagon master, who at first appeared fierce, afterwards said he respected men who kept their religious principles; and being asked if he was not afraid the Friends would run away, replied, "No—I wish they would"—doubtless wishing to be clear of men whose consistent course made them burdensome.

After this, though often sharply threatened, no attempt at coercion was used, and they were merely required to keep along with the army, between the regiment and the rear guard, but not to march in the ranks. Their food was often small in quantity, and very bad in kind, so as to be scarcely fit to be eaten, and they were exposed to all kinds of weather during a long winter; but the most trying of all, was to be obliged to witness so much profanity and wickedness for so long a period, and with little prospect of relief.

The army remained a few days near Fredericksburg, allowing our Friends an opportunity of witnessing the horrible scenes still exhibited on the battle-field, and the fearful effects of war. From this scene of desolation and destruction they had a painful and wearisome walk of some hundreds of miles, often through mud and water, to Gettysburg, in Pennsylvania, where they arrived about the 1st of the Seventh Month.

A fight between the Union and rebel armies occurred soon after, but the Friends were not required to go to the field. On the last day of the fight, however, orders came to the camp where they where, for every one who was able to walk, to repair at once to the battle-ground, to fill up the ranks, which were greatly thinned by the numbers who had fallen. The colonel, lieutenant-colonel, major, sergeant-major, and all the captains of the regiment, had been either killed or wounded.

The lieutenant who had formerly been so harsh toward them, having come into command of the regiment, now met with them, and said he knew they could not fight, but he thought they would have to go to the regiment, which was then in line of battle, adding that he could not blame them much for not fighting;

that they might go just where they pleased, so far as he was concerned; and if they went to the field they could lie down there, and it might be would not get hurt. Pausing a little, he said a part of the men were wounded, and that the Friends might go to the hospital and stay with them until the fight was over; and he would go with them; the distance being about a mile and a half. On reaching the hospital they found the wounded men had been removed, and he told the Friends they might follow them.

In attempting to do so, they were stopped and taken before the provost marshal, who said they must get a written pass from the officers. They returned to the camp they had left in the morning, weary and soaked with rain, and it being near dark, determined to remain there. In a little while word came that the regiment was gone, and already a mile or two ahead of the camp. Those who remained in it were afraid they should be left behind, and hurried away very quickly; and before the Friends could prepare to follow, were out of sight, the night being very dark and rainy. After rolling up their blankets, they set out, but the mud was deep, and walking very laborious, and not being able to undertake or to hear anything of the retreating force, they sat down under a fence and rested. In the morning there were no signs of the regiment, nor could they ascertain which way it had gone. They went to a house where the people were very kind, and employed them in harvest work. While there they were taken prisoners by the Union cavalry, sent to Harrisburg, and thence to Philadelphia and Fort Delaware, where they arrived on the 15th of Seventh Month.

William B. Hockett was taken from his home by an armed guard on the 8th of Sixth Month, 1863, and conveyed to the army, where he fell into the hands of some very severe and rough officers, who seemed determined to make him drill or carry arms, which he steadily and firmly refused to do. On one occasion being brought before the colonel of the regiment, he was asked why he did not do his duty as a soldier? to which William replied, that it was no wish to give them trouble, nor from obstinacy, but that he was conscientiously opposed to all war, and religiously restrained from taking any part in military affairs, and that, let the consequences be what they might, he could not voluntarily bear arms or march in the ranks, nor do anything in aid of warlike measures. Much conversation ensued, and the officer finally told him that he must obey orders or be shot, and that, if he

refused to obey, the only favour he would grant him was the choice of being executed that night or the next morning. William paused awhile, and then said that if it was the will of his heavenly Father he should lay down his life for his peaceable principles, he would rather do it than violate them, but if it was not his heavenly Father's will to permit it, he (the officer) could not take his life from him, though he might order him to be shot. He then reminded him of the three children thrown into the fiery furnace, and of Daniel in the lion's den, and how they were preserved, ending by saying that he had no choice to make as to the time when the officer's orders should be executed. The officer seemed at a loss how to proceed, and after a little while ordered him to be sent to the wagon yard, where he remained through the night. The next morning he was ordered to go out with a foraging party, which he declined doing, telling the officer that beside his scruple against aiding in carrying on war, he could not help them to take that which did not belong to them. Report of this was immediately made to the colonel, who soon came to the place where he was, much excited. He now seemed determined to make him submit, and a gun was tied upon his back, but he would not rise from the ground while it remained there. The officer ordered some of his men to run their bayonets into him, which they seemed loth to do, one of them managing to pass his bayonet through his clothes, but so as not to hurt him. Being much excited, the officer commanded the men to shoot him, to which William replied, that if they were permitted to take his life, the language of his heart was, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." The men did not obey the order, saying they could not shoot such a man; and the enraged officer, after striking him over the head, spurred his horse, and rode over him—but the injury done to him was only a bruise or a scratch. The officer repeated his efforts to get the horse upon him, but did not gain his end, and as he left him, said, he had not done with him—he would yet make him fight or kill him. It was not long ere the officer himself was killed, and William taken prisoner by the Union troops.

Information being received in Philadelphia that these Friends were prisoners at Fort Delaware, the Meeting for Sufferings convened and appointed a committee to take immediate measures for their release. Application to the government being necessary, some of the committee went to Washington and presented the

case, when Secretary Stanton kindly and promptly despatched a telegram to the commander of the fort, directing their release on taking an affirmation of allegiance to the United States. This they were quite willing to do, being entirely loyal in their feelings toward the Union. But when the printed form was presented to them, they found it contained an asseveration "that they would support, protect, and defend the constitution and government of the United States against all enemies, whether domestic or foreign," and also, "that they would faithfully perform *all* duties which might be required of them."

To these clauses they objected, as involving the faithful support of their testimony against war, in the maintenance of which they had so long been suffering. They were told they must take it as it stood, or remain prisoners until the war was over; but they still declined to affirm to those expressions. After explaining the ground of their objection, and assuring the commanding officer of their attachment to the Union, he kindly modified the form so as to remove all difficulty; they affirmed and subscribed it, and parted from the commander with mutual good feelings.

After being detained a short time in Philadelphia by sickness they went to Indiana, where they all had near relations.

Poetry.

A REFUGE IN TIMES OF TROUBLE.

THOUGH tribulations be my lot,
In this sad vale of weeping,
My God, thy mercy faileth not,
And I am in thy keeping.

Though storms of trouble round me roar,
With clouds all dark and lowering,
Thy grace, O Lord, to me is sure,
My troubles overpowering.

Though pining sickness should be mine,
As on my bed I languish,
I would myself to thee resign,
For thou wilt soothe my anguish.

And when the tempter draweth near,
My faith and hope assailing,
The Saviour's name is then most dear,
Almighty—all prevailing!

And though all earthly friends forsake,
And in my trouble leave me,
Then from thy word I comfort take,
For that cannot deceive me.

Then though the foe assail my faith,
He cannot from thee sever;
I trust, O Lord, thy word which saith,
Thy mercy is for ever.

Then while, my God, I sojourn here,
In this sad vale of weeping,
What tribulations need I fear,
Since I am in thy keeping.

Pattishall. S. S.

Anecdotes and Selections.

GENERAL WASHINGTON'S CONFESSION.—Perhaps few facts would more forcibly illustrate the views which even military men take of the nature of war than the following:—Thomas Mullet, Esq., an English gentleman, being in America, called on General Washington, at his residence at Mount Vernon, soon after the close of the contest between that country and Great Britain. Washington asked him, in the course of conversation in his library, if he had met with an individual in that country, who could write the history of the recent contest. Mr. M. replied that he knew of one and only one competent to the task. The general eagerly asked, "Who, sir, can he be?" Mr. M. replied, "Sir, Cæsar wrote his own Commentaries." The General bowed, and replied, "Cæsar could write his Commentaries; but, sir, I know the atrocities committed on both sides have been so great and many that they cannot be faithfully recorded, and had better be buried in oblivion!"

DECISION OF AN EARLY CHRISTIAN.—Maximilian having been brought before the tribunal to be enrolled as a soldier, Dion, the proconsul, asked him his name. Maximilian, turning to him, replied, "Why wouldst thou know my name? *I am a Christian, and cannot fight.*" Then Dion ordered him to be enrolled, and bade the officer mark him; but Maximilian refused to be marked, still asserting that he was a christian; upon which Dion instantly replied, "Bear arms, or thou shalt die." To this Maximilian answered, "I cannot fight, but I can die; I am not a soldier of this world, but a soldier of Christ." He refused the expostulations of Dion, and was accordingly executed.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier, declares, "There is no profession more unpropitious than that of warriors. Besides the envy and jealousy of men, the spoils, rapine, famine, slaughter of the innocent, devastations and burnings, with a world of miseries laid on the labouring man, they are so hateful to God, as with good reason did Monluc, the marshal of France, confess, 'that, were not the mercies of God infinite, it were in vain for those of his profession to hope for any portion of them, seeing the cruelties by them permitted and perpetrated are so monstrous.'

LORD CLARENDON is very explicit in his denunciations of this custom: "Of all the punishments and judgments which the provoked anger of divine Providence can pour out upon a nation full of transgressions, there is none so terrible and destroying as war. A whole city on fire is a spectacle replete with horror; but a whole kingdom on fire must be a prospect much more terrible. And such is every kingdom in war, where nothing flourishes but rapine, blood, and murder. We cannot make a more lively representation and emblem to ourselves of hell, than by the view of a kingdom in war."

PRAY, READY OR NOT —Some good people say this about praying, "I like to pray when I am in a mind for it, and it is no use without." But it is, though, for all that. "Men ought always to pray." Go and pray to God to give you a mind for it. Go, whether disposed or not. Go when you feel most unfit; when you feel most guilty. It is just then you have most need to go; and if you can say nothing with your tongue, say in your heart, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and you will rise from your knees justified in that you have done.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.—A Christian does not live at random. He has always something in view; something exalted, large, unselfish: something to last for eternity. He has done with idleness, frivolity, and vain amusement. His desire is not to kill time, but to use it; to gather up its fragments, to lay out every moment well, so as to lose nothing of so precious a boon. He cannot afford to be idle. To labour here is as blessed as it is to rest hereafter.

ABLE TO SAVE.—Christ is able to help you, and as willing as he is able. Prove him. Put him to the test in your present distress. He thinks nothing too good for you if it will make you holier; or too great, if you will use it to His praise. Watch for the Lord's interference in trouble, and you will not watch in vain. Keep your eye fixed on Him in perplexity, and you are sure to come safely out of it.

THE TRUE CHRISTIAN has faith that believes God's word; patience that waits God's time; hope that expects all God has promised; love urging him to obey all God's commands; humility that keeps him low before God's throne; submission that shuts his mouth in trying times; and resignation that cheerfully surrenders all to God's disposal.

The Fireside.

ON TRAINING CHILDREN.

CHILDREN cannot be wound up and set a-going as a clock for a week together; they are liable to go wrong every hour, unless properly superintended and regulated.

The work of training is in some degree lightened by the fact that children are very imitative; what they see others do, they will try to do themselves, and if they see none but good examples, good conduct on their part may naturally be looked for. Children are keen observers, and are very ready at drawing conclusions when they see a want of correspondence between profession and practice, in those who have the care of them. At the age of seven, the child's brain is said to reach its full growth; it seldom becomes larger after that period, and it then

contains the germ of what the man accomplishes. Here is an additional reason for laying down the precept:—be yourselves what you wish the children to be. When correction is necessary, let it be administered in such a way as to make the child refrain from doing wrong, not for the sole reason that wrong brings punishment. All experience teaches us that if a good thing is to be obtained, it must be by persevering diligence; and of all good things, the pleasure arising from a well-trained family is one of the greatest. Parents have no right to use their children just as whim or prejudice may dictate. Children are smaller links in the great social chain, and bind together in lasting ties many portions which otherwise would be completely disjointed: their joyousness enlivens many a home, and their innocence is a powerful check and antidote to much that is evil.

The Penny Post Box.

WHAT I SAW.

In reply to your kind invitation I send you a few lines of my own composition. I am but a poor needle-woman, and no scholar; but I employ my leisure in writing about what I see. These sketches are true to life, so far as my abilities can paint them. I live near Haverfordwest, and shall call myself AUNT MARIAN.

I saw a child of tender years,
Whose pale face bore the trace of tears;
That meagre form, those deep drawn sighs,
Those tattered garments, sunken eyes,
All seemed to say that some sad smart
Had found a place in that child's heart.

I saw a comely graceful youth,
Forsake the ways of love and truth;
And trembled to hear one so young
With bitter curses on his tongue;
And wondered what malignant power
Had blighted such a blooming flower.

I saw a man in wanton mirth,
Fling noble talents to the earth;
Crush up in brutal rage and strife,
The sacred joys that blest his life;
And wondered what unhallowed ban,
Could make a monster of a man.

I gazed upon a tottering wreck,
Whose years unhallowed mirth should check,

But whose blank visage, shattered frame,
And silly antics furnished game
For sport and pastime to the crowd,
Who hooted him both long and loud.

Now tell me, you who know the cause
Of all these sorrows, crimes, and woes;
What baleful star its influence shed
Upon that child's devoted head;
What power malignant had destroyed
The hopes that youth had once enjoyed;
And how the madness first began,
That made a monster of a man;
And where the old man went to school
To learn to make himself a fool?

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

GIBRALTAR.

THE coast of Spain is here very beautiful, and most of the mountains are cultivated from their base nearly to their summits. The mountains on the African side are even higher than those on the Spanish. Our ship having moored, I went ashore; and I must confess that often as I have listened with deep interest to descriptions of the beauty of the town of Gibraltar, and though I have often looked on paintings of it, yet the ideas thus formed of the place fell far short of the reality. The houses are kept perfectly clean, and they are exquisitely neat; some are coloured white, and some yellow; and all standing out in pleasing relief from the steep bold mountain side, which flanks the town. The gardens and pleasure-grounds are kept in the nicest order by the soldiers; and here were growing, in the open air, all those plants which in England we cultivate in our hot-houses. The market was literally filled with the finest fruit I had ever seen; grap were sold at one penny per poun and every other sort of fruit was pr portionably cheap. The appearan of the inhabitants was to me ve novel and strange, composed as th are of people of all countries—Jew Spaniards, and Turks, wearing t different costumes of their respecti nations, and conversing in languag of which I knew nothing: these mi ing freely together presented a gr tesque appearance. In short, ever thing appeared to me in such a lig as if I had just stepped into anoth world.

Hints.

MEMORY may glean, but cannot r make. It brings joys, but faint as t scent of faded flowers!

MANY OF OUR HOPES have flash before us, like harmless lightning o a summer night, and died for ever!

NO MAN CAN TELL whether he i richer or poorer by counting his mone He is rich or poor according to wh he is, not what he has.

K AND WORRY.—It is not work
.lls men, it is worry. Work
up their muscles into healthy
h. Worry snaps or slackens

D WILL FLOAT ON WATER, ex-
has been soaked in water, and
, sinks. Some people are so
in care and anxiety that they
float, but become water-logged
ık.

HING IS MORE DEVILISH than a
ıan taking advantage of a noble-
l.man when he is in adversity.
e ass braying over the dead lion.

'HISPER TO MOTHERS. — Your
egins to feed from your bosoms,
en leaves off; but it will never
ff feeding from your heart.

Gems.

BY FAITH IN CHRIST, and then
ınsomed spirit, touched by the
of the Eternal, will become a
ined for endless praise.

IY DROP in the bitter cup which
eat Physician puts in thy trem-
ıand, christian, is mixed and
ed by thy Father in heaven.

EN A CHRISTIAN departs, his
, standing around his couch,
he is dead;" but the angels
r, "he is born."

VE CALL IT DYING when the bud
into flower? No: and why
dying when the soul bursts its
nd enters into glory.

IST'S LOVE is greater now he is
ven, not less. On earth it was
bud; it is in full-blown blossom
ven!

OUGH THE WEEK we toil in the
of care and shadow. Our sab-
ıre hills of light and joy. Climb
and you will catch a sight of

RY ONWARD STEP we take in the
heaven requires another. Stop-
or turning aside right or left
lo. Turning back is to perdi-
Go ON.

LOVE IS GOD'S GREAT LOAF. We may come to him every morning, saying, "Give us this day our daily bread," for he has enough and to spare.

THE LOVE OF GOD is like that of a loving mother, for he wipes away our tears, and kisses our offences into everlasting forgetfulness.

HAPPIEST OF MORTALS they who, when dying, can say, "Lord, thou didst send me to sow life-seeds in thy garden, and here is a basket of soul-flowers."

Poetic Selections.

HOW TO WALK.

CHRISTIAN! walk carefully—
  Danger is near!
On, in thy journey,
  With trembling and fear;
Snares from without
  And temptations within,
Seek to entice thee
  Again into sin.

Christian! walk humbly—
  Exult not in pride;
All that thou hast
  Is by Jesus supplied;
Holding thee up,
  He directeth thy ways,
To him be for ever
  The glory and praise!

Christian! walk stedfastly
  While it is light:
Swift are approaching
  The shadows of night!
All that thy Master
  Hath bidden thee do,
Haste to perform,
  For thy moments are few!

Christian! walk hopefully—
  Trouble and pain,
Cease when the haven
  Of rest thou dost gain,
This from the lips
  Of the Judge, thy reward,
"Enter for ever
  The joy of thy Lord!"

The Children's Corner.

BILL AND FRED.

THESE two lads worked at the same paper mill in a midland county. One week evening after work, they met in the street of the town in which they lived, and began to talk—

"Well, Bill, where are you for to-night?"

"Oh, I am going into the school-room here; there is a prayer-meeting to-night. Will you go with me?"

"No: prayer-meetings are only for old or badly folks. They are not for young chaps like us."

"Well, Fred, I think they are. We may die as well as old or badly folks. John who worked with us was as young as we are, and you know he soon died of fever."

"I know he did, and I was very sorry for him. But to tell you the truth, Bill, I like to go where there is some fun going on. And it always seems so dull and stupid to be—"

(At this moment the singing of "Come let us join our cheerful songs," in a lively tune, was heard from the school-room.)

"There, Fred, is that dull and stupid? Come and go in with me. I think when it is over you will be glad you went."

Fred, though only half willing, went. Singing and prayer went on, and at last an aged man got up and said a few words about young people making good use of their time, not wasting it in what they call pleasure, but using it in seeking the salvation of their souls. He then said, "God loves you young people, and has sent Jesus Christ to save you from your sins. Come to him in your youth as I did, and he will help you all your days, as he has me."

Fred felt this. He could not help it, for he knew that the speaker was a good and happy old man. When going home the two lads had more talk. Bill lent Fred a copy of "Pike's Persuasives to Early Piety," which he stopped at home to read.

The end of this is, that both of them are now walking in the ways of God, and, as fathers of families, are happy themselves, and making others happy.

J. C.

THE SUNDAY SCREW.

THIS is a nick-name; invented by pleasure-providers and pleasure-seekers, to ridicule those who wish to keep the sabbath sacred to rest and worship for every man, as one of the greatest blessings—a blessing which human wisdom neither devised nor discovered, for the knowledge of which we are indebted to the Bible alone.

A writer in "Sunday in Many Lands" observes—"It has been a fashion latterly among a certain class of writers, who may probably suppose (we should say *pretend)* that they are advocating the interests of the labouring classes, to stigmatize all efforts made to promote the observance of the fourth commandment, under the general designation of the 'Sunday Screw.' These writers are fond of describing a London Sunday as the most melancholy spectacle to be met with on the face of the civilized earth. They are eloquent on the gloom and silence of the streets —on the closing of such places of public recreation as the National Gallery, the British Museum, and the Sydenham Palace; and they would repeal all laws that shut the public out of these places on the Sunday, and invite the people in to enjoy them at their leisure, and improve their faculties by the contemplation of the works and wonders of nature and of art.

The writer of this paper has a perfect faith in the existence of the Sunday Screw; it has screwed him personally hard enough in times past, and he is therefore in a condition to testify to its nature and operation. He knows where to look for it, because he happens to have been screwed, which these writers never have. We propose, therefore, to show you plainly enough what *is* the Sunday Screw, that you may know it when you see it, and not be foolishly led to suppose that it is ever found in connection with the honest endeavours of those who plead for rest on 'the day of rest.'

Suppose you have risen early some Sunday morning, and been walking as far as the Lambeth Road—or, it may be, the Whitechapel Road—or Whitecross Street—or any other place famous for Sunday morning traffic; what will you see there? The tumult and hubbub of a crowded market assail your ear as you approach, and guide you to the spot. The late dawn of a winter's

day breaks upon a scene comparable more to a country fa anything else. For half a mile or more along the line c the shops are open on either side; the footways are thron a dense multitude, struggling in adverse directions; the rc confused encampment or squatting ground, strewed ever with heaps of vegetables, with pots, pans, and crockerywar cooking utensils and household articles, and all but imp by a multitude of buyers and sellers and hoarse-voiced h of wares, who have yet their Sunday's dinner to earn. butcher in blue uniform is cutting, carving, and weighi meat, bawling the while to his customers without a mc pause, eager and anxious, if possible, to drive a dozen bi at once. The baker, who has been up half the night— apparition of a man—is dealing out his hot loaves right a and sweeping coppers into his till. The grocer's shop is the doorway, and he and his assistant, besieged by a cc stream of applicants, are half bewildered by the din of clar tongues, and weary with the labour of satisfying their dei The slop-seller, buried alive in corduroy, velveteen, shodd fustian, is fitting coats, pants, and vests, to the sinewy li the week-day workers. The linendraper is measuring cotto prints and yards of ribbon, and dealing out hose and glov kerchiefs and shawls to mothers and daughters. The c whose shop at any rate, one would think, might be shut, h levee of pale-faced sons of St. Crispin, who with hard han pulling over sole-leather and bristles, heel-ball and flax, an chasing materials for next week's labour. Whichever we turn, bargains are driving, and traffic, under the impetus sumed necessity and brief opportunity, is the order or di of the day. This unseemly spectacle continues till the ring out for church, and then only gradually subsides; an not till the morning service is nearly over that the bake butcher get back to their beds; the grocer and his assi turn in again to finish their night's rest; the shops are sh and the hawker's and squatters disappear with the cro buyers from the street.

This is a specimen of the real Sunday Screw. The butc screwed, the baker is screwed, the grocer is screwed, and t list of stallkeepers and shopkeepers besides are screwed, forfeiture of their Sunday's rest, by that notable screw-drive late paymaster, who will not send the working man wit

money into the market early enough on the Saturday night to enable him then to provide for Sunday's wants.

But take another direction. Go at any time along the omnibus routes that traverse the city—north, south, east, and west; look at the drivers and conductors and ostlers, who having wrought for sixteen hours during each of the six days of the week, work also for sixteen hours on the day of rest, for the sole sake of administering to the ease and luxury of all who choose to spend a few pence in riding. Then look at the cabs and cabmen on a hundred stands—seven-day labourers—men whose homes are more out of doors than in, and who can rarely look upon their children's faces save when their infant eyes are closed in sleep. Are not these also samples of the Sunday Screw's work? and is not the screw-driver, in their case, the holiday-making public, who, because it must ride in its coach on the Sunday, turns Sunday employer, and compels a legion of slaves of the whip and the foot-board to toil for its gratification?

Then glance at the shops, which are to be found everywhere, but chiefly in the second-rate and retired streets, open all day long on the Sunday. They are, as you know, chiefly trash-shops, sweet-stuff shops, confectioners and tobacconists shops; to which you may add a number of chemists and druggists driving a Sunday trade in delectables, lozenges, and refreshing beverages. Talk to the owners of these shops, and you will find, in the generality of cases, that though they do, and must by keeping open, act as incentives to Sunday trading, they are themselves the victims of the Sunday Screw, because they consider themselves to be driven, by the custom which the Sunday pleasure-takers have established, to do the chief part of their week's business on the day of rest, which, often to their unspeakable disgust and mortification, has no rest for them.

'I take about £4 a week in this shop,' said once a poor widow with a family to maintain, 'but I take over £3 of it on the Sunday, and nearly all for things that are consumed for the Sunday's eating. If I were to shut up my shop on the Sunday and go to church, I should soon starve, and my children too, because my neighbours would not shut up; and then my customers would desert me.' She had not courage to do what conscience told her to be her duty, and leave results to Providence.

This reasoning is common—so common as to be almost universal; and it stands recorded in evidence given before the House

of Commons committees, that out of a large number of persons examined in reference to this subject, the great majority were in favour of closing their shops, and would gladly have done so, but were defeated by the obstinacy of the selfish traders. Here the screw has a double action—first, the public screws the shopkeeper, and then the shopkeeper, over anxious to please the public, screws his neighbour.

But perhaps the most active operation of the Sunday Screw goes on out of the pale of observation. It is an unfortunate fact that the ultimate tendency of the habit of desecrating the day of rest, is already realized to a deplorable extent. Thousands of workmen in the British metropolis have already surrendered their right to the day in favour of their employers, whenever these choose to demand it. Numerous establishments, employing large numbers of men, throw open their doors on Sunday whenever it suits their interest to do so. When the order is given out on the Saturday evening for Sunday work, no man dares to absent himself on the morrow, for fear of the penalty of dismissal. These establishments stand for the most part in back streets, lanes, and courts, away from the populous thoroughfares; and if you pass them on the Sunday, you shall see from twenty to two hundred men and boys going through the usual routine of their week-day work—the only difference being that there is less noise and conversation, and, it may be, all the more despatch of business.

Then, as regards beer-houses, gin shops, and such places. If the habits of any man have made the materials of intoxication necessities to him, that is no reason why some ten or twelve thousand people in London and its neighbourhood should sacrifice nine hours of their Sunday, as they are liable to do at the present moment, in order that he may have them ever within call. A man's necessities, of this sort, are the offspring of his habits, and should be under his control. A cry has been raised in vindication of the poor man's *right* to similar enjoyments, as far as he can afford them, with the rich man, who, it is assumed, indulges in the contents of his cellar on Sunday without stint. We would be sorry to restrict the poor man's rights; but one thing is clear, and that is, that he has no right to compel the public-house keeper and his assistants to sacrifice *their* rights in order to his gratification: moreover, we have yet to learn that it is right in any man to measure his own moral obligations by the practice of others, be they rich or poor.

In these remarks it has been our main design to show that the working man, who exacts his relaxations or amusements from others on the day of rest, is virtually preparing the way for the loss of his own exemption from toil. It is the *religious* observance of the sabbath which preserves it for the labouring classes. Once break down public opinion upon this subject—once let Sunday be recognised as a period on which man may without impropriety devote his time to secular amusements—and immediately the eager employer comes into the field. If it is lawful for the workman to amuse himself on the Sunday, there can be no great harm in his working a little on that day; and the gate thus once opened, there is no foreseeing how speedily our English sabbath would be like a French sabbath, which is no sabbath at all.

'There is no rest in France,' was the exclamation to us of a jaded and tired waiter in the French metropolis. May that never be able to be said of our own country! May the sabbath be hailed as Heaven's gracious boon to a toil-worn world! May its hours be cheerfully dedicated to the great and important ends which its Creator contemplated in its institution! Then may we expect a blessing on our nation, the country prosperous, and individuals contented and happy.

The friends of the day of rest are bound, by every means in their power, to show that while they cannot allow an inroad upon the sabbath, they are eager to promote the recreation and well-being of the working classes. They are already doing this; the half-holiday movement, and others of a kindred character, have been largely carried forward by the much-sneered-at Sabbatarian party, who will be found to be the real friends of the working man."

The writer of the above remarks appears to be a plain observant man. He is quite right about the loss working men would sustain by giving up the day of rest, whether for pleasure or work. Only let them do that, and they will either become victims to their own unbridled passions, or the voluntary slaves of labour. Does not every sensible working man see that if he gave up the day of rest, he would have to give it up for *nothing*. He knows that he would soon have to work seven days instead of six, and get no more wages. Selfish men would soon grind him down to that; and worse than that, leave him no time to worship God or think of his soul and his Saviour.

Poetry.

THE HALLOWED DAY.

Who scorn the hallowed day set heaven at nought.
Heaven would wear out whom one short sabbath tires.
Emblem and earnest of eternal rest,
A festival with fruits celestial crowned,
A jubilee releasing him from earth,
The day delights and animates the saint.
It gives new vigour to the languid pulse
Of life divine, restores the wandering feet,
Strengthens the weak, upholds the prone to slip,
Quickens the lingering, and the sinking lifts,
Establishing their feet upon a rock.
Sabbaths, like way-marks, cheer the pilgrim's path,
His progress mark, and keep his rest in view.
In life's bleak winter, they are pleasant days,
Short foretastes of the long long spring to come.
To every new-born soul, each hallowed morn
Seems like the first, when every thing was new.
Time seems an angel come afresh from heaven,
His pinions shedding fragrance as he flies,
And his bright hour-glass running sands of gold.
In every thing a smiling God is seen.
On earth, his beauty blooms, and in the sun
His glory shines. In objects overlooked
On other days, he now arrests the eye.
Not in the deep recesses of his works,
But on their face, he now appears to dwell.
Whilst silence reigns among the works of man,
The works of God have leave to speak his praise
With louder voice, in earth, and air, and sea.
His vital Spirit, like the light, pervades
All nature, breathing round the air of heaven,
And spreading o'er the troubled sea of life
A halcyon calm. Sight were not needed now
To bring him near; for Faith performs the work;
In solemn thought surrounds herself with God,
With such transparent vividness, she feels,
Struck with admiring awe, as if transform'd
To sudden vision. Such is oft her power
In God's own house, which, in the absorbing act
Of adoration, or inspiring praise,
She with his glory fills, as once a cloud
Of radiance fill'd the temple's inner court.

Anecdotes and Selections.

THE GREAT MIRACLE.—Deny miracles to Jesus, strip him of everything super-human, and he himself becomes the greatest miracle the world ever saw or dreamed of. There is no miracle in the Bible so utterly incredible as that Jesus of Nazareth, brought up a mechanic in Galilee, should, at the age of thirty, without learning, without friends or superhuman aid, have gone out, and in the space of two or three years have laid the foundations of a religion which superseded all the religions and philosophers then extant, brought in subjection to itself the most civilized nations of the earth, lifted every people up that received it, and is steadily gaining conquests, century after century, with the unquestionable promise that it is to become universal. In the presence of such a character, all the philosophers and sages, all the moralists and legislators the world ever saw, dwindle into insignificance. Jesus himself is the great miracle.

ALL IS WELL.—God has wise and holy ends to answer by all he permits others to do to you; he has blessings in store for you, and he will not suffer you to rest until he brings you into possession of them. Most comforts grow up between crosses. If in all things you believe God, and refer to him, he will kindly undertake your deliverance. Unbelief is always impatient. Faith is willing to wait God's time. We ask of God what we *think* is best, but he gives us what He *knows* is best. A short race, a rough pilgrimage, a dangerous voyage, a fierce combat, a hard day's work; and then a glorious prize, a happy end, a good home, a complete victory, eternal joy. Fear not! the end will crown the whole.

FAR OFF, BUT COMING.—You may delay the work of repentance, and think the future far off, but it will come; your last call from heaven far off, but it will come; your last unavailing effort to repent far off, but it will come; the death-struggle, the shroud, the funeral far off, but they will come; the day of judgment, the day of reckoning far off, but it will come; the sentence, "Depart from me ye cursed into everlasting fire!" far off, but it will come; eternal banishment from the presence of the Lord, weeping, wailing, and the gnashing of teeth far off, but they will come. Escape now for thy life!

KNOWING CHRIST.—Lady Powerscourt could say: "I am not like one walking on earth and looking up to heaven, but as if in heaven looking down upon earth;" so sweetly did she realise her place before God, and her privileges in Christ. And Hewitson said: "I know more of Jesus than I do of any other person." Ah! friends, take the crape off your faith: you would not dishonour the Queen by going into her presence with a gloomy countenance. You, then, that are risen with Christ, dwell in the fellowship of his love.

AN AWFUL FACT.—It should be remembered that every loathsome inmate of penitentiaries and state prisons was once a gentle, inoffensive, and prattling child; and that every criminal who has "expiated his crimes upon the gallows" was once pressed to a mother's heart, and drew his life-giving nourishment from her bosom. Bad moral training, wrong influence, and debasing examples, do their work, and transform endeared offspring into ferocious men, who shock humanity by the foulness of their guilt, and the monstrous audacity of their crimes.

The Fireside.

YOUR OWN HOME.

MORE than building showy mansions,
More than dress and fine array,
More than domes and lofty steeples,
More than station, power, and sway.
Make your home both neat and tasteful,
Bright and pleasant, always fair,
Where each heart shall rest contented,
Grateful for each comfort there.

More than lofty, swelling titles,
More than fashions luring glare,
More than mammon's gilded honours,
More than thought can well compare,
See that home is made attractive
By surroundings pure and bright—
Trees, it may be, all in order—
Flowers, with all their sweet delight.

Seek to make your home most lovely;
Let it be a smiling spot,
Where in sweet contentment resting,
Care and sorrow are forgot.
Where the flowers and trees are waving,
Birds will sing their sweetest songs;
Where the purest thoughts will linger,
Confidence and love belongs.

Make your home a little Eden;
Imitate her smiling bowers;
Let a neat and simple cottage
Stand among bright trees and flowers,
There what fragrance and what brightness
Will each blooming rose display;
Here a simple vine-clad arbour,
Brightens through each summer day.

There each heart will rest contented,
Seldom wishing far to roam;
Or, if roaming, still will cherish
Memories of that pleasant home,
Such a home makes man the better,
Pure and lasting its control;
Home, with pure and bright surroundings,
Leaves its impress on the soul.

One thing more, and dont forget it;
In that home of love and peace,
Every day give thanks and blessing
To the God of love and grace.
This will give a charm and beauty
To all in it or around;
Only in the path of duty
Can true happiness be found.

The Penny Post Box.

READY—AYE—READY!

As I perceive that you sometimes admit selections as well as original pieces into your "Penny Post Box," I send you an extract from an Australian Paper, signed "Iota." How pleasing to think that in that land, on which one hundred years ago the foot of a christian never trod, there are now thousands who love the Saviour. May we not regard those colonies as vast missionary establishments?

"Except those who are alive and remain to the coming of the Lord, all must die! A thousand millions of our race are every generation swept into the grave! Every day thousands are grappling with Death, and are overcome by him! How near may he be to any when least looked for! As Bernard says, 'Death walks before the face of an old man, but he may be close behind the back of a young man.' Reader, he may be near to you. Should an ambassador from the King of Glory arrive this hour with this message to you, 'the King summons you at once into his immediate presence: for you Time may be no longer.' How would you receive it? Would you receive it? Would you smilingly reply, 'Good is the word of the Lord. I am ready. Aye, ready!'

When John Owen was dying, he said, 'Ah! the long wished for time is come. I shall now see the glory of Jesus, as I never have seen, never could see it here.' George Herbert dying, said, 'I am ready to die. Lord, my flesh and my heart faileth; forsake me not for the merits of Jesus Christ my Lord.' Brainerd said, with dying breath, 'I am almost in eternity. I long to be there. My work is done. Oh! to be in heaven, praising and glorifying God with holy angels.' Haldane raised himself up a little, and said distinctly, 'When Christ who is our life shall appear, then shall we appear with him in glory. I shall be satisfied when I awake in his likeness.' Bradford the martyr said to his fellow sufferer at the stake, 'Be of good comfort, we shall this night have a merry supper with the Lord.' Sanders, in similar circumstances, said, 'Welcome, Cross of Christ! Welcome everlasting life!' These men, dear reader, were ready—aye—ready.

And how is this readiness to be realized. This is the greatest of all questions, and the answer is, by the consciousness of pardoned sin.

'If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure,
Death hath no sting beside.'

The clear title to heavenly glory, is the King's free pardon, and the bestowment of the wedding garment in which to appear in his presence. Both are provided for the sinner at the Cross of Christ. 'He that believeth in Him shall never be ashamed.' 'He that believeth in Him hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is

passed from death into life.' The sinner, believing in Jesus, is at once and, if faithful, for ever complete in Him; his one only claim for the favour of God his Father, his one title for admission to his Father's presence, and into his Father's home, is by the blood and righteousness of Jesus; therefore it follows that for his place at the marriage supper of the Lamb in glory, he is ready—aye—ready!"

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

MORE ABOUT LOCUSTS.

We have told you of the ravages of locusts in India; Captain Andrews, when in South America, on a journey from Buenos Ayres, says:—

"We breakfasted upon goat's milk, and started early in the morning. After a few leagues were past, we got into a fertile country, though now barren. This seeming contradiction is explained by stating, that a flight of locusts had laid it waste. I had never before witnessed such a sight. Of all the plagues of Egypt, I now think that of locusts must have been the most horrible. This pest, which we had previously seen before us, like a dense cloud upon the horizon, became, upon our arrival in contact with it, a serious impediment to our progress. The locusts struck the faces of our horses and mules with such force, and in such numbers, that they could scarcely grope their way along. Every bush was alive with them, and in an instant looked dried up and dead from their devastations. Their appearance, three or four feet above the ground, resembled corn under the action of the wind, when glowing in a meridian sun, or the waving of a summer's sea. Our landlord had told us in the morning that a flight of locusts had passed by without visiting him, forgetting that his ground afforded nothing for them to settle upon, but rocks, and the prickly pear, and torch-thistle upon which these giant grasshoppers showed no inclination to impale themselves.

What an awful visitation to the country over which they pass, is the flight of these insects.

On the next morning not a green blade nor a leaf met the eye, where yesterday nature revelled in luxuriance and beauty. Happy is England, which this scourge never visits! It cost us full three hours to get clear of these marauders. We calculated that they must have extended fully twelve miles from north to south."

Hints.

A VAIN PERSON is a nuisance; for he is always obtruding himself on the notice of others, little thinking, perhaps, that they would far rather have his room than his company.

A MODEST PERSON carries with him wherever he goes an introduction to a hearty welcome; for his presence never causes interruption or disturbance.

A MAN OF TRUTH manages his matters cheaply; for he need not spend any of his precious time in proving what he says. All who know him believe him at once.

SILENCE IS WISDOM, when to speak would be folly. One *look* of disapprobation will often do more than many *words* of reproof.

THAT PLAY TRICKS are down-
ools after all. Every trick they
accomplish their own selfish
only weakens the confidence
rs in their character.

ERITY PLAYS NO TRICKS. It never
, but looks you full in the face.
r stammers, but speaks right
t never skulks, but stands up-
t all hazards, come what may.

BLE-MINDED MAN is always glad
of others doing well; he is a
contrast to that mean fellow
inwardly glad when he hears
ne of his neighbours has got
ouble.

RY MAN IS A SOVEREIGN, though
daily or weekly labourer, who
k all round his own house and

'I am monarch of all I survey,'

orked, and bought, and paid for
is in it. Am I not a King?"

Gems.

EED BE GOD visits his children
Hictions; which, were they not
l, he would no more do than a
mother would give physic to
althy child.

POWER OF SIN over the believer
er more strong than when it
ls him to love the world more
is Saviour.

'S GREAT DISEASE is the love of
Christ is the only physician who
pel and subdue it. His medi-
may be bitter, but if willingly
are sure to cure.

THE GIFTS OF GOD are like those
t and bestowed on us when
n by a loving earthly parent to
his love to us. Shall we, then,
ne gifts better than the Father
ives them.

POOR BODIES MUST DIE; the
n its mothers' arms—the wife
husband's. But no soul ever
ever will perish, when upheld
everlasting arms of Jesus.

SUFFERING WITH CHRIST.—"If we suffer, we shall also reign with him." What does this mean? Who can tell? Will not one minute with Christ in glory be more than enough to compensate for all we suffer with him or for him here?

CHRIST DRAWS MEN by setting before them what he is himself, and what he has bought for them in heaven; thus exciting in them a desire to be like him, and be with him for ever in his glory.

THE GENTLENESS OF CHRIST made him great. Think of that; and when you feel a kind of fretful impatience with evil doers, put on the gentleness of Christ as an ornament and a defence.

Poetic Selections.

ONE BY ONE.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each,
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready be to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at Life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy
When each gem is set with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

The Children's Corner.

A TEACHER'S TALE.

TO THE YOUNG IN SABBATH SCHOOLS.

YOUNG FRIENDS, will you listen awhile,
And I'll tell of the days of my youth,
In a homely and every-day style,
Which some may deem rather uncouth.

But the object I have is no less,
Though my thoughts may be penn'd without rule,
Than on you to deeply impress
The worth of a good Sabbath school.

Give your heart unto Christ while yet young,
It will save you from numberless snares;
Dont forget those sweet hymns you have sung,
Nor the sound of those heart-touching prayers.

I remember how once I behav'd,
When first I went out to a place;
On my heart 'tis so deeply engrav'd,
That time will it never erase.

I was tempted one Sabbath to rove,
With more wicked boys in the field;
Against this I ought to have strove.
But I paus'd, and concluded to yield.

Then I wept when I thought of the days,
Ah, those days I shall never forget!
When to mingle our voices in praise,
In the School of the Sabbath we met.

But these good impressions wore off;
Dried up was the sorrowful tear;
And I ventur'd to swear and to scoff,
And the Sabbath to break without fear.

Thus you see how it is to begin
To depart from our Saviour and God,
I entreat you to flee from such sin,
And go not in the path that I trod.

For it cost me much sorrow and pain,
When I thought of the sins of my youth;
But I sought day and night to obtain,
Forgiveness in deed and truth.

I found it in Christ; and this day,
How cheering to me is the thought,
He permits me on each Sabbath-day,
To teach others where once I was taught.

A WORLD UPON WHEELS.

It is not easy to describe with accuracy any period of history; but it is peculiarly difficult to depict our own living age. We are almost certain to exaggerate some features, and there are others which cannot obtain due prominence till the progress of events has brought out their importance. Hence, if it needs care and accurate information in order to appreciate aright the England of Edward III. or Henry VII., it is a still harder task to describe the England of Queen Victoria. We do not attempt it. We only seek to indicate a few of its more obvious features, with their bearing on the duty of Christians.

The present time is pre-eminently *locomotive.* As Mehemet Ali said to Sir John Pirie, when urging more speed of the overland route: "England goes by steam. *Pouf, Pouf!* whirr, whirr! you English are all upon wheels." It is so easy, so tempting to travel, that no one stays at home. If any one were coming to London in the autumn, he would find all the streets and houses, but not so many people. In the same way, all the world visits London. In every place of public resort you see the strange attire of some far-come outlandish race—Icelander, Japanese, Parsi, New Zealander; and you overhear strange dialects, Basque, Sclavonic, or something stranger still, of which you cannot make out one syllable. Your next-door neighbour is perhaps a Russian or a Greek, a Dutchman or a Dane; and whilst in every large town of England you can find a little Scotland, and a larger Ireland, the neighbourhood in which we are at this moment writing so abounds in Hebrew inhabitants, that it has been nicknamed "the Land of Promise." Morally, if not Physically, we have solved the problem of perpetual motion; and if the ocean be the highway of the world, England is its great hotel.

A circumstance not without its drawbacks: for such is the sad weakness of our nature, we copy from our neighbours their worse ways rather than their better. A Scotchman settling in an English town is at first scandalised by the ill-kept Sabbath; but relishing neither the liturgy at church nor the organ in the chapel, he stays at home, and by and-bye wanders about the fields, and ends at last by being himself a Sunday trader, and, in order to justify it, an infidel to boot. Or a young Englishman is sent to a German university, and the strange life of alternate study and

riot which is there the rule—he tries it also; but in his case the bookishness is soon drowned in the dissipation; the student is extinct, and it it is only the reveller who survives. In other words, passing from a protected clime into a region of exposure, it is more likely that character will be blighted than that the moral constitution, the religious principle, will be confirmed.

Still, this is a feature of our time, and we must face it both as a test of our own loyalty to our Lord, and as a possible means of extending His kingdom. "Thou God seest me," must be our motto in the crowd of the city as well as in the seclusion of the country; and if from the giddy godlessness of Paris, and the noisy Sabbath of Berlin, we find that we cannot bring back a mind as devout as we carried away, it would be far better to tarry at home and forfeit all the exhilaration and intellectual expansion which are to be derived from foreign travel: although it would be better, more manly, and more Christian, to accept the good and avoid the evil; nay, safer for ourselves, to turn the tables, and try to extend the good and abridge the evil. Nor would it spoil the pleasure were there to the tourist superadded a little of the missionary, and by giving always a Testament or a tract, or by a little kind and friendly talk, were we endeavouring to propagate that truth which alone can fill with solid happiness the present life, and irradiate hereafter with a blessed hope.

The present time is *telegraphic*. Information flashes from land to land swifter than the light of day; and a friendly talk may be carried on across a gulf of a thousand miles. How it may be with generations following, we cannot tell; but with ourselves, in whose time the revolution has transpired, the tendency is to make us feverish and fidgetty, fond of change, and bent on the startling and stupendous. Like the old Athenians we are always asking for some new thing—new books, new battles, new games, new colours, new flowers; and rather than not have something new, we welcome any historical paradox, such as a vindication of Nero, or our own queen-killing Harry.

It may come right at last when telegraphing is as common as other forms of talking; but meanwhile, the effect of such rapidity and running to and fro is a prodigious desire of novelty. Rather than have merely the right, the good, the beautiful, people want the wonderful, the terrible, the thrilling; and startling news, "sensation paragraphs," lead on to sensation fictions—stories in which probability, nature, morality itself, is set aside in favour of

the mere galvanic shock; sensation sports, in which the amusement of the spectators is enchanced by the peril of life and limb incurred by the poor performers; sensation music, sensation pictures, sensation sermons—yes, and sensation piety too, in which a few weeks of excitement compensate for long intervals of carelessness; and sensation prophecies, in which the coming Armageddon is rehearsed, and spectators are accommodated with a comfortable view for so many shillings a-head; or to relieve the fears of their fluttered auditors, the consummation of all things is again postponed for a year or two by the self-licenced dealers in the Divine decrees. One result of this excitable state of feeling is a rapid alteration between extremes; at one time half the literature and nearly all the taste of England are ready to rush Romeward in the van of the Tractarian movement, and anon the same authorities jeering at Tractarianism, as if they had never felt its spell, and giving to Rationalism a still more hearty aid than they lately lent to superstition; at one time the entire community is lashed into such fury by a delineation of the woes of the Virginian negro, as to be ready to go crusading for his release; and anon so languid in his cause, as to listen to hired lecturers who tell you that the necessary position of the black man is subjection to the white. It needs a clear head or a calm spirit to maintain, amidst such fluctuations, a sound and righteous judgment—an attitude firm and fair.

Such vantage it is the prerogative of Christianity to supply. Lifting the believer to a region where the storms of passion and prejudice do not rise, it enables him to look down with composure on the tumults of the people, and in light radiated from that higher region, it enables him in patience to possess his soul, as he anticipates the future. On all whom these lines may reach we would urge, as a great public service, the cultivation of this calm and candid spirit. Try to keep aloof from mere parties, and in those moments of excited feeling and temporary frenzy, when others are swept headlong by the current, do you still keep upon the bank, and try to look at the matter as it is likely to be seen in the light of future history. At present the waters roar and are troubled, and as they bound from bank to brae, and as pines and house-tops come tumbling down the torrent, you might fancy that a new and mighty river was added to the Niles and Nigers of the world. But, after all, it is only a waterspout which has burst among the mountains; and when you return next week,

except the bent and muddy weeds, and here and there along its course a drowned sheep or draggled shrub, there is no memorial of the hurly-burly; and as you look at the meek little runnel which twists and twinkles far down in the rocky channel, you wonder whence that roaring monster came, and whither it is all gone. And so amidst the contest and controversies of the day, remember how casual is their source, how brief is their duration. The noise is frightful, but the earth will not be removed, nor will the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea. Where you stand, the flood will never rise. God is your refuge. The Rock of Ages does not shake; and as "from the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High" you look on, you may await the event with calm tranquility.

The present is a time of *high pressure and top speed.* There are many men who are mere machines; their one business is to make money and count it and pass it on. They have no time to think, no time to love, no time to pray. Even the Sabbath scarcely brings a pause; but, like a man who has escaped from a burning house, the smell of fire is about them on the open slopes and in the pastures green; like a man who has landed from a stormy voyage, on whatever spot they set their foot, garden-walk or house floor, the ship is still lurching in the swell.

And so again it is a time which pre-eminently needs the Gospel, with all the inward calm it diffuses—with all the depth which it adds to the affections and feelings—with the Sabbath which it creates in the conscience and the spirit—with that Saviour into whose holy friendship it ushers.

The features we have selected are but a few, and among the more obvious. Looking at the very lowest class in our society, a philanthrophist might grow alarmed for his species—a patriot might stand aghast at his country: "To what are we coming? Such coarseness, such animalism—minds so contracted, tastes so low, passions so fiendish!" whilst within a stonecast of that sordid vice and seething misery—may have been led one of those saintly lives which leave the path to heaven more bright, and which make goodness itself more lovely. Then one whose lot has been cast among the usurers and extortioners of our times might be ready to apply to this age all that the prophets have denounced against those who take in pledge the raiment of the needy, and who grind the faces of the poor; forgetful that on the other side the Most High has raised up some who fulfil a glorious

stewardship, and who leave each day more golden with their gifts, and many hearts gladdened by their bounty.

To a certain extent the Christian must accept the new conditions of society; for in some respects they are harmless, in some they are real improvements. To modern missions what a mighty help is our speedy transit! If the Roman highways opened the world to the Apostles, the overland route and the ocean steamers make it still more accessible to the living evangelist; and the speedy journey effected, still swifter tidings keep him constantly in sight. And although in some directions the tone of thought and feeling is ominous—although the wish for a new Bible or new Gospel is of itself a sufficient sign that the old one is not understood—there is no harm in desiring new illustrations of old truth, or new presentations of the familiar and faithful saying. The bread may be equally wholesome, though there may be a hundred different shapes of the loaf; and for placing it on the table some may prefer the pictured porcelain, and some may prefer the basket of silver, and some the wooden trencher of the olden time. And those of us who love the old landmarks best, may well be grateful to the modern husbandry. A sermon with 107 divisions, and a fast-day with eight hours of devotional exercises, would be trying to the most devout adherent of the old system; and for the modern time we claim it as a real improvement that it does not need eight hours to get it into praying frame, and that it can open up a text without splintering it into a hundred pieces.

But whilst good sense will accept as improvements all that saves strength and time, piety will be jealous of all that weakens faith or lowers the tone of devotion. There is a "course of this world"—a tidal current, made up of the notions, and maxims, and passions of worldly men, and into which, if any one fall, he is inevitably drifted away from revealed truth and a living Redeemer. That current runs at present with unusual strength and swiftness, and there are certain institutions of religion against which it strikes with especial force, and does all it can to sap and sweep them away. Against that flood High Church assumptions are a mere rampart of sand. Nothing can turn that tide except God's own Spirit, and nothing is sure to survive its onset, except the everlasting and glorious gospel of the blessed God, committed to our trust. Stand by it, and it will stand by you.

Poetry.

SOMETHING FOR THEE.

SAVIOUR! Thy dying love
Thou gavest me,
Nor should I aught withhold,
Dear Lord, from Thee.
My soul would humbly bow,
My heart fulfil its vow,
Some offering bring Thee now,
Something for Thee.

O'er the blest mercy-seat,
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to Thee.
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for Thee.

Give me a faithful heart—
Likeness to Thee,
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some sinful wanderer won,
A course with meekness run,
Something for Thee.

All that I am and have,
Dear Lord for Thee;
In joy, in pain, in life,
In death, for Thee;
And when thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be
Through all eternity,
Something for Thee.

S. D. P.

Anecdotes and Selections.

SATAN IS THE GRAND ENEMY to our joy, peace, and consolation. Therefore he employs all his power, stratagems, and devices to depress, amaze, disturb, and harass believers. No sooner had Jesus heard the Father's voice saying, "This is my Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," than Satan set upon him, leading him into the wilderness, and desperately assaulting him there. When Paul had had such visions of glory as were unutterable, presently he was set upon and buffeted by Satan. When gloom and despondency come, Christian! suspect it is Satan, trying to weaken your hands by hindering your joy. "The joy of the Lord is your strength." You glorify him by your gladness and joy in him. Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say rejoice.

GOD'S WAYS NOT OUR WAYS.—The greatest events dawn with no more noise than the morning star makes in rising. They complete themselves in the world, and modestly wait in silence, praising themselves never, and announcing themselves scarcely at all. We must be clear sighted, if we would see the beginnings and endings of great things. But we may watch them. "Whoso is wise and will *observe*, he shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord."

WHEN AN OLD MAN, who has spent seventy long years in this world, who has seen almost the whole of life, and is trembling on the very verge of the grave, comes at last to the Saviour, drawn by that gracious Spirit that will save unto the uttermost rather than permit the prayers of His saints to be in vain, I am glad that his soul is saved—glad for his sake—glad for the sake of the other faithful friends who have prayed many long of years for his conversion; but after all, 'tis *a mean business*. This giving all the greenness of one's life—all one's strength and beauty—to the devil, and then, when one has sucked all the pleasures that he can get out of sin and the world, coming and offering the dregs of his life—his old worn-out corn-husk, to the Lord! 'tis *dirt mean!* If any of you young people meditate such a course, you will not be likely to be allowed the chance.

TO DIE IS GAIN.—Death to the Christian, the man who knows his sins are pardoned, is always acceptable. To him the Lord says, "Thou shalt *come* to thy grave." Old Caryl makes this remark on these words, "They imply a willingness and a cheerfulness to die. Thou shalt *come*. Thou shalt not be dragged or hurried to thy grave. Thou shalt die quietly and smilingly. Thou shalt, as it were, come upon thine own feet, and rather walk, than be carried to thy sepulchre." Death comes to the Christless and says, "Come with me, thou shalt die," and he binds him hand and foot and takes him on. The man clutches at every side-post by the way, but death with an iron hand pulls on; he does *not come* to his grave, but *death fetches him*. The Christian, with Howard, can say in dying circumstances, "Death has no terror for me. I have always looked forward to death with cheerfulness, if not with pleasure."

MEN ARE AS SHIPS sent forth upon the sea, and that man who gains the port of heaven, though he be more battered and bruised than any ship that ever sailed up yonder river to its anchorage, he is the successful man; but he who founders on the beach, no matter how close it be to the open gates of heaven, has made a bad voyage, though his log-book may tell of sunshine and fair winds all the way to the shoal whereon he struck and found destruction.

THERE ARE A THOUSAND THINGS which between pure persons are pure, but which are so sacred and delicate that the merest touch from the world cannot be given without causing the utmost pain. One who would go eavesdropping to catch the confidence of parent and child, husband and wife, or lover and lover, and would then, to the distress and confusion of those concerned, report what he had heard, is a scoundrel.

THE EVERLASTING GOD, who sitteth at the head and top of universal dominion, makes Himself the servant of the very least and lowest of His creatures. Should we, then, be too proud to help each other? Should we scorn to lend our help, or influence, or sympathy, to the *least* among our brothers? How despicable must such a dispositon be in us in the sight of God!

FORE-ORDINATION! that is a shameful sham. God's time is "now," he never has any other time. Fore-ordination is nothing for you to meddle with, any more in religious than in money-making matters. In each it is in equal force, but 'tis God's business, not yours. If you *will* meddle with it, you deserve to get befogged and puzzled, though there's nothing against, but everything for you in it. But let it alone, if it troubles you. Men are not fools enough for this in temporal concerns, though plenty of them are so in regard to the interests of their immortal souls. No, when they see God working for them *in nature*, they take hold, with a right good will, and work too. And, as a general thing, they gain the blessing for which they strive. In other words, they do, in these minor matters, "work with God," to will and to do of his own good pleasure; but when it comes to spiritual work, they hold quickly back, and exclaim, "Oh! fore-ordination!" But this will be no plea for them when they come forth from their graves, and when, from mountain and valley, and from the dark waves of the sea, they lift up their blanched faces to the Judge. Of all the myriads who will stand before him, there will not be *one* who will have a word to say—they will be "speechless."

HUMILITY.—All the sighing, mourning, sobbing and complaining in the world, do not so evidence a man to be humble, as his living really and purely upon the righteousness of Christ, and his undervaluing and overlooking *his own* righteousness. This is the greatest proof of genuine humility shown by man. A truly humble soul sees himself unable to save himself, and this keeps him humble; yet he knows Christ's blood and righteousness ever justify him before God—evil as he is in himself, he is complete in him.

The Fireside.

HINTS TO MOTHERS.

IT is a bad practice which corrects every little error or fault of the child by a hasty, angry blow. Nothing can tend more to weaken a mother's influence. If you cannot command your own temper, you have no right to punish your child. Wait till you are cool yourself, or you are in no condition "to deal justly" by it. No parent can say, "It is my own child, and I can do what I please with it." It is God's child, and his command to you is, "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages."

Any punishment which is administered in a way that simply "provokes your children to wrath," will do nothing toward correcting evil habits and tempers. A single act of injustice to a child will do much to alienate its affections and weaken the parents authority. They will

see only oppression afterwards in every act of discipline, even though it be just and reasonable.

Perhaps the majority of parents err on the side of too frequent punishment. It seems the easiest way of mending matters, it takes so much less time and trouble. But, O! mother, remember you are sowing for all time and eternity too, and can you not afford to take a little time and trouble for such a great work?

Let love be the guiding star at your fireside and you will find it a safe one to steer by. Over the desert waste of life, your children's eyes will then turn back gratefully to its pure, steady light, and gather strength and cheering for all their onward journey.

We admire the sculptor who works out a statue in enduring marble; but how insignificant are his achievements, in comparison with the great vocation of mothers! For they work not upon the marble that shall crumble into dust, but upon mind, upon spirit, which is to last for ever, and which is to bear throughout its everlasting duration the impress of a mother's plastic hand!

Let those parents who would excuse themselves by saying, "We cannot give grace to our children," say whether they ever knew an instance where God withheld his grace while they were in humble reliance on him, fulfiling their duty? The real state of the case is this: Parents cannot do God's work, and God will not do theirs; but if they use the means, he will never withhold his blessing.

The Penny Post Box.

A GOOD WAY OF DOING GOOD.

ONE Lord's-day evening a pious gentlemen meeting a young man who did not appear to be on his way to a place of worship, respectfully addressed him, got into conversation with him, and persuaded the stranger to accompany him to worship, and as an inducement offered him a seat in his own pew. Succeeding in this case he was emboldened and encouraged to proceed in this line of Christian activity and usefulness. And now mark! with what a blessed result. He was the means of leading about One hundred young men to become stated attendants at the sanctuary, many of whom have been truly converted to God.

A minister of the gospel mentioned this at one of his prayer meetings, when the idea was caught up by some persons present, who at once said, "How admirable a plan this is for doing good." A little associa- was immediately formed, called "THE INVITATION SOCIETY." In six- teen months about Two hundred persons were persuaded, by eight or ten of its agents, to attend the house of God.

One of these agents, an earnest Christian in humble life, devoted himself to his work, and was the means of bringing Forty to hear the

word of life. Nor did he confine his labours to the act of bringing them to the house of God. In the week and on the Sabbath-day, in the streets and in their own homes, he ceased not to "beseech men to be reconciled to God." To adopt his own simple language, "I urge them," he said, "to give themselves up to Christ at once. I wish others would work on in this way." Some of the forty he visited on their death beds, and of three he had good hope they were in heaven.

The writer of this once had, in the church under his pastoral care, a poor woman who employed herself in this way, and five persons, who by her influence were brought under the sound of the gospel, were added to the church. A PASTOR.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

THE DEATH OF THE CROSS was a mode of execution among Egyptians, Assyrians, Persians, Greeks, and Romans. It was accomplished by placing two pieces of wood cross-wise. The punishment of the cross was inflicted on servants or slaves who had committed crimes judged worthy of death, on robbers, assassins, and rebels. Among the last Jesus was reckoned, Luke xxiii. 1—5; 13—15. The criminal was first stripped naked, except something round his loins, and scourged so severely as to endanger and sometimes to destroy life. He had to carry his own cross to the place of punishment, which was commonly a hill without the gates of the city. In addition to these circumstances in the case of Jesus, he was crowned with thorns, and otherwise insulted. The crime was generally inscribed on the transverse part of the cross. The criminal was placed slightly resting in a sitting posture upon a piece fastened to the perpendicular part of the cross for that purpose; his arms were extended, and bound with a cord upon the transverse part of the cross, and nails were driven through his hands. To the perpendicular his feet were fastened also with nails driven through them. The cross, which was about ten feet in height, was firmly fixed in the ground, and in this condition the criminal remained till he died. An intoxicating liquor was frequently administered, most probably to lessen the pains endured. This draught, when it was offered to the Saviour, he refused, for the obvious reason that he chose to suffer and die with his faculties unclouded and his mind unimpaired, Prov. xxxi. 6; Matt. xxvii. 34; Mark xv. 23.

Hints.

A RECIPE FOR LOW SPIRITS.—Dont eat a heavy or late supper. Rise early and work well all day. Try to do some good to others. Trust in God and love the Saviour, and you will soon be better.

NO BEING ON EARTH is better in her own way than a good woman, and no being on earth is worse than a bad one.

ALL THE MONEY in the world could not buy a mother's love for her child, for if all the world should forsake him, she would be more than all the world to him.

GOD MADE ALL MEN. But he never yet made two exactly alike. No

we do not think alike. This teach us forbearance and).

AN NEED GO FAR to make him- ierable. He has only to let the sions of his own heart get the over him, and he will be le enough.

MEN AND WOMEN may be said ainting pictures in the dark. he light of eternity shines on will then be seen what wretched ıey have made.

: ANGRY AND UNKIND WORDS into thunder and lightning, ould be an unending storm g round the whole earth con- .

GREATEST STRENGTH which ıen possess is not muscular, t which Samson had; but the to hate with undiminished Such men are dangerous to ıar.

Gems.

RELIGION.—The best way of ; others what this is, is to let e what it has done in *you* and

: DUTIES well discharged, are ceptable to God and more ap- of men than the most flourish- essions of devotion and piety.

H IS THE MESSENGER GOD sends us come home to him in his use, and dwell in one of the ıs which his Son has made r us.

ESSIONS OF LOVE TO GOD, with- ırential fear of his great name, of a doubtful character.

GOD MAKES A USEFUL MAN he ts him in the fire, and then m on the anvil. In this way always prepared his best ser- r their work.

IS ALWAYS WEAKEST when he himself to put down his own esires. It is like trying to stop the raging of the sea. Only by asking Him for help who said, "Peace, be still," can he subdue them.

BEWARE OF THE PATH OF TEMPTATION, for there may be only a step between you and a headlong plunge into the mire of sin, in which you may have to struggle long ere you get out, your garments soiled and torn.

THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY by which we can come to God, and that is by Christ; and we can only come pleading "guilty," for then Mercy will smile on us, But if we plead "not guilty," Justice will put on the black cap and condemn us.

MEN WITHOUT RELIGION, when troubles come, are like withered leaves which fall first in windy weather, and like rotten boughs which snap off when we lay hold of them.

Poetic Selections.

READY, EVER READY.

I AM ready, ever ready,
For the summons of the King;
If at dawning, or at midnight,
The message one should bring:
I am ready, ever ready,
For in Jesus I abide,
And who can touch the souls that in
The Rock of Ages hide?

I am ready, ever ready;
For I know my sins forgiven,
And the pardon of the King ensures
My entry into heaven.
I am ready, ever ready,
For the royal robe I wear,
And all in this rich garment drest,
Are ever welcome there.

Our Father waiteth still, for all
The prodigals who come
To seek again His presence,
And his holy happy home.
And ready for His glory shall
The sinner ever stand
Who trusts his soul for safety
In the Great Redeemer's hand.

Australia. IOTA.

The Children's Corner.

IN MEMORY OF A PRAYING FATHER.

[From a youth near Rochdale we have received these lines; and he exp his hope that, as the *Pioneer* has been made a blessing to himself, it the means of blessing many more. We insert them, not for their merit, but for the filial affection and pious feeling which they indulge

My Father is gone from earth away,
No more shall I hear him sing and pray.
He used to take me by the hand,
And tell me of that better land.

But now I am left here to weep,
While he lays in the grave asleep.
Dear Father, wake, and let me hear
Thy voice once more in fervent prayer.

But ah! no answer can he give,
Nor come again with me to live;
For he is gone to Christ above,
Where all is joy and peace and love.

I, too, may soon be called to die,
And leave my friends to mourn and sigh;
I cannot always here remain—
Return I must to dust again.

My tongue will then be silent too;
And so, my reader, so may you.
May I, through Jesus' love and grace,
On earth my Father's footsteps trace.

Then with what joy shall I arise
To meet my Saviour in the skies;
His face with joy I shall behold,
And sing his praise to harps of gold.

Father! we then with joy shall sing
Sweet hallelujah's to our King;
And tell of all his wondrous love,
Who brought our pardon from above.

Hiding our faces 'neath our wings,
We'll crown our Saviour King of kings.
Father and mother, sister, brother,
Will then unite with one another;

And all whom here we loved so well
Will join the chorus loud to swell;
While all with joy and transport sweet,
Will cast their crowns at Jesus' feet.

A TALK ABOUT MARRIAGE.

AN AMERICAN TALE, THAT WILL DO FOR SOME IN ENGLAND AS WELL.

Two maidens, in youthful bloom and beauty, sat earnestly talking. Their thoughts were reaching into the future; for their talk was of marriage.

"I like him well enough," said one of them, "but——"

"What is the impediment, Alice?"

"His income is too small."

"What is it?"

"Eight hundred dollars a-year."

"You might live on that."

"Live! What kind of living?

"Not in a high style, I will admit."

"Fanny. Eight hundred dollars! Why, father pays six hundred dollars rent; and I'm sure our style of living is plain enough! Eight hundred! O no. I like Harry better than any young man I have met. I could love him, no doubt.—But he can't support a wife in any decent kind of style."

"Did your father and mother begin their married life on a larger income than Harry now receives? Mine did not, as I have often heard them say."

"Father and mother! Why, according to their story, Job's turkey was scarcely poorer than they were in the beginning.—Mother did all her own work even to her washing and ironing, I believe. Father's income was not over three or four hundred dollars a-year"

"And they were happy together, I am sure."

"No doubt. In fact, I've heard mother say that the first hard struggling years of their life were among the happiest she has known. But that doesn't signify to me. That is no reason why her daughter should go into the kitchen, and spend her years in washing, ironing, and cooking. If a man isn't able to support a wife genteelly, and in the style to which she has been accustomed, let him marry some cook, sewing girl, or washerwoman, who will manage his household with the needed economy. Young men who can't earn more than eight hundred or a thousand dollars a year, should not look into our circle for wives."

"I don't like to hear you talk in this way, Alice. We are not superior beings, but only the equals of men."

"Did I say that we were superior?"

"One might infer from your language that you thought so."

"I don't see how the inference can fairly be drawn."

"Our circle for wives, you said just now."

"Yes."

"What do you mean by it?"

"A circle of intelligence, refinement, taste, and cultivation," replied Alice.

"You don't say wealth."

"No. My father, though living in good style, is not rich. I have heard him say more than once, that we were up to our income."

"Then we have only our own sweet selves with which to endow our husbands. No houses or lands, from which to draw an income; nothing substantial on which to draw the claim to be supported in costly idleness. We must be rich, indeed, as to personal attractions."

"We are educated, accomplished, and—and——"

Alice was a little bewildered in thought, and did not finish the sentence.

"Not better educated, or accomplished as girls, than most of the young men, who earn only from seven hundred to a thousand dollars a-year. In this regard, we are simply their equals. But it strikes me, that in another view of the case, we cannot claim even an equality. They are our superiors."

"Not by any means."

"We shall see. Here is Harry for instance. What is his income? I think you mentioned the sum just now."

"Eight hundred dollars a-year."

"That is the interest on—how much?—let me see—about twelve thousand dollars. To be equal, as a match for Harry, then, you should be worth twelve thousand dollars."

"How you talk, Fanny!"

"To the point, don't I? If we are not superior to the young men who visit us; superior simply in virtue of our sex; then, our only claim to be handsomely supported in idle self indulgence, must lie in the fact, that we endow our husbands with sufficient worldly goods to warrant the condition."

"You are ingenious."

"No, it is matter of fact. What have you got to say against my position, Alice? Are we better than young men of equal intelligence and education?

"No; I cannot say that we are."

"If we marry we must look among those for husbands. Rich men generally select their wives from rich men's daughters. Our chances in that direction are not very encouraging. Your father has no dowry for his children; nor has mine. Their families are large and expensive, and but little or nothing of the year's income is left at the year's close. The best they can do for us, is to give us homes; and I feel that it is not much to our credit that we are content to lean upon our fathers, already stooping under the burden of years, care, and toil, instead of supporting ourselves. The thought has troubled me of late."

A sober hue came over the face of Alice, as she sat looking into the eyes of her friend. She did not reply, and Fanny went on:

"There is wrong in this. On what ground of reason are we to be exempt from the common lot of useful work? We expect to become wives and mothers. Is this our preparation? Can you bake a loaf of sweet, light bread?"

"No."

"Nor can I. Or roast a sirloin?"

"No."

"Or broil a steak? Just think of it, Alice. We can manage a little useless embroidery, or fancy knitting; can sing and play, dance and chatter—but as to the real and substantial things of life, we are ignorant and helpless. And, with all this, forsooth, we cannot think of letting ourselves down to the level and condition of virtuous, intelligent young men, who, in daily, useful work are earning a fair independence! We are so superior that we must have husbands able to support us in luxurious idleness or we must have none! We are willing to pass the man to whom love would unite us in the tenderest bonds, because his income is small, and marry for money, one from whom the soul turns with instinctive aversion. Can we wonder that so many of us are unhappy?"

"But eight hundred dollars, Fanny! How is it possible for a married couple to live in any decent style in this city on eight hundred dollars a-year?"

"They may live in very comfortable style, if the wife is willing to perform her part."

"What do you mean by her part, Fanny?"

"We will take it for granted, that she is no better than her husband. That having brought him no fortune beyond her own dear self, she cannot claim superior privileges."

"Well?"

"He has to work through all the day."

"Well?"

"Under that equitable rule is she exempt?"

"No. She must do her part, of course, if there is anything to do. She must keep his house if he can afford a house. But if he have only eight hundred dollars a-year! Why rent alone would consume half, or more than half of that. They would have no housekeeping in that case. They must board."

"And the wife sit in idleness all the day long?"

"She would have nothing to do."

"Could she not teach? Or, by the aid of a sewing machine, earn a few dollars every week? or engage in some other useful work that would yield an income, and so do her part?

"Yes, she might do something of the kind; but if marriage is to make 'workers' of us, it were better to remain single."

"And live in unwomanly dependence on our parents and relatives. No, Alice; there is a false sentiment prevailing on this subject, and as I think and talk, I see more and more clearly. Our parents have been weak in their love for us; and society, as constituted, has given us a wrong estimate of things.—We should have been required to do useful work in the household, from the beginning, and should have been taught that idleness and self-indulgence are discreditable. Our brothers are put into trades and professions, and made to comprehend, from the beginning, that industry is honourable, and that the way of useful work is the way by which the world's highest places are to be reached.—But we are raised daintily and uselessly, and so unfitted for our duties as wives and mothers, Our pride and self-esteem are fostered; and we come to think of ourselves as future queens, and are to be ministered to in all things, instead of being ministers, in loving self-forgetfulness, to others. No wonder that an anti-marriage sentiment is beginning to prevail amongst young men of moderate income, in all the large cities. The fault is in us, Alice. The sin lies at our door. We demand too much in the co-partnership. We are not willing to do our share of work.—Our husbands must bear all the burdens."

Alice sighed heavily. Her friend continued:

"I have read somewhere that the delight of heaven is the delight of being useful. And it seem to me, as I dwell upon the *thought*, that the nearest approach to heavenly delight here, must

be that state to which a wife comes when she stands by her husband's side, and, out of love for him, removes one burden and another from his shoulders, and lightens work, and smiles take the place of weariness, and the shadows of care. If he be rich, she can hardly have so great a privilege; but if they are alike poor, and know how to moderate their desires, their homes may become an image of paradise. Eight hundred dollars! Alice, if you were really fitted to become Harry's wife, you might live with him doing your part, happier than any queen."

"That is, I must take in work, and earn money if we board: or—but housekeeping is out of the question."

"No, it should never be out of the question in marriage, I think."

"But house rent alone would take half of our income."

"That does not follow."

"It does, for any house that I would consent to live in."

"So pride is stronger than love. But pride has its wages as well as love; and the one is bitter, while the other is sweet. It is this pride of appearance, this living for the eyes of other people who do not care a penny for us, that is marring the fair fabric of our social life. Fine houses, fine furniture; fine dresses, parties, shows, and costly luxuries of all kinds, are consuming domestic happiness, and burdening fathers and husbands, in all grades of society, with embarrassment and wretchedness. Alice, we must be wiser in our generation."

"That is, coop ourselves up in two or three little rooms, with our eight hundred a-year husbands, and do our own cooking and house work. Is that it, Fanny?"

"For shame, Alice! You do not deserve a good man. You are not worthy to wed Harry, and I trust you will pass him by, should he be weak enough to offer you his hand. He can't afford to marry a girl of your expectations; he must content himself with one who, like himself, regards life as real, life as earnest; and the way of usefulness and duty the way to true honour and happiness."

"Suppose you take him, Fanny," said Alice, half sportingly, half petulantly. She was a weak, proud, vain girl.

"If he should offer himself, perhaps I will."

"O, then if he kneels at my feet, I will refer him to you as one likely to make him a good cook and chambermaid."

"Do, if you please. I always liked Harry, and I don't think

it will take much effort on my part to love him. He is a great deal better off in the world than I am, having an income of eight hundred dollars a-year, while I have nothing. On that sum, I am sure, we should enjoy comfort and happiness. I would not keep a servant to wait on me so long as I could do the work of our household. Why should I keep a servant any more than he? I would find mental recreation and bodily health in the light tasks our modest household would require. Need we care as to what the world would say? And what would the world say?"

"That your husband had no business to marry, if he couldn't support his wife."

"Not by any means, Alice. The world would say, 'There's a sensible couple for you, and a wife worth having. We'll warrant them for happiness and prosperity.' And what is more, Alice, others would be encouraged to act the same wise part, and thus be made happy through our example. I'll take Harry if he offers himself, and show you a model home, and a model wife; so pass him over to me if you will."

How this talk ended, and which of these young "*gals*" had Harry for a husband, deponent sayeth not; but Fanny was the lass to make him happy, and we hope that he found her out and took her.

Poetry.

A WEDDING HYMN.

SINCE Jesus freely did appear,
To grace the marriage feast;
O Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest!

Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands,
Their union with thy favour crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.

With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of richest dowries best!
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.

In purest love their souls unite,
And link in kindly care:
To render family burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

True helpers may they prove indeed,
In prayer, and faith, and hope,
And see with joy a goodly seed
To build their household up.

As Isaac and Rebecca give
A pattern chaste and kind;
So may this new-met couple live
In faithful friendship join'd.

Anecdotes and Selections.

MADNESS OF MEN.—Suppose that the wounded men in the Crimean hospitals had raised an insurrection. Suppose that one man having lost a leg, had said to another who had lost an arm, and to another with part of his face shot away, 'Come, let us put an end to the directions and attentions of these doctors and nurses;' and suppose that then the poor wretches had hobbled up, and turned all their kind and skilful physicians out of doors; had ejected Florence Nightingale after them, and flung medicines and all the surgeon's instruments out of the windows. Would all this have done them any good? They would thus have got rid of all who could have helped them; but while the doctors, and nurses, and the remedies and ointments, were all outside the walls, the wounds and putrifying sores, the burning anguish and tormenting pain, would all have continued within. But what is a Crimean hospital to this groaning world? this lazar-house of corruption and woe, that goes swinging through the ages to one unceasing anthem of pain. Men would make their fate utterly hopeless, their damnation doubly sure, could they extinguish the only light which can lead them from that doom of unrepented sin, whose horror is, that it for ever gathers blackness as it rolls and rolls throughout eternal night.

HEAVEN.—Some people think that heaven is a spacious, solemn place, where there is only everlasting practising of music. But it is more, far more. It is in all things the contrast of earth. A good man says:—"There is not a day passes over me here, that I do not sicken at some unworthiness or hypocrisy; but I think, Yonder there can enter 'nothing that defileth, or maketh a lie.' Not a day but that tears start to my eyes at the sight of other's tears; but I know that *there* 'there shall be no more sorrow nor crying.' Here, I shrink daily from the contact of those that are mean and sordid; there, all is noble and generous. Here, I am often chilled by want of affection; there, all is love, perfect and undefiled. Of whatever is beloved by me; of all that is most grand and glorious; of all that is most warm, winning, and delightful, I can think, and yet be sure that I have not risen to anything like the warmth and beauty of the glorious home awaiting the sons of God—the joint-heirs with Christ.

VALUE OF SIGHT.—It would be a dreadful thing to me to lose my sight; to see no more the faces of those I love, nor the sweet blue of heaven, nor the myriad stars that jem the sky, nor the dissolving clouds that pass over it, nor the rolling sea, nor the mountains with their changing lines of light and shade, nor the loveliness of flowers, nor the burnished mail of insects. But I should do as other blind men have

done before me; I should take God's rod and staff for my guide and comfort, and wait patiently for death to bring me into better light. Oh ye who are living in the darkness of sin! turn before it is too late to the light of holiness, else death will bring to you, not recreation, but retribution. Earthly blindness can be borne, for it is only as for a day; but who could bear to be blind through eternity?

GETTING OFF THE SANDBAR.—Coming once down the Ohio river when the water was low, we saw just before us several small boats aground on a sandbar. We knew the channel was where they were not, and shaping our course accordingly, we went safely by. They saw our intention, and taking advantage of the light swell we made as we passed them, the men pushed with their oars when the swell came, and their boats were lifted off the bar. Now, when in life's stream you are stranded on some bar of temptation, no matter what it is that makes a swell, if it is only an inch under your keel, push and swing off into the current. Oh, what joy then to glide down the river between green and flowery banks, and to know that every hour is bringing you nearer home!

The Fireside.

GOOD MANNERS AT HOME.

As I was pursuing my way along one of our busy Birmingham streets one dull morning last winter, I saw walking just before me a poor woman. Coming the other way was a lad who met her, and in a cheerful and kindly tone said, "Good morning, mother!" The words sounded sweetly on my ears. Had he merely said, in a cold formal way, "Good morning," I should not have taken so much notice, but adding, as he did, that sacred word "mother," I felt very much pleased.

Now I am afraid there are many young people, who are a great deal better off as regards worldly affairs than this lad, who often leave their homes in the morning for school, or the workshop, or the warehouse, who never think of saying in a loving and respectful tone, "Good morning, mother."

Many times since I heard that lad's salutation, I have wished I knew where he lived; for I would certainly have sent him a book of some sort, and inside of it I would have written, "*Presented* to ——— by a working man, who, on passing him in the street, was much pleased to hear him salute his mother with loving affection."

This little incident may also teach a lesson to some children of a larger growth. I know there are some husbands who go from their homes without ever saying one of those kindly words which cost *nothing* and yet are worth so much. But would not a man be more

erful during the toils of the day if, when he left home, he turned to wife, and with a loving smile said, "Good morning, my dear." I s in a house not long since where I saw a working man and his wife t in this way, and I could not but observe them. Yes! we should do well to remember, amidst the hurry and bustle of life

"That little deeds of kindness, little words of love,
Makes this earth an Eden like the heaven above."

Birmingham. R. C.

The Penny Post Box.

ARE YOU AFRAID TO DIE?

FRIEND having asked me this question, I wrote these lines in reply. ont pretend to be a poet, but it was thought they might be useful to ie who, through fear of death, are often subject to bondage.

Why should I fear the near approach of death,
When Christ for me resigned His mortal breath;
When through the gloomy portals of the grave,
The Saviour passed my guilty soul to save?
Did he not die that even I might live?
And will he not my helpless soul receive?
Has not His love subdued my stubborn heart,
And moved my will to choose the better part?
Does not his Holy Spirit through each day
Quicken and guide me in the heavenly way?
And does He not within my bosom place
His all-sufficient and restraining grace—
That Holy Principle—which moves within
The Christian's soul, and bids him flee from sin?

And shall I fear the time when death shall come,
Sent by my Lord to fetch my spirit home;
Where as 'tis written in his Holy Word,
I shall be ever present with my Lord.
I trust that word with an unflinching faith;
Since Christ hath died there is no sting in death;
He ever lives to intercede for me,
And from all fear of death has set me free.
I trust His love will follow me through life;
And when His messenger shall end the strife,
My soul shall mount to yon bright world above,
To sing for ever the new song of love;
And there behold in righteousness his face,
And share the blessings of His boundless grace;
And live a life of bliss, and swell the strain
Of grateful anthems to Emmanuel's name.

No sin or pain can find an entrance there,
No tears of sorrow, penitence, or fear;
From all that once was earthly then set free,
My soul shall bask in heaven's felicity.
And when upon the Resurrection morn
My body shall arise—a glorious form—
With saints and angels this my song shall be,
"Worthy the Lamb" throughout eternity.

This is my hope my friend, so let death come,
Jesus has paid for me the ransom-sum.
Come life! come death! in Him I will confide,
My only plea that for me Christ hath died.

Ipswich. R. W. G.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

GLASS.

THE Phœnicians are said to have accidentally discovered the mode of the formation of glass, when a ship's crew were cooking their provisions on the sands. Having brought some pieces of saltpetre from the ship, which was laden with that article, they formed of them a fire-place; and having kindled a fire, a clear liquor (glass) was observed to run out from beneath the pile. But recent discoveries among the tombs of Egypt have brought out some curious specimens of glass manufacture, such as even modern art is not able to imitate; some of which are supposed to be 3500 years old. Glass is said to have been introduced into England in 663, by Benedict, Abbot of Wearmouth, who glazed the windows of his monastery; but no regular manufactory was opened till 1557. In those days glass windows were moveable, and were only used by the nobility during their residence at their castles. They were not used by the people generally till the time of the Stuarts. Before this, lattice work, or panels of horn with wooden shutters, were their usual windows.

How superior, then, are our accommodations to those of our ancestors, in the admission of light into our dwellings by this beautiful article.

Hints.

SOME MEN are of such a temper that they need always to have their hand on the engine or there will be a blow-up.

HE MAY NOT KNOW IT, but every man is an author, engaged in writing, in imperishable characters, the history of his own life every day. How will yours read in the light of eternity?

DONT BE TOO POLISHED. If you try you will find it hard work. God did not polish the rocks, or cover the earth with velvet. Be natural; not rude or rough, nor yet over nice.

NEVER ALLOW YOURSELF to go beyond the truth. If you do you may, without knowing it, get into the habit of telling lies as glibly as the father of lies, who always teaches his children in this way.

SYMPATHY with the sufferings of others always pays good interest. The few tears we shed for them come back into our own hearts in a refreshing shower.

CULE is contemptible. Never
ɜ it. And if assailed by it, dis-
it; and you will be like that
f on which the hail comes
ɡ but cannot enter.

r DEAL WITH MEN who play at
and grab, or at pinch and
e. That is the best way of
ıg such scamps that honesty
be better policy.

OT AND HASTY TEMPER in man
ıan is like a tallow candle in a
ndlestick, which burns itself at
ıd and is melted at the other.
ouch it, or you will grease your
.

Gems.

WILL CERTAINLY hold you up if
ll only bear your whole weight
n. He may not do so just in
ıy you wish or expect; but he
ı it.

LONG AS WE LIVE we shall meet
hings which seem so dark that
nnot see through them. But
ıan; and he can send light
ɡh them down to us.

RS dim our natural eyes; but
ıurns them into powerful tele-
, through which we see "the
hat is very far off."

ISTIAN GRACES are the outgrowth
seed of the word sown in our
, and blossoming under the in-
e of divine love by the power of
oly Ghost unto eternal life.

IT DECEIVE YOURSELF. If you
ıny religion in you, it is only so
as is seen in your life and con-
If it is in it must come out and
itself in good words and good
.

YER sometimes becomes too deep
ɔrds; but never too deep for God
and answer in his own way and
own time.

US CHRIST set his disciples to
He did not shut them up in
eries or convents. Sometimes
he let them "rest awhile," but only to get strength to work again.

THE GIFTS OF GOD are very good. We ought to take them thankfully and joyfully. They are as his sunshine, and so be glad; but if clouds should come, be patient and wait.

Poetic Selections.

THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS DEATH.

'For dying is but going home.'

'THERE'S no such thing as death,'
To those who think aright,
'Tis but the racer casting off
What most impedes his flight;
'Tis but one little act
Life's drama must contain;
One strruggle keener than the rest,
And then an end of pain.

'There's no such thing as death:'
That which is thus miscalled
Is life escaping from the chains
That have so long enthralled:
'Tis a once hidden star,
Now piercing through the night,
To shine in gentle radiance forth
Amid its kindred light.

'There's no such thing as death;'
In nature nothing dies!
From each sad remnant of decay
Some forms of life arise.
The faded leaf that falls,
All sere and brown, to earth,
Ere long shall mingle with the shapes
That gave the floweret birth.

'There's no such thing as death;'
'Tis but the blossom spray
Sinking before the coming fruit,
That seeks the summer's ray;
'Tis but the bud displaced,
As comes the perfect flower;
'Tis faith exchanged for sight,
And weariness for power.

There is a sense in which these beautiful lines are true, and there is a sense in which they are not. They can only be true of those who can say when falling asleep in Jesus, 'O death, where is thy sting? Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!'

The Children's Corner.

HIS MOTHER'S TEARS.

"Though seed lie buried long in dust,
It sha'nt deceive their hope;
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace insures the crop."

A THOUGHTLESS youth, who had long disregarded the advice of his parents, at length consented to accompany them to hear a minister who was to preach at the place of worship which they attended. The subject of the discourse was the Heavenly State, which was described in the most glowing and attractive imagery. On returning home, the young man, after admiring the preacher's talents, said, turning to his mother, "I was surprised to observe that while the smile of joy was visible in the countenances of all around, you and my father appeared distressed, and more than once in tears. I was the more astonished, because I thought that if any one could claim an interest in the subject, you were the persons." "Ah! my son," replied the anxious mother, "I *did* weep, not because I feared for myself, or for your dear father, but I *wept for you*. It was the fear that *you*, my beloved child, would be for ever banished from the blessedness of heaven, that caused me to give vent to my grief." "I imagined," said the father, turning to his wife, "that those were your reflections; the same feelings and fears made me weep also." These pointed remarks pierced the hard heart of their careless son, led him to repentance and the cross of Christ, and terminated in his saving conversion to God.

Perhaps some young person who reads this may have pious parents who have long prayed for him. Is it so? And are you still unwilling to think about religion as you ought? If it is so, just think of what you are doing. You love your parents, no doubt, and yet you are depriving them of one of the greatest pleasures they can enjoy in this life. For they could have no greater joy than to see you walking in the truth. They know what great good will then come to you, and they know, too, what unutterable misery must be yours if you live and die in your sins, careless of your soul and your Saviour. The most shocking sight in the judgment day will be to see the ungodly children of godly parents cast out. *Think of that.*

THE LONDON RAGGED SCHOOLS.

We believe that all our readers will be glad, very glad indeed, to read what follows, written by one who has taken much pains to ascertain the facts :—

"What would London have been had Ragged Schools never been established ?" asked the chaplain of Brixton gaol, at a recent conference. Out of 600 male prisoners, he had found that the number who had been at ragged schools was "very small," while out of 1,700 females who had been in prison, 850 had no knowledge of either reading or writing: the 600 who knew anything at all having acquired their knowledge during a residence, at various times, in prison. There are two facts which in the outset we place before the reader. The first is,—that as a rule, adult thieves have begun their career in boyhood—in other words, that very few begin a course of crime after sixteen years of age; and the second fact is this, that, notwithstanding the rapid increase of population, juvenile crime has largely diminished in London as compared with the past. That the Ragged School Union, in its direct and indirect influence, has largely contributed to such a result will be amply proved by the facts which we are about to detail. But every thoughtful person must feel assured, that if the young "Arabs of the city" could be brought under the influence of education and moral training,—if they could be taken off the streets, into which they had been sent by drunken and profligate parents to beg and to steal, and so on Sunday and week-day have their hearts and consciences plied with truth, and, moreover, could be gradually put into the way of earning their own living,—*then* this out-cast class would surely become, to a large extent, a blessing, and not a curse to society.

In the Ragged School system we have seen the christian miner sink a shaft into a stratum *deeper* and *lower* than was ever penetrated before. Sunday-schools and day-schools had not gone down so deep, nor can they do it at this hour. "Bright jewels of the mine" they have indeed brought up, but the Ragged School has found in that lower depth gems brighter still: the very contrast of what these children once were, and what they have become, intensifies our thankfulness and joy. At first, when, nearly twenty years ago, Lord Shaftesbury and his little band of early

coadjutors went to work, their enterprise was regarded as Quixotic and impracticable.

The London Ragged Schools were commenced in 1844; one of these was in the Devil's Acre, Westminster, another in St. Giles's parish, and another in Field Lane. Three years after the above date, I remember an examination of the Field Lane school in a small room of an old and tumble-down house in West Street, Smithfield. But ere long its conductors purchased and fitted up a large building, which had been used as a smithy. In the upper room, decorated for the occasion with spring's freshest flowers, and crowded to overflowing, Field Lane had its annual meetings, at which nobles, prelates, magistrates, &c., were wont to plead with earnest eloquence for the girls and boys who had better been orphans than the children of brutal and criminal parents.

Industrial Classes are connected with many of the London Ragged Schools. We know one school where the boys are famous at *patching* and *mending*, and at making up for themselves coats, waistcoats, and trousers, originally worn by their seniors,—an ingenious process in its way, reminding us how, in the Royal Navy, a seventy-four gun ship is sometimes "cut down" to a frigate. As for the girls, they are taught to sew; they make up garments for themselves and others, besides mending their own clothes and also the family linen in the evening at home. These girls, before entering the Industrial School, were altogether ignorant of sewing. The industrial scholars in connection with the Ragged School Union, independent of those received, boarded and provided for in refuges, now number 2,840.

As to the number of schools and children, the following are the latest statistics of these schools:—

The number of Sunday Schools is now 180, with scholars and attendance averaging	23,360
The number of Day Schools 201, and scholars ..	17,983
The Week-night Schools 205, and scholars	8,325
This gives a total of scholars	49,668

But, as many scholars attend on both Sunday and week-day, the Committee take the week-day attendance only as the probable number of those who enjoy the benefits of these schools, that is to say 26,000. The lamentable fact remains—as fully brought out at the Conference on Ragged Schools—that there are 25,000 of the class for which these institutions were intended, totally

unprovided for. Very rapid indeed has been their increase. During the last seven years alone, about thirty have been established, twelve of which are male or female refuges. During the same period also the Sunday scholars have risen from 16,937 to 24,256, and the day and night scholars from 21,132 to 26,690. But, notwithstanding this, London increases so fast, and the causes—intemperance above all—which create rags and wretchedness are still so rampant, that *one-half* of the juvenile "roughs" and of outcast children are growing up neglected. Many are willing to enter one of these schools; the moment a school is opened in a new district it is filled, and the cry is, "Still they come!"

It is another painful fact that every Sunday evening thousands are refused admission, not from want of space, but *want of teachers.* A large band of voluntary teachers are already in the field, numbering 2,695, while there are 395 "paid teachers" admirably adapted for their special work, and pre-eminently "worthy" and more than worthy "of their hire." But these are totally insufficient to meet the necessities of the case. Old teachers are passing away from the city and other crowded localities, to suburban residences; and others who have continued their self-denying exertions are annually disabled by sickness or removed by death.

"When we look around on the thousands who are still outside the Ragged School, living in ignorance, ungodliness, and vice; when we find parents, as well as children, habitually indulging in brutal sensuality, and practising daily that which is debasing and corrupting, living in wretched hovels, insensible to shame, and as ignorant of God as the heathen, we are overwhelmed with heartfelt sorrow and deep regret that we have been able as yet to accomplish so little, compared with what is needful to be done, for the perishing outcasts of this mighty city. *We feel as if we had only accomplished half our mission;* yet how to overtake the other half we are at a loss to know." Such was the language of the last Report of the Ragged School Union. Urgent is the need for *teachers* as well as funds.

The necessity for a much larger staff of teachers is made urgent from the fact of the migratory or irregular habits of the parents; the period during which the scholars stay in the Sunday schools is very limited. They must, if ever taught, be instructed *at once*; there must, therefore, be more teachers, smaller classes, and *such individual teaching that no child shall be overlooked.*

The "Ladies' Clothing Societies" were founded for the purpose

of supplying the children of the day-schools with clothing at one-third less than the cost of the material. The respective Ladies' Committees meet for the purpose of cutting out and preparing clothing, to be made up partly by the children of the day-schools. At one school the children paid upwards of £44 for strong, well-made boots, and upwards of 800 garments were purchased within the year. To this it may be added, that cast-off clothing is frequently sent to the Ragged School Union office, and given to children half naked and ready to perish.

Every year there is a most gladdening scene witnessed in one or other of our public halls—the annual gathering of the *Shoeblack Brigades* of the metropolis. Those who have once been present will not speedily forget the varied costumes, the clear, bright aspect of the boys, the sweet music discoursed by their band. There are eight London brigades, employing 373 lads, who in one year earned £6,222. To John MacGregor, Esq., mainly belongs the privilege and honour of having originated a movement which not only supplies a public want, but also brings health and spiritual and moral training, and the means of honest living, to those who as Ragged School-boys were drawn from the lowest class. One of the most suggestive paintings we have ever seen, represents a member of the *red* brigade, with his box and brushes close at hand, partaking of the smoking dinner his widowed mother has brought to his stand, and provided out of his savings. This picture was presented to the noble president of the Union, and we know that Lord Shaftesbury prizes it greatly. It hangs in a prominent place among the portraits of his titled ancestors in Grosvenor Square.

The annual distribution of prizes to servants who were once Ragged School children, who have kept their places for more than twelve months, is likewise full of interest. Last year there were 730 candidates, of whom 475 had held their situations from one to two years; 151 from two to three; fifty-seven from three to four; thirty-two from four to five; and sixteen for five years and upwards.

We cannot conclude without referring to the cultivation of a love for flowers, and the flower shows with prizes annexed for those children who, with their parents, have cultivated many a lovely flower and fragrant plant, and that "under difficulties." A local London paper, reporting the proceedings of one of these floral shows in Clerkenwell parish, said, "It required some stretch

of the fancy to realise the fact that many of the plants and flowers were reared, watched, and tended in some close cellar or garret by the little ragged urchins who, a short time since, were to be found in the streets whining at our feet for alms, but who then stood before us with intelligence and pride, and presented their mute offerings to our gaze. Poor indeed must be the aspiration of that man who could not discern in the remarkable scene the springing up of a bud of promise one day destined to bloom on a fairer garden, and to produce its fruit." In another district we find that by the shows "a love of flowers has been developed, so that there are few windows which are not decorated by plants."

Last of all, *summer treats* are annually provided for Ragged School children, and also for the inmates of the London refuges. Some gentlemen are always found to open their grounds every year, and to take upon themselves the whole expense of a large body of children. Among these is Mr. Bodkin, the well-known assistant-judge, who, with his daughter, is most zealous on behalf of Ragged Schools. Many of the schools are marched to Primrose Hill, Kennington, and Victoria Parks; others are conveyed away in vans to spend one whole day on the green lawn, in the incense-breathing meadows, on the grassy slope, or amid gipsy haunts in forest glades. As many as six thousand children have thus in one season, and by special funds raised for the purpose, been made happy exceedingly. Many, the majority, had never seen a green field. Shut up in the murkiest and most unhealthy alleys, lanes, courts, dens, they manifest unbounded delight when they first feel themselves on the greensward, and to look at them in their exuberant gladness is at once cheering and saddening; for such excitement finds its explanation in the remark of one girl of twelve or thirteen years of age: "*I never had a holiday before.*" The class whom it is sought to bless and save is a peculiar class—precocious, cunning, and mischievous to a degree; and so sound christian philosophy demands kind treatment as conducive to the grand end. *Truth and love* can tame them. "I hope," said the president at a great meeting of the Sheffield Ragged Schools, "you will adopt the system of giving the children periodical treats. In the winter let them have a good tea, and *in summer take them out into the open fields, there to disport themselves for a few hours, and enjoy the beauties of God's creation.*"

Such are our facts about London Ragged Schools. We rejoice to think that such institutions are now general over the kingdom.

It has been affirmed by an authority on this question, that every town with 15,000 inhabitants there ought to be a Ragg School. If so, the necessities of the outcast juvenile populati are far from being supplied. But they shall be met, if earne men will realise at once their responsibilities, and the bless recompense accruing from self-sacrifice in such a cause.

Despise not one of these;
Compel them to come in;
There yet is room—the Lord is there,
Waiting for guests his feasts to share;
Each wanderer is welcome here—
GO FORTH AND BRING THEM IN.

There is a good old hymn which we used to sing fifty yea ago. It is not so much sung now; indeed many have nev seen it. So I shall call it,

A RAGGED SCHOOL HYMN.

BLEST is the man whose heart expands
At melting pity's call,
And the rich blessings of whose hands
Like heavenly manna fall.

Mercy descending from above,
In softest accents pleads!
O! may each tender bosom move,
When mercy intercedes.

Be ours the bliss in wisdom's way,
To guide untutor'd youth,
And lead the mind that went astray
To virtue and to truth.

Children our kind protection claim,
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Creator love.

Delightful work! young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.

Almighty God! thy influence shed,
To aid this good design:
The honours of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine!

Anecdotes and Selections.

A FAITHFUL AND TRUE PREACHER.—I, then, to-night, in the discharge of my solemn duty, am called to set before you the provisions of the Gospel; the pardon of sin that is offered for the past; strength to overcome temptation and weakness in the time to come; and the indwelling of the Spirit of God, the Enlightener and the Comforter. I come to offer all the bounty of God for this life and for the future life. I come to offer you companionship and joys here, triumph in death, and glory and immortality hereafter. The gift is yours. It belongs to any man that will take it. Free it is as the arch of heaven above your head. Whose is that blue sky? Is it the property of you that live in ceiled houses? of you that handle countless treasures? The millionaire does not own that sky one bit more than the beggar on whom he refuses to bestow alms. The little child in the street that is an outcast, and that slept last night out of doors, with his face turned heavenward, owns as much as you of God's great canopy. The sunlight that shines upon all, and everywhere, the rain that moistens the earth, the air that we breathe, is not freer than is divine grace to every one that will accept it. And I bring the offer of God's love, of his kindness, and of his mercy, to every one of you. You who are stained with sin, or you who are only warped and beginning to go the wrong way; you that have long been in the evil path, and you that have but just entered that path; you I offer, in the name of my Master, God's forgiveness through Christ, and his promise of immortality.

THE SUFFERING SAVIOUR.—Still he suffers in all our sufferings. He is afflicted in all our afflictions. He is concerned in all our transgressions, as a father is concerned in the transgressions of his child. The father bears up the child, and suffers more, sometimes, for the child's transgressions, than the child itself suffers. And I believe that in the paternal heart of God there is a quick and everlasting sympathy with the welfare of men. And the thoughts of Christ Jesus follow your thoughts; his feelings follow your feelings; his life follows your life. He still bears your sins and your sufferings, and by his stripes are you still healed. And this suffering of Christ for men is not merely an historical fact, but it is a revelation of the everlasting divine nature—the medicine of sin; the healing of wickedness; the lifting up of those that are cast down; the enfranchising of those that are bound by Satan—this is the divine nature.

WHAT MADE HIM LOOK SO GLAD?—A young man who had for some time been very anxious for the safety of his soul, was met one morning by a companion, who, looking him full in the face, said, "What is it makes you look so cheerful and happy this morning?" His reply was ready. "I have found Jesus; and the Holy Spirit has assured me that he is my Saviour. If that is not enough to make me happy I know not

what is." He was right. It was the greatest event in his life, rich with the promise and hope of everlasting blessedness! How could he but be happy? Reader, have you felt the same joyful assurance? O taste and see that the Lord is good! Blessed are all them that trust in Him!

The Fireside.

THE GOOD WIFE.

It is an unspeakable and untold advantage to a man (says one of our most popular writers)—no matter what his circumstances or pursuits in life—to secure a sensible woman for a wife. Rarely do we find in man that union of soundness of judgment, with tact and consideration, which are so frequently met with in woman. If a woman be your friend, what a regard she will have for your character, and repute, and honour! More cautious than man, woman rarely counsels an imprudent thing. More high-minded than man, she will never counsel a mean or shabby thing.

A man's best friend is a wife of good sense and good heart, whom he loves and who loves him. Woman indeed is the helpmate and ornament of a man's life. Without her aid and sympathy, what is life, but a weary struggle, uncheered and disheartening? Brightened by her love, her patience, her smiles, her sympathy—how different! It is then no longer a path of toil and of difficulty, but a scene of earnest hopeful effort—a struggle, indeed, but no longer a lonely cheerless struggle—but that valiant manly effort which never goes entirely unrewarded.

"I noticed," said Franklin, "a mechanic, among a number of others, at work in a house erected but a little way from my office, who always appeared to be in a merry humour, and had a kind word and cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy, or sunless, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell me the secret of his constant happy flow of spirits. 'No secret, doctor,' he replied; 'I have got one of the best of wives, and when I go to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for me, and when I go home she meets me with a smile and a kiss; and she is sure to be ready, and she has done so many things during the day to please me, that I cannot find in my heart to speak unkind to anybody.'"

These words deserve to be very seriously considered. We may ask ourselves—Do men sufficiently value and rightly estimate the debt they owe to wives and mothers? Very rarely do they. Woman's tenderness and devotion to him to whom she has pledged her love are sometimes not sufficiently honoured.

These remarks will not have been written in vain if they serve to remind any son or husband of the inestimable blessing he possesses in the loving care of a mother or the tender devotion of a wife; and it is hoped they may have the further effect of leading him to reflections which may issue in an increased regard for her to whom he perhaps is the "all in all" of this life.

The Penny Post Box.

AWKWARD FOLKS.

I WANT to say a few words to the readers of the *Pioneer* about these. Not that I suppose any of *them* are of this character, but that I may, if they should have the misfortune to be plagued by such people, just remind them that they are not alone in their trouble.

I wish such folks were scarce, but unhappily we often meet with them. They are to be found, more or less, everywhere. This class of people are either ungainly in doing what they have got to do, and make poor work of it, or they are so cross-grained in their tempers that you cannot smooth them down do what you will. They are sad plagues to themselves as well as to others, and are as much to be avoided as if they were infected with the small-pox.

But the chief reason why I write this letter about these folks is to try to find out how they were twisted into such knotty shapes. For it is written,—

"Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

And I believe there is much truth in that saying. I am therefore of opinion that much of this awkwardness, both of conduct and temper, is owing to inattention and neglect in their bringing up. They ought to have been better taught how to do things, and their tempers ought to have been kept down, while they were yet young. For I am a firm believer in that saying of Solomon—"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Perhaps my readers will be ready to say, "We know all you have told us too well; can you tell us how to cure them or get rid of them?" I wish I could; but I cannot; and the vexation of the thing is that they are not what some would call "necessary evils," except it be necessary that our patience should now and then be measured to see how much we have got. To my mind they ought rather to excite our pity than our vexation. For people who are awkward with everybody are most awkward with themselves, and I cannot conceive how they can be happy at all, poor creatures! One thing, and one thing only, is of power to work a change in them, and that is the Gospel.

OBSERVER.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

TRENT-SIDE POTATOES.

THESE are the large white thin-skinned mealy potatoes, usually sold by the London green-grocers. They are grown on the western side of the Trent, on what was once waste marsh. The high-tide waters of the river were let in upon the land by sluices, which, when let off again, left a rich sediment called warp. On this soil the roots are planted. Thousands of acres between Epworth and Selby are now under cultivation. They are turned up with the plough, and gathered by hundreds of women and children.

Formerly the potatoes were shipped in vessels from the banks of the river. But when the Great Northern line was opened, the potatoe-growers applied for a branch line to Keadby, between Epworth and Crowle, and one was laid down. Now the crops are sent by rails to London, and so extensive is the traffic, that the Great Northern Company is spending £40,000 in erecting warehouses for a metropolitan potato market.

Within the past twelve years the traffic has increased to 85,000 tons last year, and it is expected that in twelve more years half London will be supplied from this region alone. The erection of the Market was indispensable, for as many as 900 trucks have been sometimes waiting to be unloaded. There will be thirty-eight separate warehouses for the London potatoe-factors, with dry cellars for the stocks on hand. The trucks will now run into each warehouse without delay or confusion, and so the business will be greatly facilitated. So much for the potatoe trade of London! What would William Cobbett have said about such a demand for the root that he would neither plant nor eat?

Hints.

TO SERVANT GIRLS.

1. A good character is especially valuable to servants, for without it they will not be admitted into any creditable family. It is well to bear in mind that it is in every one's power to deserve a good character.

2. Never undertake a situation for which you are not qualified. For by pretending to know what you do not know, or to be able to do what you really cannot do, you not only deceive those who engage you, but you expose your own ignorance, incapability, and disregard of truth.

3. Preserve your fidelity. Faithfulness and trustworthiness are the highest and most valuable qualities which any human being can possess.

4. Always speak the truth, for if one lie be told, it is generally necessary to tell many more to conceal it.

5. Be strictly honest, for not only is honesty the best policy, but it is shameful and mean to prove unworthy of trust.

6. Be modest in your behaviour, civil in your language, obliging in your manners, and clean in your person and habits.

7. Never talk to strangers about the affairs of the family you belong to; for this is a kind of treachery.

8. Prefer a regular and orderly life, with moderate gains, to greater gains with irregularity and exposure to temptation.

9. Save your money, for the day may come when you will need it. Be not expensive in your dress, but be careful in all things.

10. Remember that the servant who frequently changes places works only to be poor.

11. Be not fond of increasing your acquaintance; and take care with

whom you are acquainted, for persons are generally the better or worse for the company they keep.

12. If you are dissatisfied with your place, state your objections modestly to your master or mistress. Never leave a situation without giving fair warning; and do not neglect your business or behave ill when you have made up your mind to quit your situation, but persevere in well-doing to the last, so that you may leave without the smallest stain upon your character.

Gems.

God will take care that his children shall have whatever is good. Even poverty and disgrace, afflictions, and bereavements, he can mix up into a good medicine for them.

If it were unreasonable for a man at midnight to say "It will never be day," it would be more unreasonable for him to say, "I never can be saved," for that would be to deny the power and promise of God in the gospel.

It is wise in us to try to pick out of our troubles something to make us feel thankful. For thankfulness feeds joy, and the joyful must be happy.

When we give ourselves to God, he thinks nothing too much or too good for us: but not satisfied with this, he gives himself to us too, so that we may call him *our* God.

True zeal for God's glory is always joined to true love for men's souls. So never talk of glorifying God if you never try to do good to men.

God takes it unkind of us if we grieve over much for the loss of husband, or wife, or child, or friend, for it is a sign that we did not love Him more than any of them.

The broken-hearted sometimes look too much at their own sins. They must not do so always, or they will despair. They should lift up their eyes to the cross and look for the mercy of God in Christ, that they may have hope and joy.

Righteousness by our own works breeds nothing but perplexity and doubts. We never feel satisfied with it, for we know it is imperfect. But the perfect Righteousness of Christ, which is unto all and upon all them that believe, satisfies and contents us.

Good Works come from mere professors as fire out of a flint; you must strike hard to get them; but from those who love the Saviour they gush up continually like water from a perpetual spring.

Poetic Selections.

MOVE LIGHTLY.

Move lightly over trouble,
  Move lightly over wrong;
We only make grief double
  By dwelling on it long.
Why clasp woe's hand so tightly?
  Why sigh o'er blossoms dead?
Why cling to forms unsightly?
  Why not seek joy instead?

Move lightly over sorrow,
  Though all the day be dark,
The sun may shine to-morrow,
  And gaily sing the lark;
Fair hope has not departed,
  Though roses may have fled,
Then never be down-hearted,
  But look for joy instead.

Move lightly over sadness,
  Stand not to rail at doom,
We've pearls to string, of gladness,
  On this side of the tomb;
Whilst stars are nightly shining,
  And heaven is overhead;
Encourage not repining,
  But look for joy instead.

So sit not still in sadness,
  But rise and do thy part,
To fill some soul with gladness,
  And heal some broken heart;
Then back to thy own bosom
  Shall come a healing balm,
For doing good to others
  Will hush thy storm to calm.

Think of the "Man of sorrows"
  Who died our souls to save,
And by his power will ransom
  Our bodies from the grave;
For soon from heaven returning,
  He will again appear,
To bring the glorious morning
  Which no night follows there.

The Children's Corner.

THE DISCONTENTED ANT.

One fine summer's day a young Ant was complaining,
And even the order of nature arraigning:
"What a poor creeping creature," she murmured, "am I!
Why had I not wings, like my neighbour the Fly?

To buzz all the day in the sun's golden beam,
Or gaily dance over a murmuring stream,
Is better than being confined to the land,
And crawling all day over pebbles and sand.

While thus I'm pursuing my wearisome track,
With the dust in my eyes, and a load on my back,
That pert little fellow regards me with scorn—
As much as to say, he's a gentleman born.

Nor am I the richer for all I can get,
But see it stor'd up by a covetous set,
Who take my hard earnings, and send me again,
Without even waiting to hear me complain."

So thus she went grumbling along every day,
While the bright summer season was passing away;
'Till winter approaching, she gladly went down,
For shelter and food, to her own little town.

Now daily she fed on the common repast,
Which the little republic supplied to the last;
But when the warm breezes had melted the snow,
She ventured once more from her covert to go.

But oh! what a scene all around her was spread!
She trampled on heaps of the dying and dead;
And these were the flies she had envied before,
Now perish'd, for want of a provident store.

They foolishly squander'd the best of their hours
By dancing in sunbeams, and resting on flowers.
The Ant felt the moral this story conveys,
And resolved to work hard all the rest of her days.

Mother's Fables

THE PARSON'S WIFE.

One Hundred and Fifty years ago, the people of England were in a sad state with regard both to morals and religion—the result of the contentions of the previous century between the liberty-loving people of England, and the tyrannical kings of the House of Stuart. Good men of all denominations were grieved to notice the vice and wickedness which then prevailed, especially in secluded towns and villages.

The small market town of Epworth, in the Isle of Axholme, a few miles from the west bank of the river Trent, below Gainsborough, was notorious for the rude immorality of its inhabitants. The Rector of the parish at that time was the Rev. Samuel Wesley. He appears to have been a pious but eccentric man, and not prudent enough to avoid offending his parishioners. Twice had his house been set on fire within a few years, it was supposed by his malicious political opponents—the last time it was destroyed with many valuable books and papers, the family escaping with difficulty, and the celebrated John Wesley, his son, then a boy of six years, being lifted out of a chamber window by one man standing on the shoulders of another.

The parson had a very large family, the care of which fell on his wife, who was, in every respect, a woman of distinguished piety and wonderful energy. Frequently Mr. Wesley would be in London for months together attending the Conventions of the Bishop and Clergy. Dr. Adam Clarke says:—

During her husband's absence Mrs. Wesley felt it her duty to pay more particular attention to her children, especially on the Lord's-day in the evening, as there was then no service in the afternoon at the church. She read prayers to them, and also a sermon, and conversed with them on religious and devotional subjects. Some neighbours happening to come in during these exercises, being permitted to stay, were so pleased and profited as to desire permission to come again. This was granted: a good report of the meeting became general; many requested leave to attend, and the house was soon filled, more than two hundred at last attending; and many were obliged to go away for want of room. As she wished to do nothing without her husband's knowledge and approbation, she acquainted him with their meeting, and the circumstances out of which it arose. While he

approved of her zeal and good sense, he stated several objections to the continuance of the meeting, which will be best seen in her answer, dated Epworth, Feb. 6, 1712, in which she says:—

"I heartily thank you for dealing so plainly and faithfully with me in a matter of no common concern. The main of your objections against our Sunday evening meetings are, first, that it will look *particular;* secondly, my *sex;* and, lastly, your being at present in a *public station and character.* To all which I shall answer briefly.

As to its looking *particular,* I grant it does; and so does almost everything that is serious, or that may any way advance the glory of God or the salvation of souls, if it be performed out of a pulpit, or in the way of common conversation; because in our corrupt age the utmost care and diligence have been used to banish all discourse of God or spiritual concerns out of society, as if religion were never to appear out of the closet, and we were to be ashamed of nothing so much as of professing ourselves to be christians.

To your second, I reply, that as I am a *woman,* so I am also *mistress* of a large family. And though the superior charge of the souls contained in it lies upon *you* as the head of the family, and as their minister; yet, in your absence, I cannot but look upon every soul you leave under my care, as a talent committed to me under a trust by the great Lord of all the families of heaven and earth. And if I am unfaithful to him, or to you, in neglecting to improve these talents, how shall I answer unto him, when he shall command me to render an account of my stewardship.

As these, and other such like thoughts, made me at first take a more than ordinary care of the souls of my children and servants; so knowing that our most holy religion requires a strict observation of the Lord's-day, and not thinking that we fully answered the end of the institution by only going to church, but that likewise we are obliged to fill up the intermediate spaces of that sacred time by other acts of piety and devotion; I thought it my duty to spend some part of the day in reading to and instructing my family, especially in your absence, when having no afternoon's service, we have so much leisure for such exercises; and such time I esteemed spent in a way more acceptable to God, than if I had retired to my own private devotions.

This was the beginning of my present practice: other people coming in and joining with us was purely accidental. Our lad

told his parents—they first desired to be admitted; then others who heard of it begged leave also; so our company increased to about thirty, and seldom exceeded forty last winter: and why it increased since, I leave you to judge after you have read what follows.

Soon after you went to London, Emily found in your study the account of the Danish Missionaries, which, having never seen, I ordered her to read it to me. I was never, I think, more affected with any thing than with the relation of their travels, and was exceeding pleased with the noble design they were engaged in. Their labours refreshed my soul beyond measure; and I could not forbear spending good part of that evening in praising and adoring the Divine goodness for inspiring those good men with such an ardent zeal for his glory; that they were willing to hazard their lives, and all that is esteemed dear to men in this world, to advance the honour of their Master Jesus. For several days I could think or speak of little else. At last it came into my mind, though I am not a *man* nor a *minister* of the gospel, and so cannot be employed in such a worthy employment as they are, yet if my heart were sincerely devoted to God, and if I were inspired with a true zeal for his glory, and did really desire the salvation of souls, I might do somewhat more than I do. I thought I might live in a more exemplary manner in some things; I might pray more for the people, and speak with more warmth to those with whom I have no opportunity of conversing. However, I resolved to begin with my own children, and accordingly I proposed and observed the following method. I take such a proportion of time as I can best spare every night to discourse with each child by itself on something that relates to its principal concerns. On Monday I talk with Molly; on Tuesday with Hetty; Wednesday with Nancy; Thursday with Jacky;* Friday with Patty; Saturday with Charles; and with Emily and Suky together on Sunday.

With those few neighbours who then came to me I discoursed more freely and affectionately than before. I chose the best and most awakening sermons we had, and I spent more time with them in such exercises. Since this our company has increased every night; for I dare deny none that asks admittance. Last Sunday I believe we had above two hundred, and yet many went away for want of room.

* The celebrated JOHN WESLEY.

But I never durst positively presume to hope that God would make use of me as an instrument in doing good; the farthest I ever durst go was, It may be: who can tell? With God all things are possible. I will resign myself to Him: or, as Herbert better expresses it,—

> 'Only since God doth often make
> Of lowly matter for high uses meet,
> I throw me at his feet;
> There will I lie until my Maker seek
> For some mean stuff, whereon to shew his skill,
> Then is my time.'

And thus I rested, without passing any reflection on myself, or forming any judgment about the success or event of this undertaking.

Your third objection I leave to be answered by your own judgment. We meet not on any worldly design. We banish all temporal concerns from our society; none is suffered to mingle any discourse about them with our reading or singing; we keep close to the business of the day; and as soon as it is over they all go home. And where is the harm of this? If I and my children went a visiting on Sunday nights, or if we admitted of impertinent visits, as too many do who think themselves good christians, perhaps it would be thought no scandalous practice, though in truth it would be so. Therefore why any should reflect upon you, let your station be what it will, because your wife endeavours to draw people to the church, and to restrain them by reading, and other persuasions, from their profanation of God's most holy day, I cannot conceive. But if any should be so mad as to do it, I wish you would not regard it. For my part, I value no censure on this account. I have long since shook hands with the world, and I heartily wish I had never given them more reason to speak against me.

As for your proposal of letting some other person read. Alas! you do not consider what a people these are. I do not think one man among them could read a sermon without spelling a good part of it;—and how would that edify the rest? Nor has any of our family a voice strong enough to be heard by such a number of people.

But there is one thing about which I am much dissatisfied; that is, their being present at family prayers. I do not speak of any concern I am under, barely because so many are present:

for those who have the honour of speaking to the great and Holy God, need not be ashamed to speak before the whole world, but because of my sex. I doubt if it be proper for me to present the prayers of the people to God.

Last Sunday I fain would have dismissed them before prayers, but they begged so earnestly to stay that I durst not deny them."

Mr. Wesley felt the power of the wisdom by which she spoke; and cordially gave his approbation to her conduct: she went on her way rejoicing, and great good was done. But a worthless man, Inman, who was curate of the parish, and a few like himself, filled with envy, and perhaps even a worse principle, wrote to Mr. Wesley, highly complaining of these transactions, and stating that Mrs. Wesley had turned the parsonage house into a conventicle, &c.; that the church was likely to receive great scandal by these irregular proceedings, and that they ought not to be tolerated any longer. Mr. Wesley was alarmed; his high church principles rose up against his better judgment, and he wrote to his wife desiring her to discontinue the meetings. She received this high testimony of disapprobation with that firmness which belongs alone to conscious rectitude, and returned an answer to her husband which bears all the marks of her energetic mind, deep piety, ardent zeal, and submissive respect to the authority of her spouse.

"*Epworth, Feb. 25th*, 1712.

"Some days since I received a letter from you, I suppose dated the 16th instant, which I made no great haste to answer, because I judged it necessary for both of us to take some time to consider before you determine in a matter of such great importance.

I shall not inquire how it was possible that you should be prevailed on by the senseless clamours of two or three of the worst of your parish to condemn what you so lately approved. But I shall tell you my thoughts in as few words as possible. I do not hear of more than three or four persons who are against our meeting, of whom Inman is the chief. He and Whitely, I believe, may call it a conventicle; but we hear no outcry here, nor has any one said a word against it to me. And what does their calling it a conventicle signify? Does it alter the nature of the thing? or do you think that what they say is a sufficient reason to forbear a thing that has already done much good, and by the blessing of God may do much more? If its being called a conventicle, by those who know in their conscience they misrepresent it,

did really make it one, what you say would be somewhat to the purpose: but it is plain in fact that this one thing has brought more people to church than ever anything did, in so short a time. We used not to have above twenty or twenty-five at evening service, whereas we have now between two and three hundred; which are more than ever came before to hear Inman in the morning.

Besides the constant attendance on the public worship of God, our meeting has wonderfully conciliated the minds of this people towards us, so that we now live in the greatest amity imaginable; and what is still better, they are very much reformed in their behaviour on the Lord's-day, and those who used to be playing in the streets now come to hear a good sermon read, which is surely more acceptable to Almighty God.

Another reason for what I do is, that I have no other way of conversing with this people, and therefore have no other way of doing them good: but by this I have an opportunity of exercising the greatest and noblest charity, that is, charity to their souls.

Some families who seldom went to church now go constantly; and one person who had not been there for seven years, is now prevailed upon to go with the rest.

There are many other good consequences of this meeting which I have not time to mention. Now I beseech you weigh all these things in an impartial balance: on the one side, the honour of Almighty God, the doing much good to many souls, and the friendship of the best among whom we live; on the other, (if folly, impiety, and vanity, may abide in the scale against so ponderous a weight) the senseless objections of a few scandalous persons laughing at us, and censuring us as precise and hypocritical; and when you have duly considered all things, let me have your positive determination.

I need not tell you the consequences if you determine to put an end to our meeting. You may easily perceive what prejudice it may raise in the minds of these people, against Inman especially, who has had so little wit as to speak publicly against it. I can now keep them to the Church; but if it be laid aside, I doubt they will never go to hear him more, at least those who come from the lower end of the town. But if this be continued till you return, which now will not be long, it may please God that their hearts may be so changed by that time that they may love and delight in public worship so as never to neglect it more.

If you do, after all, think fit to dissolve this assembly, do not

tell me that you desire me to do it, for that will not satisfy my conscience. But send me your positive command, in such full and express terms, as may absolve me from all guilt and punishment for neglecting this opportunity of doing good, when you and I shall appear before the great and awful tribunal of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Though I find no further record of these transactions, yet I take it for granted that this letter was decisive, and Mrs. Wesley's meetings continued till her husband returned to Epworth. They would then be given up in course; and when discontinued it could be little cause of rejoicing to any serious mind, as it is most evident that God had done more in a few months by this irregular ministry than he had done by that of the rector and his curates for eighteen years before!

No wonder that such a Mother had such a Son.

Poetry.

WORK AND WAIT.

Work, for time is flying,
  Work, with heart sincere;
Work, for souls are dying;
  Work, for night is near.

In the Master's vineyard
  Go and work to-day;
Be no useless sluggard
  Standing in the way.

Go, and labour rather,
  Fallen vines to rear;
Ripen'd fruit to gather,
  Barren trees to care.

Join the sabbath teachers
  In their work of faith;
Rousing careless sleepers,
  Lest they sleep in death.

Sound the invitation—
  "Sinners, come to Me;"
Tell to every nation,
  Mercy's full and free.

In this glorious calling
  Work till day is o'er;
Work, till evening falling,
  You can work no more.

Then your labour bringing
  To the King of kings,
Borne with joy and singing
  Home on angels wings;

There where saints adore him,
  Where the ransom'd meet,
Lay thy sheaves before him,
  Lay them at his feet.

Hear thy Master saying,
  From his heavenly throne,
When thy wages paying,
  "Labourer, well done!"

Work, for time is flying;
  Night is almost near;
Precious souls are dying;
  Thy reward is near.

Anecdotes and Selections.

THE GREAT PRIME NECESSITIES OF LIFE, such as food, raiment, shelter—God has put the elements of these things within our control, and there is provision for all the wants of men, and for the growing needs of society; but if men refuse to work, if they refuse to practise frugality, if they will not put forth skill, the God of nature and the God of grace lets them pine, and lets them starve, as much as if there had been no provision. The earth does not reveal its secrets except to those that search for them; and the rains, and the sun, and the soil do nothing, except to the seed that is hid in the crevices of the ground. The summer is barren to the sluggard, and the Gospel itself is made of no avail by those who will not receive it.

"WHAT DO YOU KNOW?"—A young man, fresh from College, and full to overflowing of acquired knowledge, being in company where an aged minister was present, began to parade his own fancied attainments at the expense of the servant of Christ by asking if he knew such an author, and such an author, and what they had said on such, and such, and such subjects. To every inquiry the venerable man replied, "I dont know." The vain youth then impertinently asked, "What do you know?" Fixing a mild but piercing look on the presumptuous youth, the old man replied, "I know Him, whom to know is life eternal." The youth was silenced!

GOING INTO MOURNING.—The Society of Friends never put on mourning. Henry Ward Beecher, the famous American preacher, says:—"Neither I nor my family ever put on the garments of mourning. I will not permit it. Yet I would not refuse to those who think differently from me, the right to change their garments in memory of their beloved dead. But do not borrow of the devil; choose some colour that shall speak of release, of hope, of victory. Draw not over yourselves the black tokens. Do not call that despair which is triumph and eternal life."

The Fireside.

THE WOODEN END OF THE PLANK.

ONE of the most distinguished men now in America was once a poor boy among the lofty mountains of New England. He was afterwards a common workman in a factory. He has since held some of the highest offices in the gifts of the people.

He tells us that one morning, as the factory was lighted up before day light, in the early dawn he was looking out of the window, and

saw an object moving slowly on the ice that covered the river below. While watching it, suddenly the ice broke and the object went down. In an instant he thought it must be a man. So, calling a companion, they ran down the stairs and out toward the river.

He had the forethought to snatch up a plank which he carried on his shoulder. When they had reached the place, they found it was a black man who had fallen through the ice and was struggling for his life.

They thrust out the plank. The poor fellow seized it with both hands.

"Now hold on, Tim, and we'll pull you out."

So they pulled and got him *almost* out, when off he slipped and went down again! On his coming up they pushed the end of the plank to him again, and cried, "Now, Tim, hold on better."

"I will try, sir."

Again they pulled, and up he came, almost out, when off he slipped, and down he went. They felt that the third time must be the turning point. It was now life or death. Poor Tim looked as if he thought so too. For the third time the plank was pushed out, when the negro cried out—"*For God's sake, gentlemen, give me the wooden end of the plank!*"

They saw instantly that they had been giving him the end covered all over with ice, and no wonder he could not cling to it! They now gave him what he called the "wooden end," and drew him out in safety!

When we see parents who have nothing but a hard way toward their children; who are always finding fault, but never commending them even when they do well, and when they long for words of kindness, we have great pity for such children. We wish such parents would remember that children cannot have the judgment, the forethought of many years. They are children. Don't give them the *icy end of the plank*. They love your approbation. They rejoice to have you give them deserved commendation. *O! give them the wooden end of the plank.*

The Penny Post Box.

A SECRET WORTH KNOWING.

WORTH knowing, especially by the young who are just setting out on the journey of life, and have all its rough work to do if they live long enough. I will tell them what it is. It is just this—

"*Make yourself wanted.*"

Lads should. For it is just the way to get on. I know it is; for I have had scores of lads during the last forty years. I have had some who were always skulking, and if they could skip or shun a job they would. If I sent them on an errand they would go creeping along as

if they were half asleep, or they would stop on the road talking or playing with other lads. Such lounging lads were not wanted, and I was always glad to get shut of them.

But I have had lads who were always at work at the right time, and what they did they did well. They seemed always to be wide awake, and when sent on an errand moved their legs as if they knew how to use them, never loitering on the road, but making haste there and back again. These were the lads for me; I did not want to part with them. I wanted them. Some of these lads are now in a large way of business. They made themselves wanted, and they got one better place after another until they became masters themselves, and are now gentlemen, richer than I am.

The secret of the whole thing is, that honest, clever, diligent young men are always wanted, and a good price will always be given for them, for they can be trusted.

I have another way of knowing whether a youth can be trusted. If I know he keeps good company, improves his mind by reading on week-nights, and spends his sabbath-days as he ought, I dare trust him; but if on a week-night or a sabbath-day I see him with a short pipe or a cigar stuck in his mouth, in company with a lot of lads and lasses as thoughtless as himself, I dare not trust him—I do not want him.

So I say to every young man who reads this—

MAKE YOURSELF WANTED.

AN OLD MASTER.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

GREAT GUNPOWDER EXPLOSIONS.—On Saturday morning, Oct. 1, soon after daylight, London was alarmed by what was at the moment supposed to be the shock of an earthquake. But it was soon made known that the shock was given by several explosions of gunpowder in quick succession. It appears that two barges laden with gunpowder, in charge of four men and two boys, were unloading their dangerous cargo on the bank of Erith marshes, twelve miles from London, when, from some unknown cause, an explosion took place in the boats, and then in the magazines on the shore. Two mills and three houses were entirely destroyed, and the materials were hurled to a great distance. For four miles round not a pane of glass in the houses and shops was unbroken. The men and boys with the boats were blown into atoms. Several others were killed, and many wounded. The shock was felt for many miles on both sides of the river, the bank of which at the spot was broken down, and a wide inundation, when the tide came up, was only prevented by the labours of hundreds of navvies and soldiers from Woolwich. It is reported that two million pounds of gunpowder exploded, and that all the damage done will amount to not less than one million of money.

It is also remarkable that on the same day a great explosion of gunpowder took place in Russia, and that also was within a few miles of the metropolis.

Hints.

TAKE HEED how you form associations with others; for if not grounded on mutual esteem they will end in hatred.

COMPANIONS to whom you cannot do good, or from whom you cannot get good, are not worth having.

THE BEST ANSWER you can give to one who seeks to dispute and quarrel with you is to say—just nothing at all. That will punish him most.

GOOD MANNERS are always agreeable. They smooth the rugged path of life, are easy to learn, cost nothing, and are very pleasant to use.

ONE GOOD PLAN to drive away melancholy and despair is to keep hoping and working; hoping with your heart and working with your hands will drive them both away.

MARRIED MEN should always consult with their wives as to what they should do. Women have often more common sense and clearness of judgment than men. They are like the ballast that keeps the ship steady.

Gems.

A GOD-FEARING MAN is compared to the best of everything. If to a cedar, the largest; if to an olive, the most fruitful; if to a palm, the most graceful.

THE SON OF GOD would never have become a suffering son of man but for a great purpose. What was it? There is only one answer—to save souls.

POVERTY OF SPIRIT becomes christians, who, having no merit or righteousness of their own, are dependent on the righteousness of Christ for their acceptance with the Father.

WE HAVE ENEMIES all around us who are not asleep, but our worst are within us—and so much the worse. Only the grace of Christ can conquer them. Ask for it.

GOD'S CHILDREN are neither madmen nor fools, as some men account them. The real madmen and fools are those who make no provision for life, death, or eternity.

TRUE FREEDOM is attained when a man, by the grace of God, breaks off his sins by righteousness, for until then he is their slave, led captive by the Devil, the great slaveholder, at his will.

TRUST IN GOD and never despair, for in seasons of the deepest distress he can let such a beam of light into the soul as all the powers of hell cannot darken.

GOD HAS A WAY of his own in curing his children of idleness; he makes prisoners of them by afflictions, and when he has humbled them, says, "Now go and work for me."

Poetic Selections.

A SCRIPTURE POEM.

A curious arrangement of different Bible texts is given in the following poem:—

CLING to the Mighty One,	Ps. lxxxix. 19.
Cling in thy grief;	Heb. xii. 11.
Cling to the Holy One,	Ps. xvi. 10.
He gives relief.	Ps. cxvi. 8.
Cling to the Gracious One,	Ps. cxvi. 5.
Cling in thy pain;	Ps. lv. 4.
Cling to the Faithful One,	1 Thes. v. 24.
He will sustain.	Ps. xxviii. 8.
Cling to the Living One,	Heb. vii. 25.
Cling in thy woe;	Ps. lxxxvi. 7.
Cling to the Loving One,	1 John iv. 16.
Through all below.	Rom. viii. 38.
Cling to the Pardoning One,	Is. iv. 7.
He speaketh peace;	John xiv. 27.
Cling to the Healing One,	Exod. xv. 26.
Anguish shall cease.	Ps. cxlvii. 3.
Cling to the Bleeding One,	1 John i. 7.
Cling to His side;	John xx. 27.
Cling to the Risen One,	Rom. vi. 9.
In Him abide.	John xv. 4.
Cling to the Coming One,	Rev. xxii. 20.
Hope shall arise;	Titus ii. 13.
Cling to the Reigning One,	Ps. xcvi. 1.
Joy lights thine eyes.	Ps. xvi. 11.

The Children's Corner.

MAKING MONEY OF MINUTES.

FRANK is a smart little fellow, and always punctual at school. Desirous of assisting his widowed mother in supporting the family, he is willing to give part of his play-hours every day in doing errands for a neighbour, from whom he receives weekly pay.

But whenever he is waiting for a basket or a message, he pulls from his pocket his knife, and a piece of wood, and commences to whittle, whittle, whittle, away as fast as he can.

This has been his habit for so long a time that we have watched him more attentively, and find that when his errand is given to him, he thrusts his knife and bits of wood into his pocket with the greatest unconcern. His little sticks were always made of the same size and length, and pointed at one end; so that it seemed as if his whittling was not for mere play, but that he had some object in view while making these sticks.

"Come, Frank, tell me what you intend to do with all these little sticks?"

"I sell them to the butcher, sir."

"And of what use are they to the butcher?"

"They are the wooden skewers that they put through their meat when they sell it."

"What do they pay you for them, Frank?"

"I get twopence for a hundred, and that is better than being idle."

"But where do you get the wood; do you have to buy it?"

"Oh no; sometimes I find pieces in the streets or on the roads, and sometimes the carpenters will give me some little odd bits that they would perhaps throw away."

"Yes, Frank, this is 'better than being idle.' Such busy habits formed now will always be for your good; and when you grow to be a man, you will never be sorry that you passed so many of your odd minutes in 'whittling,' thus making your amusement profitable to your mother. For though many boys would laugh at the thought of getting only twopence for all their labour, yet you have found out that every halfpenny is of use. Take care of the minutes, for they will make money."

THE PITMEN'S PREACHER.

There are, it is said, upwards of thirty thousand labourers, men and boys, employed as coal pitmen in the counties of Northumberland and Durham. We gather the facts which follow from a writer in the first number of the *Sunday Magazine*, who spent several sabbath-days among them, visiting their houses, places of worship, and sabbath schools. "The first thing that strikes a stranger in a pit-village on a Sunday morning is the unwonted stillness, and even desolation, around that centre of daily labour —the pit-heap. Here, on other mornings, the whole scene is one of bustle and noisy business. This day, however, the whole scene is altered. Screens are noiseless, waggons motionless, steam-engines inactive, and the pair of revolving pulley-wheels, which high o'ertop inferior gear, and over which the pit-ropes run in all lowerings and liftings, are now at rest. Most observable of all is the absence of human beings—not a foot treads, not a hand labours, not a tongue wags here this day. You have leisure to scan the literal blackness of desolation which marks the whole vicinity."

The early part of the sabbath morning is devoted to a thorough washing of their begrimed persons. They then make their appearance in a clean white shirt, of which they seem proud. After breakfast some do one thing and some another, according to their various tastes and inclinations. The religious pitmen are generally Methodists. Few go to church, for it is distant, and their chapel is near. "Not very many years ago there was scarcely such a thing as a place of worship in a northern pit-village. Old colliers can remember a very sad state of things, and indeed they have described them to the present writer. Formerly a pit-village was the scene of all kinds of rough and riotous jollity on Sundays. 'Cuddy,' or donkey races, were held in the open roads; and dog-fights and cock-fights were got up in side lanes. Drunkenness and dissoluteness of various kinds were ever associated with these fights, and pugilism commonly closed the sacred but desecrated day." Songs in rude rhymes were sung. Indeed the population was one of the most rough and profligate that could be found in England. "Then the Sunday costume of the pitmen of those days was extraordinary: plush breeches and 'clocked' or figured stockings, fastened at the knees with coloured ribbons; a richly-flowered waistcoat which was called a 'posy vest;' a short

smart jacket, and a jaunty cap adorned with ribbons, completed the dress of the outward man, while the hair was worn in long curls.

Even at the present day they are a rough and somewhat rude population, as compared with that of cities or towns, but the amelioration which they have experienced is so great, and the change is so conspicuous, that some efficient cause must have produced it. And no impartial inquirer can fail to attribute this to the laborious ministration of successive humble ministers and teachers, principally Methodists. Drinking parties and subsequent riots are now infrequent, while donkey-races, cock-fights, and the like, are almost entirely things of the past. The first religious teachers began their work when there were few to help them. They began with the lowest and the youngest, and instrumentally they have leavened the whole lump. Springing up as those teachers did from the midst of the miners, or the working classes of neighbouring towns, they knew at once how to reach the heads and hearts of the colliers, and this is exactly what the ministers of the little chapels now know and put in practice.

When we find ourselves in the colliery chapel, we are struck with the peculiar aspect of the assembled people. Few rosy cheeks are there amongst the males. Labour in the pit soon pales the cheek, not necessarily from its unhealthiness so much as from the absence of sunlight. The younger lads may show a little colour, but the men, especially the middle-aged and older ones look sallow and labour-worn.

With respect to the preacher he will be either 'a local' from the adjacent town, or an itinerant minister. His sermon will abound in strong appeals to the emotions, and have a plentiful sprinkling of pointed anecdotes, which will be greeted with an 'Amen,' or 'Glory,' or 'Praise God,' from his approving auditors.

Though I never heard anything strikingly original or coarsely dramatic in these chapels, I was once interested in the report of a sermon to colliers given to me by a hearer, and a competent narrator. The preacher, J. C., became so wonderfully popular that crowds followed him from chapel to chapel, and his most attractive effort was after this fashion :—

'Brethren! I'm now going to show you how a poor sinner is saved by grace, and I am sure many of you have been so saved. Let us take the case of a miserable man in the pains of conviction. He is, we will suppose, down at the bottom of the pit of despair. Now, let us ask him how he got there, and how he means to get up?'

Then, leaning over the pulpit to the right hand, the preacher curved and hollowed his hand, and, applying his mouth to it, spoke aloud this imaginary colloquy, as if from the surface down through the pit shaft, after the manner of the 'banksman' at a colliery:—

'Hallo! hallo! Who's down there?'

'Oh, minister, a poor sinner—a miserable sinner!'

'How came you there, my poor brother? How came you there!'

'My load of sins weighed me down, and I fell deeper and deeper.'

'O wretched man that you are! How do you mean to get up?'

'I never shall get up. I am lost—lost for ever! I've been trying ever so long to climb up by the side of the shaft, but I cannot: I fall down again.'

'You cannot succeed of yourself. I'll send you down the ROPE OF FAITH. Lay good hold of that, and you will be got out. Cling to it!—cling to it! Here it is. (Imitating the paying out of a rope.) 'Now then, it must be down to you. Lay hold of the only hope set before you! Have you got hold now?'

'I'm so feeble, I can hardly grasp it; but I think I have got a good grip now.'

'Then pull-a-way, lads. Let us help this poor sinner up. Oh, how heavy he is! Why, what have you got besides yourself hanging on to the rope?'

'Only a few Good Works of my own.'

'Good Works!—Good Works! Throw them down! Down with them, or they'll break the rope!'

'Well, if I must, I must; but sure they would do me some good.'

The preacher continues to represent the lifting, but suddenly stops, as if his arms had received a check, exclaiming to the imaginary ascendant:—

'Why, what is the matter now? What are you struggling with?'

'Doubts and fears, sir. I am afraid I cannot hold on.'

'Lay firmer hold of the rope. Doubts and fears are nothing to strong faith. But what now? Trembling again. What is it now?'

'A great fight of afflictions, master, and I cannot hold on.'

'Hold on, sinner—hold on! You'll come out of the afflictions. But what is this?—shaking again? What can be the matter now?'

'Strong temptation, master. O, I shall fall!—I'm falling! O, help me!—O, help me!'

'So we will. But ah! what dreadful thing has happened now? The weight is three times as great! What a horrible noise! What have you got there?'

'It's the Deevil himself has gripped me! He is gripping me hard! O, minister, I'm lost!—I'm lost!'

Hereupon the excitement in the congregation becomes intense. Women weep, men rise up, and the minister, seizing his opportunity, continues:—.

'Now, lads, let us all pray and pull together. This poor sinner is in great danger. But Satan can't long buffet him. The Great Captain is with us, and *he* is too strong for demon and devil!'

Straining at and lifting up the imaginary load, the preacher greatly excites himself as well as his hearers. Finally, he appears to succeed in bringing the imperilled and hard-gripped penitent to the surface. Then, with great effect, he utters the words—'Lad's, he's safe!—he is saved! There he is! The Rope of Faith never broke yet, and I knew it wouldn'nt break now!'

Returning with some of the pitmen from the chapel to their cottages, we see the interiors most tidy, and adorned to the best of their ability. If the man and wife be religious people, a few prints of Methodist ministers are suspended on the walls, while a family Bible reposes on the finely-polished mahogany chest of drawers, flanked by the Pilgrim's Progress, a hymn-book or two, and a few magazines and tracts. The grand four-post bedstead in any other than a pitman's cottage would be very remarkable. A pretentious eight-day clock in the corner strikes loudly, perhaps with the addition of a musical chime or a mimic cuckoo.

For once the coal-miner's family all dine together at mid-day on a good and substantial dinner. In the afternoon the children attend the Sunday school, while their parents read and heartily sing hymns at home. Happiness is here, and holiness too, even though there be homeliness in all things. No class of workmen stand in more need of a day of rest than colliers, and few enjoy it more than the sober ones of them generally. Pit-villages being far removed from towns and cities, the married men are domestic of necessity, if not from choice; and it is a pleasing sight to witness the quietude and repose of fathers and lads who on other days perform some of the hardest labour in some of the darkest and most noxious of known places. Without such a day of rest, hewers of coal, and drawers and pushers of pit-waggons, would speedily become exhausted, and any contingency is important which affects the physical restoration and the religious improvement of some 130,000 colliers who are dispersed over the various pits of Great Britain."

Poetry.

THE PILGRIM'S PRAYER.

UPHOLD us, Lord, by Thy strong hand,
  Sustain us by Thy loving care;
That, passing through a weary land,
  We may be safe and holy here.

How blessed they whom Thou dost bless!
  How safe the heart when Thou dost keep!
How calm and pure its happiness,—
  Its faith and hope, how firm and deep!

We need Thy help each day and hour
  To hold us up, so weak we are;
Safe only while Thy mighty power
  Incites our souls to watchful prayer.

For the Lord Jesus' sake uphold,
  And cheer and gladden all the way,
Till to our weary feet unfold
  The golden gates of heavenly day.

Anecdotes and Selections.

A BIBLE AMONG GAMBLERS.—An American missionary on his way to the Sandwich Islands, found, one evening, a company of his fellow passengers seated round a table, on which was the only light burning in the cabin, deeply engaged in gambling. Mr. W., after reflecting some time on the best means of reproving them, took a Bible from his trunk, and politely requested that he might have a seat at the same table for the purpose of reading. The sight of the Bible at once stopped their swearing; and after gambling in total silence about ten minutes, they all left the table and went upon deck! thus evincing that the silent reproofs of a good man, with his Bible in his hand, were too loud and too pointed for their guilty consciences.

SAMUEL WESLEY, Rector of Epworth, and father of John Wesley, writing to his eldest son Samuel, said, "Work and write while you can. You see Time has shaken me by the hand, and Death is but a little behind him. My eyes and heart are now almost all I have left, and I bless God for them." To his son Charles he wrote, "You are now launched fairly, Charles; hold up your head, and swim like a man; but always keep your eye on the pole-star; and so God send you a prosperous voyage over the troubled sea of life."

The Fireside.

MOTHERS! PRAY FOR YOUR CHILDREN.

You should: for I believe there are no prayers more availing with God. It may be questioned whether the fervent prayers of a pious and loving mother were ever unanswered. That they have been and yet are answered we have numerous instances. Here is one:—

"A young man, on whose mind the truths of religion had been early impressed by his pious mother's instructions, at length went to sea, and became an abandoned and miserable creature. He was thrown into prisons and workhouses, and into dens of wretchedness and vice; but into all these places his faithful mother followed him with her prayers and tears, till she died, leaving him in prison convicted of crime. Here he was an object of so much dread that one of the keepers never ventured to approach him alone. In about six months, however, the tiger began to grow tame, and his inquiry was, "What must I do to be saved?" For two months he had paced his cell in agony and remorse, save when exhausted nature would sometimes overcome his horrible convictions. When asked what particular cause had led him to his present feelings, he replied, "My mother's prayers and counsels! Her last words to me were, 'William, there is no other name given under heaven among men, whereby you must be saved, but the name of Jesus Christ.'" His mother's prayers were at last answered, and this man became a consistent follower of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The Penny Post Box.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR TO TRACT DISTRIBUTORS.

As the "CHRISTIAN PIONEER" is not a sectarian publication, it may be circulated by any denomination of evangelical christians. The Leader is in itself an ordinary tract; beside which there is every month a considerable number of anecdotes, paragraphs, poetry, and select sentences, affording a variety of reading of an instructive character, not to be found in any single tract, which is usually on one subject only.

Tract Distributors who circulate over any given district, either by loan or gift, may thus be supplied with a new tract every month. In cases where the distributor would prefer to have the *Pioneer* in its outward appearance more like a tract, he would only have to strip off the covers, and it would at once assume that form.

Many of the *Pioneers* are now used monthly for gratuitous or loan distribution, and the EDITOR will be glad to find that a much greater number will be required for this purpose during the coming year.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

LUCIFER MATCHES.

PERHAPS there has been no invention of our days which has been of greater service to the convenience and comfort of every household in the land than these light-producers. Those only who were wont to use the old round tin boxes, with their apparatus of flint and steel, tinder and damper, can appreciate the advantages of the present mode. On a cold night, when baby was crying, it was no joke then, to get out of a warm bed, and stand shivering in the dark, knocking the skin off your knuckles in trying to get a light. Now we have only to rub and we have it!

Of course this excellent invention is liable to abuse by evil-minded persons, who, in too many instances, have abused it to purposes of mischief. Accidents, too, have often taken place through leaving them about in exposed places. But the greatest danger is in their manufacture; they are so very injurious to the health of those who are employed in making them.

Hints.

INORDINATE INDULGENCE of any of our appetites is the surest way to injure or destroy them.

NOTHING TENDS to make any of us look more ridiculous than when we indulge the vain desire of appearing to be what we are not—like apes in cap and feathers.

BE WHAT YOU ARE, in your dress, your manners, your talk, your conduct. Then, whether copper, silver, or gold, your metal will give the right ring, and bear the regal stamp of honesty.

HOPE NEVER LEAVES a honest man, but stops to cheer him in the darkest hours. From the dishonest and dishonourable it takes wing and flies away.

THERE IS NO MAN SO FOOLISH that he cannot say a wise word now and then. On the other hand there is no man so wise as never to say something foolish.

SOME MEN play with an unwelcome truth as boys play at ball; if they see it coming to them they strike it with their bat and send it to their neighbour.

Gems.

IF THE MERCY OF GOD were not greater than our sins we could have no hope. We want thoughts to conceive and words to express its height and depth.

GOD IS LOVE, and as the best gift he bestows on us is his own love in Christ, so the best offering we can make to him is to love him in return.

NEVER DESPAIR.—It was the Devil who said, "cast thyself down." But the Gospel says, "Do thyself no harm. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou SHALT be saved."

NEVER DOES GOD take anything away from his children but he gives them something better in its place; and if it be the assurance of his favour, it is better than life.

THE PARABLE OF THE VIRGINS was to teach us that it is an ill time to *get* grace when we should *use* grace. Have it ready, and then meet the Bridegroom with joy.

OUR LOVE OF BEAUTY increases as the objects we look at increase in beauty; but never will it be fully satisfied until we see the King in his beauty in the land that is very far off.

THE LOVE OF GOD in Christ is like the sun, that shines down upon all men. He loves all as one, and every one as if he had but that one to set his love upon.

Poetic Selections.

THOUGHTS ON THE CLOSING YEAR.

"We all do fade as a leaf."—ISAIAH.

[I have been trying to write a few verses for your valuable little magazine—the *Pioneer*. I am poor, and an invalid, and so cannot make any active efforts for my Saviour. This has been my condition for years; but I thought I might, through your pages, say a few feeble words in the service of Him in whom I hope for durable riches and unfading life eternal.
R. W. G.]

DROPPING like flakes of falling snow,
And spread o'er all the ground,
What multitudes of leaves are seen,
On hills and dales around!

Like skeletons with arms outstretch'd
The stately trees appear,
Their beauteous garments gone, except
A stray leaf here and there!

Nature and scripture both thus teach
A lesson sad and brief,
That man, in his best state, is but
Just like a fading leaf!

Time sweeps us all, as on the wind,
To regions of decay:
And earthly joys, like fading leaves,
Must quickly pass away!

But there is Joy that never fades,
And Life that never dies,
At His right hand who ever reigns
Above our changing skies.

JESUS, who bought us with his blood,
When suffering on the tree,
Purchased for us possessions there,
Unfading, rich, and free!

Oh for a sight of that fair land,
Very far off I ween!
For there the King in beauty shines,
Without a veil between!

The Children's Corner.

A BATTLE THAT WAS NOT FOUGHT.

I HAVE heard of two boys who differed about some trifling matter, while at play, and one of them challenged the other to fight. The challenge was accepted, and they went into an adjoining field to settle the quarrel. Jackets and caps were thrown on the ground, and all was in readiness, but each appeared unwilling to strike the first blow.

"Now then, strike me if you dare," said the younger boy, with a look of defiance. His companion looked at him, but did not like to strike, and at length said, "Nay, I have nothing to strike you for."

"Well then," said the other, who had provoked the quarrel at first, "let us be good friends again, for I have nothing to strike you for either."

They dressed, and left the field without striking a blow, and never had another quarrel.

One of them now holds a very respectable and useful position as a teacher of youth.

How few battles would be fought, either among young people or men, if, in imitation of these boys, the disputants would try to find a *reason for the battle* before they strike a blow!

"The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water; therefore leave off contention before it be meddled with," says the good old book, and it is always true.

WINKS AND SON, PRINTERS, LEICESTER.

THE

CHRISTIAN PIONEER;

A

MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

ISSUED IN NUMBERS, ONE HALFPENNY EACH.

EDITED BY JOSEPH FOULKES WINKS.

VOLUME XIX.

1865.

LONDON:
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.
LEICESTER:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY WINKS AND SON.

The Editor to his Readers and Friends.

WILL you read this? We hope you will, for we are anxious to say a few words on a matter in which we expect you feel some interest.

Very likely you anticipate already what it is. If you suppose our design is to ask you to aid us in keeping up and extending our circulation, you have guessed rightly. We confess at once that this is our intention, and for these, as well as other reasons.

Every year death or other causes thins our ranks of subscribers. If this were to go on for a few years without any efforts to obtain new ones, the publication must die from want of support.

Now as we have good reason to believe that you would regret such an event as that, we have confidence that you will do your best to prevent it. We say, *you* will; for *we* cannot.

The way by which you can do this is both cheap and easy. Indeed it will cost nothing but the few words and minutes it might take to show a copy of the *Pioneer* to your neighbours and tell them where to get one. This simple plan would accomplish all we want. We wait in hope that every one of you will try it. And we, on our part, will do our best to give you a good halfpenny-worth of stuff for your money, both as regards quantity and quality.

CONTENTS.

THE VOYAGE OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

Now that the wicked slavery rebellion in the United States of America has been put down, it may be interesting to our readers to be reminded how those states on the north-eastern shores, now called the New England States, were first settled. There was no religious liberty in England during the long reign of the imperious Elizabeth, and many pious persons fled to Holland, where they could enjoy freedom to worship God. When that "high and mighty" blockhead James, whose infamous name yet disgraces our English Bibles, came to the throne, many were induced to return by his false promises, but they were miserably disappointed. They then resolved to embark for America. It is a remarkable fact that during the late dreadful contest the descendants of these Pilgrims of Liberty were among the most active in finding men and money. Worthy sons are they of worthy sires!

"On the 6th of September, 1620, the 'Mayflower' sailed from Plymouth, and made her way, with a fair wind, to the south-west, until the faint headlands of Old England became to the pilgrims like so much faded cloud, and at length wholly disappeared. They had most of them sighed farewell to the coast of their mother country before, when they had fled from her shores in search of a resting-place in Holland; but this farewell must have been uttered with a deeper feeling, as likely to be their last!

The voyage was long, rough, and at more than one time perilous. In the ninth week the pilgrims came within sight of land, which, on a nearer approach, proved to be that of Cape Cod. The Hudson River, their place of destination, lay farther southward. But the weary voyager, on regaining the sight of the green earth, is eager to plant his foot upon it. The pilgrims yielded to this impulse, and as they reached the shore, 'fell upon their knees, and blessed the God of heaven, who had brought them over the vast and furious ocean, and delivered them from many perils and miseries.' It is not too much to say, that in that first prayer from the soil of the New World, ascending from so feeble a brotherhood amidst a wilderness so desolate, there were the seeds of a new civilization for mankind, the elements of freedom for all nations, and a power which in its turn shall regenerate all the empires of the earth. Half a day was thus spent. The pilgrims then urged the captain to pursue his course southward. But the Dutch had resolved to establish settlements

of their own in those parts, and had bribed the captain to frustrate the purpose of the colonists in that respect. This he did by entangling the ship amidst shoals and breakers, instead of putting out to sea, and foul weather coming on in the early part of the second day, they were driven back to the Cape. It was now the middle of November. The shelter offered at the Cape was inviting. The captain became impatient to dispose of his company and return. He declared that nothing should ever induce him to expose himself and his men to the hazard of wanting provisions. The voyage had reduced most of them to a weak and sickly condition. The wild country, as they gazed upon it from their ship, was seen to be covered with thickets and dense woods, and already wore the aspect of winter. No medical aid awaited them on that shore—no friendly greetings; but hardship and danger in every form. They felt that their safety, and such poor comfort as might be left to them, must depend in their power to confide in God and in each other.

Mr. John Carver was chosen as their governor for one year, and the first act of the new chief was to place himself at the head of sixteen armed men, for the purpose of exploring the country. When they had extended their inspections to somewhat more than a mile from the coast, they discovered five Indians, whom they followed several miles farther, in the hope of bringing them to some friendly communication; but without success. Directing their steps again towards the shore, they came to a cleared space, where some families of Indians had been not long since resident. But no spot proper to become their home presented itself. One of their number saw a young tree bent down to the earth, apparently by artificial means, and being curious to know what this thing meant, the white man ventured near, when on a sudden the tree sprung up, and in a moment our good pilgrim was seen suspended by the heel in the air. He had been caught in an Indian deer-trap, and we can suppose that even so serious a company would be somewhat amused at such an incident, especially when they had fully extricated their incautious brother without further mischief.

The second exploring expedition from the 'Mayflower' was made with a boat, under the direction of the master, and consisted of thirty men. They sailed several leagues along the coast without discovering any inlet which could serve the purpose of a harbour. In running up a small creek, sufficient to receive boats, but too shallow for shipping, they saw two huts, formed

with stakes and covered with mats, which, on their approach, were hastily deserted by the natives who inhabited them. Some of the company would have attempted a settlement at that point, the ground being already cleared, and the place being such as promised to be healthy, while it admitted of being put into a posture of defence. The setting in of winter, of which the colonists were made more sensible every day, manifestly prompted this counsel. But others advised that an excursion should be made twenty leagues northward, where it was certain they might secure good harbours and fishing stations. The boat, however, returned, and a third expedition, which should go round the shores of the whole bay, was resolved upon.

The chief of the colonists were of this company; Carver, Bradford, Winslow, and Standish—all afterwards men of renown—were of the number, with eight or ten seamen. It was the 6th of December when they descended from the deck of the 'Mayflower' to the boat. So extreme was the cold, that the spray of the sea, as it fell on them, became ice, and was shaken in heavy fragments from their apparel, which at times was so overlaid as to give them the appearance of men clad in mail. The landscape, as they coasted along, presented little to attract them. Its forests were black and leafless, and its open spaces were covered with snow more than half a foot deep. As they looked round on that scene, they had to remember that they were five hundred miles from the nearest English settlement, and that Port Royal, the nearest French colony, was at a still greater distance. In prospect of such a region, they might well have prayed that their landing might not be in winter—but such was their lot. That day they reached the spot now known by the name of Billingsgate Point, at the bottom of the bay. Landing in the evening, they passed the night on shore without disturbance. In the morning they divided their company, and directing their course westward, some coasted along in the boat, and others explored the land, crossing its snow-covered hills, and threading its dells and forests with no little difficulty. But this second day was as barren of discovery as the preceding. In the evening they ran the boat into a creek, and constructing a barricade of trees and logs, they all slept on shore.

They rose at five in the morning, and continued in their prayers till daybreak, when suddenly loud and strange cries were heard, and a shower of arrows was poured in upon them. The

Indians had attacked them. They seized their arms, but had not more than four muskets with them, the remainder being left in the boat. The assailants did not disperse on the first fire. One of them, with great courage and dexterity, took his position behind a tree, withstood three volleys, and discharged three arrows in return. But the object of the enemy was to frighten rather than to conquer, and when they had retired, the pilgrims again bowed themselves in prayer and thanksgiving before God. They now committed themselves to their third day of search.

Nearly fifty miles of coast they inspected; but the long-sought good—a convenient harbour, was still undiscovered. The pilot, however, had visited those regions before, and assured them that if they would trust themselves to his guidance, they would reach a good haven before night. But the elements did not seem to favour this prediction. The heavens became dark; heavy rain and snow begin to fall; the wind becomes boisterous; the sea swells; and in the tossings which follow, the rudder is broken, and the boat must now be steered by oars. The men look with anxiety to the sky, the sea, and the land; but all is gloomy, pitiless, and menacing. The storm increases. It is perilous to bear much sail; but all that can be borne must be spread, or it will be in vain to dream of reaching the expected shelter before night. A sudden wave throws the boat upon the wind; in a moment her mast is rifted into three pieces. Mast, sail, and tackling are cut away with the utmost speed, and are seen floating on the distant waves. The tide, however, is favourable; but the pilot in dismay would now run the boat on shore, in a cove full of breakers. The moment is as the hinge of life to all on board. A stout-hearted seaman exclaims—'If you are men, about with her, or we are gone!' The words are electric; the prow of the boat is again turned to the elements; they make their way through the surf; and within an hour they enter a fair sound, and shelter themselves under the lee of a small rise of land. It is now dark; the rain beats furiously; that dimly seen shore is the home, probably, of savage men; to descend upon it and to kindle a fire must be perilous—may be fatal. But the men are so wet, so cold, so exhausted! They resolve to land. With difficulty the newly-gathered wood is made to send forth its welcome glow, and then they make such provision as they may for the night.

As the day began to dawn, they found the place on which they had landed to be a small island within the entrance of a harbour.

This day was Saturday, and many of their company were so weak and sickly that the greater part of it was given to rest, and to such preparations as were necessary for exploring the country. But the next day, being the Sabbath, could not be so employed. The pilgrims felt the advancing season, knew the haste of the captain and crew to return, and remembered the suspense of their families and brethren, from whom they had now been absent three days; but nothing could have induced them to overlook the claims of the Christian's day of rest. On the morning of Monday, the 11th of December (old style), these fathers landed at a point, to which they gave the name of New Plymouth, in grateful memory of the hospitality shown them in the last English port from which they sailed. On that spot they resolved to fix their settlement. The anniversary of their landing still calls forth the gratitude and reverence of their posterity, and the rock on which they first planted their foot may be seen within an appropriate enclosure in front of a building of the modern town, which bears the name of the Pilgrims' Hall.

In a few days the 'Mayflower' entered the harbour of New Plymouth; but the shore was such, that in landing their goods it was necessary the men should wade considerably in water, which added greatly to the subsequent sickness among them. On the 19th, all quitted the ship, and were immediately employed in building a storehouse, in raising small dwelling-houses, and in disposing of the adjacent ground.

But intent as the settlers were on raising their places of abode, their labour in that respect proceeded slowly. The season of the year left them only short days, and often on those days only brief intervals, between the storms of sleet and snow, that could be so employed. Nearly all were suffering from fevers, and coughs, and general sickness, brought on by long exposure to unwonted hardships. As the cold increased, disease strengthened, and deaths became frequent. The comparatively healthy were little able to bestow the required attention on the sick, and every funeral was as if the dying had been called to the burying of the dead. At one season there were not more than seven persons capable of performing such offices. Among those who were the earliest cut off, was a son of Carver, the governor. His own sickness and death soon followed, and then his affectionate wife sunk broken-hearted to the grave. Carver was a man of a noble and generous nature. He had sold considerable estates, and had

assigned the whole value to the benefit of his companions. In all their trouble, no man descended more readily to the humblest service in behalf of the meanest. The mourning colonists buried him with such military honours as they could command, discharging several volleys of musketry over his grave. William Bradford, the subsequent historian of the colony, was chosen his successor. But in the course of this melancholy winter, of the hundred and one settlers, fifty were removed by death!

In March the cold abated; the wind came from the south, and 'the birds sung pleasantly in the woods.' The 'Mayflower' now left the harbour, and returned to England. But after so many had fallen victims to exposure and climate, the remainder were in danger of perishing from want. In the autumn new emigrants arrived. They came without provision. The pilgrim families could not see them die of hunger, and, during six months, they all subsisted on half allowance only. 'I have seen men stagger,' says Winslow, 'by reason of faintness for want of food.' At one juncture, it appeared to be their doom that famine should destroy them. They were saved by the compassion of fishermen, whom foul weather had driven to their coast. Nor did these things soon end. Even in the third year of their settlement, their provisions were so far spent, that, in their own language, 'they knew not at night where to find a bit in the morning.' It is said, that in the spring of 1623 they were reduced to the last pint of corn. That precious pittance, we are told, was parched, and distributed equally among them, and yielded them five grains a-piece. In the summer of that year they had no corn whatever, during a space of three or four months. When some of their old friends from Holland arrived to join them, a piece of fish, with a cup of spring-water, but without bread, was the best supply to which they could bid them welcome. Yet their heart drooped not. The God who had tried them would not forsake them. Such was their faith, and such has become their history.

At length friendly and prosperous colonies rose at convenient distances on either side of them; and before the oldest of the pilgrims were removed by death, it became manifest that the small company which left England in the 'May-flower' had been the means of founding a new nation in the New World—different in its spirit and its institutions, from all that had hitherto obtained a place in history."

Poetry.

OUR LIFE A PILGRIMAGE.

THE Christian's a pilgrim on life's rugged road,
Though he carries nor scrip, shell, nor staff;
His guide, strength, and shield, is the arm of his God,
And he heeds not the world's scorn or laugh.

Thus protected, he steadily passes along,
And fears not though troubles o'ertake him;
For his faith and his hope will burst out into song
When he thinks who will never forsake him.

And when at the last, though his eyes may grow dim,
And the earth from his view be receding,
There are coming to meet him the bright cherubim,
Who will give him a heavenly greeting.

They will carry him up to the city of light,
For so is this pilgrim befriended,
Where he will be clad in fair raiment of white,
And the days of his mourning be ended.

Anecdotes and Selections.

SUNDAY WEATHER.—There is a mystery about the weather on this day which the Almanack-makers cannot explain. I mean the influence the weather has on the religion of some people. On that day, if it is hot, it always seems hotter; if cold, it is colder; if it rain, it is likely to rain faster; and if windy, there is sure to be a storm. Mind: if it should be as hot or as cold, as rainy or windy, on any other day, not one of these would hinder them going about their business or pleasure; for taking an opposite view on any other day, they persuade themselves that the weather is very likely to change for the better. What is the secret of this mystery? Do you give it up? Then I'll tell you. It is simply this, Such people dont like the service of God so much as doing something to make money, or seeking their own pleasure.

GOD WILL HELP all to come to him who wish to come. He can help them, and he has promised that he will, and he cannot break his word. Let no man, then, bear about in his own bosom every day and night a load of unforgiven sin. Jesus Christ declares that he stands waiting to do this very thing. Hear him, "Come unto me all ye that weary and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Yes, and such rest as you never enjoyed yet in your life. Try him.

THE CHRISTIAN HERO.—True Christian heroism consists in doing well and bravely whatever Christ requires. It is living for Christ in little things, and performing common duties faithfully. It was Hannah More, we think, who said, "It is easier to die like a martyr than to live like a christian." Yes, much easier. There are multitudes who would die bravely as martyrs for Christ, who are impatient and fretful when required to live for him. This is tame and useless they imagine; while that would be noble, grand, and heroic. How strangely they err in this respect! It may be well to die as a martyr, if so the Master wills; but it may be better, nobler, and bring a richer reward in heaven to attend patiently, faithfully, and in a christian spirit, to the daily duties of common life. This is the way for christians to attain true greatness and the highest glory.

THE WANT OF RELIGION is a loss which deprives men of innumerable blessings in this brief life, to say nothing of the infinite blessings of eternal life. The difference between the enjoyments of a sincere christian and a mere man of the world, are so evident that an observant man cannot fail to notice it. He may not quite understand how it is, but the contrast between them is so strong that while the happiness of the one is as light, the wretchedness of the other is as darkness.

The Fireside.

TALK ABOUT JESUS TO YOUR CHILDREN.

To Mothers.

IN the neighbourhood of Ross, a lady who was in the habit of visiting the poor for benevolent purposes, took her little daughter with her. The child saw, heard, and was interested. But there was something which the child could not exactly make out. So, on the road home, she said, "Mother, when you are out visiting the poor, you always talk about Jesus Christ to them, but you don't talk of Him to us at home."

I need not say one word about how the lady felt, but if the remark had been made to us, how should we have felt? Would it have been just? Could it have been said with truth? In reference to too many, I fear, it may be said with too much truth. Many parents seem to think, that if they take their children to public worship, if they put good books into their hands, and if they read the Bible and have family prayer, they have done all that is necessary. They talk of almost all subjects before their children, but they do not talk of Jesus. They act as if they fancied that their children heard enough of Him, or knew *all* that was requisite for them to know. But is it so?

Reader, are you a parent? Have you little ones around you? Do you notice how attentively they often listen to you? But do they hear you speak of Jesus? Do they hear you speak of Him as your best Friend? As that Saviour who for you suffered and died? Do they hear you speak of what He was, of what he became, and of what He is now? Do they hear you speak with admiration of His loving heart in receiving and blessing even little children? Do they hear you speak of Jesus as of a Saviour to whom you feel the warmest love, and in whom you place the strongest confidence? Could they conclude, from the frequency with which you speak of Jesus, and the reverence and gratitude that you feel towards Him, that He is your all in all?

MOTHERS! by all the tender ties that unite you to your children, I beseech you to seek, first and most earnestly, the conversion of your children in early life. Never let a child of yours be able to say, with truth, "You did not talk to me about Jesus Christ."

The Penny Post Box.

THE PERPLEXED PARSON.

I HAVE copied the following from an old magazine for your Penny Post Box. It was related by the late Rev. George Burder, of London:—

"One of the four or five Evangelical Ministers of the Church of England in the early part of the last century, was the Rev. T. Jones, of St. Saviour's. He had a college classmate who entered the ministry at the same time with himself, but who was a mere man of the world, and preached anything else than the true Gospel. Conversing one day with Mr. Jones, he said to him, "Why is it you have so many hearers, and I so few, when every one knows that in college I was considered greatly your superior?" "Why," said Mr. Jones, "the reason is, that I preach the Gospel, and you do not." "The Gospel!" said the other, "so do I preach it; almost all my texts are taken from Matthew, Mark, Luke, or John." Mr. Jones said, "That may all be, and yet you may never preach Jesus Christ." "Well," said his friend, "lend me one of your sermons, and we shall see what effect it will have." Mr. Jones accordingly lent him one of a decidedly evangelical character; and after preaching it, he was accosted by a man near the church door who had been smitten by conviction under the sermon, and was in great anxiety for his soul. The preacher begged him to be silent till the people had all gone. After the congregation had retired, the man began further to explain himself, when the preacher interrupted him by saying, "But what can be the matter with you? I see no occasion for all this." "But my poor soul," replied the man, "your sermon has shewed me that I am a guilty sinner before God; and I fear there is no mercy for me." "Well, really," said the

perplexed parson, "I am very sorry to have wounded your feelings in this manner; I certainly did not intend it; but since you have got into this condition, I advise you to go and see Mr. Jones, at St. Saviour's."

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

COST OF THE AMERICAN WAR IN MEN AND MONEY.

PROBABLY not fewer than a million of young men have perished prematurely, and in every conceivable form of horror and agony. As to its cost in money, we shall certainly be within the mark if we say that, on both sides, not less than a *thousand millions of pounds* sterling have been withdrawn from the service of civilization to be squandered in mutual butchery and blood. To this, however, must be added the loss inflicted, not on the American nation only, by the destruction of property on land and sea—by the interruption of commerce and agriculture—and by the withdrawal of so many hundreds of thousands of able-bodied men for four years from all productive industry. But who shall compute the mental and moral suffering which the war has occasioned, and in which every home on that vast continent has more or less shared, the anguish of separation, the long horror of suspense, the death of hope in young hearts, and the desolation of families? Above all, how shall we estimate the *moral* damage it has inflicted on the community; for how could thirty millions of people abandon themselves for four years to the dominion of the malignant passions, without doing deep injury to their own moral and religious nature?

One bright spot, however, remains amid the wide waste of desolation, to offer some compensation for war's incalculable evils, and that is the abolition of slavery. For though war is *bad—slavery* is worse.

Hints.

NEVER ATTEMPT to teach any one who thinks himself wise enough, for thou wilt only have a fool for thy scholar.

FOR THE SAME REASON if thou thinkest thou knowest enough thyself already, thou shalt have a fool for thy master.

SOME SCHOLARS read many books, but there is one volume they do not like to study—their own heart.

THINKING, DOING, AND DREAMING.—Only to *think* well, and not to *do* well, amounts to no more than to *dream* well.

YOU MUST TREAT TEMPER as you would a disobedient child; you must subdue it, or it will plague you all the days of your life.

COVETOUS PERSONS are like sponges filled with water, which must be squeezed or you wont get a drop.

GRATITUDE.—It would seem impossible for any one to be incapable of feeling this delightful emotion; but how few express it, especially to God.

HE who is not thankful for smaller blessings, is one of the most unlikely men in the world to be thankful for greater.

THE MAN WHO DOES WRONG on a small scale, just lets you see how much more he would do if he had only the opportunity. Beware of him.

CARELESS FOLKS make their own troubles. Their excuses are—"I did not think of it," and "I did not do it on purpose." "Did not think," then they ought. "Not on purpose," more blame and shame too if they did.

Gems.

FEW MEN are bold enough to deny that they are sinners against God; their history, memory, and conscience, rise up in spite of what they say to condemn them.

DISOBEDIENCE was, is, and ever will be, the grand disturber of the moral creation. Only intelligent creatures can thus sin. The stars never disobey.

FOUR RESULTS came from the disobedience of the first pair:—1. Shame. They knew they were naked.—2. Fear. They were afraid.—3. Self-excuse. They blamed each other.—4. Punishment. They were driven out.

CHRIST CAME to lead men back in the way of loving obedience by suffering for our sin, and showing us how we ought to walk and please God.

HOW OPEN AND EASY IS THE WAY by which we may return to God and a better paradise! Christ will take you by the hand and lead you there if you will let him. Trust him, and be not afraid.

EVERY MAN, as soon as he begins to feel himself a sinner, begins too to feel that he cannot be forgiven. No wonder he thinks so. But Christ is able to do *more than he can think*. Try him.

PUNISHMENT AND MERCY come together from God. As in the garden of Eden, so now, the Holy God pardoneth iniquity and punishes transgression at the same time, whether in individuals or nations.

WHAT WONDERFUL POWER, beyond all conception, must there be in the blood of Jesus, which cleanseth us—even *us*—from all sin, and makes us meet to stand without spot before God.

DEATH WAS A JUST SENTENCE on sinful men. God could not let a sinner be immortal on earth. The men before the flood lived as it were a little eternity. But the longer they lived the more they sinned. It is a mercy that the days of sinful life are shortened.

THE BELIEVER IN JESUS will be removed by death to immortality and eternal life. What these will be he may know now in part by reading the two closing chapters of the Bible.

Poetic Selections.

JERUSALEM ABOVE.

"And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of GOD did lighten it, and the LAMB is the light thereof."

JERUSALEM the holy,
Of thee I fain would sing,
Shining in perfect glory,
The house of the Great King!

Within thy walls of brilliants,
Along thy streets of gold,
Stand mansions grand and spacious,
Beyond what can be told.

Places prepared by Jesus,
For those who love his name,
Time cannot touch or change them,
For evermore the same!

O! is there one provided
To be my happy home,
Where sorrow, pain, or sickness,
Or death can never come!

The HOLY ONE there sitteth
Upon his great white throne;
The LAMB for ever shineth,
His light will ne'er go down.

There are the holy angels,
The first-born sons of light,
Who ever kept their garments
Unspotted, fair, and bright.

There are redeemed millions
From earth, and sin, and woe,
The resurrection children—
Equal with angels now.

There countless hosts of infants
The Father's face behold,
As Jesus, for our comfort,
So tenderly once told.

O, Saviour! give me patience,
And faith, and hope, and love,
Until I find *myself* within
Jerusalem above.

J. F. W.

The Children's Corner.

THE DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER.

THE poor girl carried a heavy heart. She had very few friends, and no little playmates such as all girls like to have. For she had not clothing suitable to wear, so she seldom went out anywhere. When she did venture out, she often heard herself called "The Drunkard's Daughter," and this would send her home with feelings of burning shame that destroyed all her comfort. She had a good mother whom she dearly loved, but their home was very wretched, for her stupid and wicked father spent nearly all his evenings in the beer-shop. And if they managed by hard toil to secure some little comfort, her father, in his drunken fits, would often take it from them, so that her life was one of constant toil and sorrow, with very little to cheer it. Yet there was one ray of light that shone down even into the drunkard's home and cheered the drunkard's daughter. Mary's mother was a christian, and through all her sorrows she had kept her trust in God and prayed for her family, until at last Mary, with a changed heart, knelt by her mother's side.

After this Mary found great comfort in praying for her father. She did so hope that some day he would come to his right mind and be the good father that he was before he became a drunkard.

One day he stayed in the house much later than usual, and Mary, after having helped her mother all she could, went up stairs and saw him lying on the floor in a drunken sleep as she supposed.

"My poor father," said she, as she stood for a moment at the door looking at him. Then she turned away, and going into her own room she knelt down by her little bed, and with tears she begged God to bless her father and make him a good man. Hearing her broken sobbing voice, her father got up and came to the door and listened, and then he went out of the house.

That evening, as they sat at their scanty supper, father came in sober, very much to their surprise. He sat down to the table with them, but before he commenced eating he handed a bit of paper to his wife and told her to read it. To their great joy it proved to be a temperance pledge with his name to it. He then told them that he had heard Mary's prayer, and had resolved, by God's help, that he would be a better man. And God did help him, and his wife helped him, and Mary helped him, and he helped himself, and by the blessing of God he became a christian. Joy smiled once more on that household, happy days came back to them, and Mary is no longer known as the "Drunkard's Daughter."

THE NEGRO SLAVE-MARTYRS.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SLAVE INSURRECTION IN JAMAICA.

AMONGST the multitudes to whom Mr. Phillippo's ministry was accompanied with saving power, a poor slave, named Moses Hall, became a partaker of divine grace. The love of Christ glowed as fire in his bones. It was soon impossible that he should hold his peace. The people around his place of abode, and far beyond, were sunk in ignorance and vice; they had never seen a missionary, and never heard the Gospel. To them he published all he had learned of heavenly truth. Upon the darkness of their ignorance and sinfulness he shed the light of the word of God. Many were thus induced to journey with him, that they might hear more of these wondrous things from the missionary's lips. Nor was the faithful word without abundant fruit. Many turned from sin to God. "The people which sat in darkness saw a great light, and to them that dwelt in the region of the shadow of death had light sprung up." Now the songs of Zion broke upon the evening's stillness. The music of many voices rang through the orange and pimento groves. Till now, those beauteous hills and glades, those sombre huts and sequestered villages, had never offered up such incense to their Lord. The balmy air had trembled beneath its burden of fragrance, but never had borne heavenward, as now it did, morning by morning, and evening by evening, the grateful tribute of praise and prayer. Now many a heart was contrite. Many a living spirit emerged from darkness into day. New and thrilling were the joys which filled the breast once heaving only with woes for which no man cared, and which nothing but the gospel could alleviate.

At length, in other and distant parts of the island, the insurrection had commenced. It mattered not that these poor people were far removed from the scenes of strife, and wholly ignorant of sedition. The dismay of the planters fancifully discovered in all this calm and holy devotion the unmistakable signs of coming revolt. Had barrels of gunpowder, hundreds of muskets, and stores of lead, been found secreted in the negro dwellings, not more satisfied had they been of criminal intent. Amongst themselves the subject was solemnly debated. No one doubted the natural relation between these meetings for prayer

and the insurrectionary spirit. What were missionaries but social firebrands? What did these black brutes want with religion? It was denied they had "one soul amongst ten thousand." Should it prove otherwise, it was yet God's will they should be slaves. The Bible plainly said that. Then they were unfit to have religion. If they had souls, their ignorance would be their excuse; and so, in their slavery, without religion, they were in a better case for another world than those who were free! Besides, slavery and religion could never exist together. Everbody knew that! What, then, should they do? Could they not put an instant stop to this growing rage for religion? Could not the growing mischief be nipped in the bud? To do this, some means must be devised for seizing upon the chief man, and then, through him, the rest of the people would be terror-stricken before their plans for revolt were ripe.

Spirits and tobacco lent their mighty aid to this fiery discussion. The murderous purpose now arose from its rocky nest, and soared with terrible rapacity above its quarry. The little cluster of harmless and happy souls knew not what eagle eyes were fixed upon them; or dreamt what relentless talons were about to swoop upon the unresisting prey. It was now decided that Moses Hall should be seized at one of the meetings for prayer, and thence brought to trial and execution. The time, the place, the circumstances were all arranged. Thus satisfied, the party dissolved in comparative contentment; determined meanwhile never to retire to rest without seeing that their arms were duly prepared for every emergency.

The appointed time had soon arrived. The men who have to seize the victim warily advance to the humble cottage where prayer was wont to be made. Above such clusters of negro dwellings one was accustomed to see numerous cocoa-nut trees, whose long feathery leaves would lightly rustle in the evening air, whilst they gleamed like silver in the lustre of the moon. The clear sky, richly studded with glorious stars, would seem to speak aloud for God; since "there is no speech nor language where there voice is not heard." Amidst so beauteous a night these hardened men listen from afar to the sounds of praise which rise and fall in sweet accord with all the outward scene; but nothing checks their course, nor daunts their stern resolve. Now at the threshold they stand to listen; and explore with searching eye, the unsuspecting throng. A doubt has seized them.

The object of their search is *not* within. Now they have withdrawn a little, and are in eager converse, to this effect:—

"Ha! I see how it is. The black rascals in the great house have listened; and, finding what was up, have warned him out of the way. Now we're done."

"Well, so it seems! What shall we do now? Depend on it, he don't mean to be caught."

"I tell you what, though. The thing is getting serious. If he knows about it, nobody knows how soon we may be all burnt in our beds! It will never do to be done so."

"Oh, of course not! But, don't you see; one man is as good as another to make an example of. This fellow here that is speaking is just the same as the other. *I* know him. He goes about everywhere holding these meetings. I say, let's take him! As for that other fellow, we shan't catch him in the fact again."

So it came to pass, that violent hands were laid upon David. Like his divine Master, "he was led as a lamb to the slaughter; and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth." In the dark damp dungeon, upon the cold hard stones, that night he was fain to lay his weary limbs. But call him "Rebel" if you will! Load him with ignominy and reproach! Let him stand unfriended whilst things are laid to his charge of which he knoweth not! When the Lord maketh inquisition for blood, the men who dabbled their obscene hands in his may envy him his lot!

David was hurried to the town of Black River, tried, found guilty, and sentenced to death. We have no account of his last days. We may guess his helpless amaze. We may think with what prayers and tears he knelt at the throne of grace. We may suppose how he girded up his loins to die, *as many others did*, for daring to love and serve God. Nothing, however, came to save him from the scaffold. It was by "that death he glorified God."

David's head was, after death, severed from the body, and sent back to the men who had been guilty of his blood. Now, see them complete their task! The mere death of David does not suffice. They must terrify the whole people of their estates.

A suitable pole is selected from the woodland. The people of the district are all assembled where various roads meet. The head of the martyr is fixed upon this lofty pole, and the trophy of insane cruelty set up amidst this throng of sorrowing spectators.

Around that centre some hundreds of every age are gathered.

These with shuddering horror are now made to hear recitals of the rebellion, and its failure,—the wickedness of the rebel slaves, —the vengeance of the mighty masters, and the numbers who have been sacrified. These sorrows, they are told, have all arisen from the "prayer-meetings." With fiercest threatenings they are warned to abandon them at once, and to despise the teachings of all missionaries and their followers. The only safe and happy course is to think no more about religion; for, cost what it may, their owners are determined to put a stop to it. David has been *first* punished, just for an example. They have no wish to be unnecessarily severe; and so an opportunity is given them now to turn away from such foolishness, which will certainly, if continued, bring ruin on them all!

Such was the strain of threatening invective to which the assembled slaves were compelled to listen. To crown the scene with final and overwhelming effect, the name of Moses Hall was now loudly called upon. Answering from the distance, he pressed through the crowd into the ring. Here he is roughly seized and thrust backwards against the pole upon which, far above him, is the head of his companion and friend. Standing there, he is thus addressed:—

"Now, Moses Hall, you have heard what these gentlemen have said; so take warning from this time. Let us see that you understand all about it. Tell us, now, whose head is that above you?"

In a firm voice he answers,—

"Dat's David, massa."

"Ha!—Yes!—Do you know what he is up there for?"

"Yes, massa. For praying."

"Very well. Listen to me now. Do you know that it was *your head we meant should have been on that pole?* And so it would have been, if you had had what you deserve. But David has got what was due to you, that's all. We know all about you, and your doings. Mark you, now. From this time we shall have no more of these goings on. We'll stop your religious nonsense for you. Mind! From this time we will have no more of your 'prayer-meetings;' for if we catch you at it we shall serve you as we have served David. You had better take warning. Aye, all of ye. Whoever we catch at such things again,—it matters not who it is,—we'll serve you all alike! Do you hear that, sir?"

Moses did hear it, indeed. His whole soul quivered with

excitement at every syllable. What could he do? To bow in calm submission was equal to a sacrifice of his principles, and a denial of his Lord. He knew his entire innocence of even the thought of rebellion; but all his protestations would be counted worthless, if not accepted as aggravations of supposed guilt. So, suddenly raising and clasping his hands, he kneeled down upon the earth, immediately beneath the martyr's head, saying, in solemn voice,—

"LET US PRAY!"

Immediately the whole circle knelt in prayer. What though David had, so cruelly and causelessly, been put to death! What though the furious persecutors were all present there! What though their imprecations and threatenings were both loud and deep! The whole throng kneeled down in prayer. And now, before the masters could recover their surprise, the voice of the poor slave in the centre rose clearly over the scene of death-like silence. He prayed that God would "bless all the massa buckra, —and make them to know the Lord Jesus Christ, who came into the world to save poor sinner,—that they might wash all their sins away in 'him precious blood;' that so their souls might be saved at last," &c. With such fervour and unction did he pray *for them*, that they were all disarmed. They calmly listened. Defiance and love they had never seen in such firm fellowship before. What could men do who had never prayed for themselves? There was not one who could cast the first stone. The prayer ended, they turned away. Perhaps they were now satisfied that such religion was no sham. Perhaps they felt that men who could pray for them so, would rather die than injure a hair of their heads. Perhaps they were assured, by the dauntless unanimity they had seen, that blood-shedding would never repress Christianity. Or, the whole of such thoughts and feelings might at once pervade their minds. However that may be, the good man, the living martyr, who, though ready to die, they had not the heart to slay, continued his holy enterprise. The sounds of prayer and songs of praise still continue to abound; nor did those masters ever again attempt to stay the progress of that work of God.

Moses Hall, before I left the island, was grown old and grey-headed; but his succeeding years had developed the same fearless and pure consistency. I saw him last at the house of the pastor by whose voice he had at first been turned to God; and when soon afterwards the wings of the pestilence bore

him home to heaven, none could more justly exclaim,—"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness; which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

We hold, then, that there is a martyrdom which lives, having fellowship with that which dies: and that he who, in the spirit of Christ, could thus dare to say, "LET US PRAY!" was brother to him who had really sealed the truth with his blood.

A RETURNED MISSIONARY.

Poetry.

WHO IS THE HERO?

NOT he who in a hundred fights
Has won the victory; or he who in the day
Of doubtful strife turned back the tide
And rolled it on the foe in 'whelming ruin.
Nor he who to the perilous deadly breach
Led the "forlorn hope" on to certain death.
In such vast scenes of conflict every man
Cheers on his fellow, as with maddened rage
And unreflecting fury all rush on
To do their deadly work of mutual slaughter.
These are the world's heroes. Unto these
With lavish hand she gives her highest honours.
But we dispute their right; and boldly claim
The title of a hero for that man—that lonely man—
Who, all uncheered by friend or helper, sits
Waiting the hour decreed when he must die
A martyr for the truth—the truth of God—
Which he loves more than liberty or life.
And for him, too, we claim it, who would pray
For those who sought his life, and ceased not
To ask forgiveness for their murderous deeds.
These are Truth's heroes, and their high claims
Have right divine. For far more closely
Than all earth's millions they resemble ONE
Who in his travail "alone" trod the wine-press,
And of the people there was none with HIM.

J. F. W.

Anecdotes and Selections.

Religious Jesting.—Paul says, foolish talking and jesting are not convenient, and truly he was right. How many young Christians who once bid fair for a life of usefulness have been ruined by indulging their love of humour. I have known many. Some have gone so far as to make use of passages from the word of God itself to give point to their witticisms. This reminds me of the late Andrew Fuller, who riding on horseback in company with a brother minister, and arriving at some cross roads where a guide post pointed to St. Ives, and St. Neots, his friend reminded of a passage of scripture asked, "To which of the saints shall we turn?" But instead of a smile, he observed a frown on Mr. Fuller's countenance as he exclaimed, "Don't jest with the Word of God my brother!"

Pious Mothers.—Several young men who were associated in preparing for the Christian ministry, felt interested in ascertaining what proportion of their number had pious mothers. They were greatly astonished and delighted in finding that, out of one hundred and twenty students, more than a hundred had been blessed by a mother's prayers, and directed by a mothers' counsels to the Saviour. Though some of these young men had broken away from all the restraints of home, and, like the prodigal, had wandered in sin and sorrow, yet they could not forget the impressions of childhood, and each was eventually brought to Jesus, and proved a mother's joy and blessing.

A Thoughtless Young Fellow, who was paying his addresses to a pious young woman, one day when in company, said something in ridicule of religion. She gently reproved him for his folly, when he replied, "Oh I cannot afford to spend so much time on such old fashioned subjects as God and religion." After a short silence, the young woman in a serious tone said, "Then I must decline any further connection with you, for a man who does not fear and honour God is never likely to love and cherish his own wife."

Spiritual' Constables.—There are some good people—at least, we hope they are—who have one unhappy failing. They seem to consider themselves as having authority to keep their Christian brethren in order. Were this done in a kind and loving spirit it might be well, but they use their self-assumed authority rudely and roughly, so that instead of being like the gentle dew, it is more like a rattling hailstorm. And their pretence for all this is, that they are plain blunt men. Such spiritual constables do more harm than good.

Whitefield's Sermons.—From a memorandum-book, in which Mr. Whitefield recorded the times and places of his ministerial labours, it appears that in thirty-four years, he preached upwards of *eighteen thousand sermons.* It would be difficult to tell the many thousand miles that he travelled.

It is said that this celebrated man, when advanced in life, finding his physical powers failing, undertook to put himself upon what he called "short allowance." He preached once only on every day in the week, and three times on the Sabbath!

THE BIRD IN THE BOSOM.—It is well known, that many of the most eminent ministers of Christ, during the seventeenth century, were the subjects of great persecution. Among others who were thus cruelly treated was the excellent Matthew Henry; but when maligned and reproached, he showed great meekness and patience; and instead of rendering evil for evil, requited it with good; ever seeking to improve such occurrences for his own advancement in Christian virtue. "How pleasant is it," he would say, "to have the bird in the bosom sing sweetly."

The Fireside.

A GOOD NEIGHBOUR.

A GOOD wife and mother will find her best enjoyments at home, and recreation enough in going from one duty to another, duties following each other in such close succession as seldom to leave leisure or inclination for seeking pleasure abroad. Still it is a pleasant thing to keep up a little friendly intercourse with good neighbours, and, under proper regulations, it may be altogether beneficial. It is desirable to possess, and to deserve, the character of a good neighbour. In order to attain this, there are some things to be avoided, and some things to be pursued.

If you would maintain good neighbourhood you must guard against an encroaching and an ill-natured spirit. Some people, either from inconsideration or selfishness, do things that are exceedingly annoying to their neighbours.

In such cases, if the neighbour is of a quarrelsome disposition, there are continual disputes about trespasses and nuisances. And this proves that the conduct of the offending party is not under the influence of that lovely rule, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." When Christian consideration and courtesy are in proper exercise, they will lead a person habitually to think whether what he projects doing on his own premises is likely to be in any way injurious and offensive to his neighbour; and if anything of the kind should have been permitted to happen through oversight, the grievance will be cheerfully removed as soon as pointed out. It is very pleasant to be respected as a peaceable, inoffensive neighbour.

A good neighbour must guard against a meddling, busy-body spirit, that would pry into the affairs of others, and make ill-natured remarks upon them. It is astonishing how much mischief is done without any bad intention, by the mere love of interfering with, and talking about, other

people's affairs. To check this mean and mischievous propensity, let every wife look well to the ways of her own household, and bind herself never to interfere with the concerns of her neighbours, except with a real desire, and a reasonable prospect, of doing them good. If this resolution were in general operation, who can calculate how many evils would be prevented, and how much peace and goodwill be promoted among neighbours.

The Penny Post Box.

ON LETTER WRITING.

PERHAPS our readers will be amused on reading this humorous letter, by Cowper the Poet, who was one of the best letter-writers in England.

Olney, August 6, 1780.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—You like to hear from me: this is a very good reason why I should write. But I have nothing to say: this seems equally a good reason why I should not. But a letter may be written about anything or nothing, just as that anything or nothing happens to occur. A man that has a journey before him, twenty miles in length, which he is to perform on foot, will not hesitate and doubt whether he shall set out or not, because he does not readily conceive how he shall ever reach the end of it: for he knows, that by the simple operation of moving one foot forward first, and then the other, he shall be sure to accomplish it. So it is in the present case, and so it is in every similar case. A letter is written as a conversation is maintained, or a journey performed; not by preconcerted or premeditated means, a new contrivance, or an invention never heard of before, but merely by maintaining a progress, and resolving, as a postilion does, having once set out, never to stop till we reach the appointed end. If a man may talk without thinking, why may he not write upon the same terms? A grave gentleman of the last century, a tie-wig, square-toe, Steinkirk figure, would say—"My good sir, a man has no right to do either." But it is to be hoped that the present century has nothing to do with the mouldy opinions of the last; and so good Sir Launcelot, or Sir Paul, or whatever be your name, step into your picture-frame again, and look as if you thought for another century, and leave us moderns in the meantime to think when we can, and to write whether we can or not, else we might as well be dead as you are.

When we look back upon our forefathers, we seem to look back upon the people of another nation, almost upon creatures of another species. Their vast rambling mansions, spacious halls, and painted casements, the Gothic porch smothered with honeysuckles, their little gardens and high walls, their box-edgings, balls of holly, and yew-tree statues, are become so entirely unfashionable now, that we can hardly believe it possible, that a people who resembled us so little in their taste should resemble us in anything else. But in everything else, I suppose, they were our counterparts exactly; and

time, that has sewed up the slashed sleeve, and reduced the large trunk hose to a neat pair of silk stockings, has left human nature just where it found it. The inside of man at least has undergone no change. His passions, appetites, and aims, are just what they ever were. They wear, perhaps, a handsomer disguise than they did in days of yore; for philosophy and literature will have their effect upon the interior; but, in every other respect, a modern is only an ancient in a different dress. W. C.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

POPULATION AND RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.

SUPPOSING the entire population to be about 1,000,000,000, they may thus be distributed as to religions:—

Protestants	70,000,000
Roman Catholics	130,000,000
Greek Church..	56,000,000
Armenians and others ..	8,000,000
Jews..	6,000,000
Mohammedans	100,000,000
Pagans	630,000,000

Or, supposing the population to be 970,000,000, there are—

In Europe	230,000,000
Asia	630,000,000
Africa	60,000,000
America	47,000,000
Australia and Polynesia..	3,000,000

Of these there are—

Nominal Christians, about	270,000,000
Jews..	5,000,000
Mohammedans	100,000,000
Brahmists	70,000,000
Buddhists	335,000,000
Various other inhabitants	160,000,000

More than 600,000,000 of the population of the globe are in spiritual darkness and death. A million of men, standing one behind another, would reach 647 miles, *i.e.*, from one end of England to the other; therefore 600,000,000 would reach 388,200 miles, or sixteen times twenty-four thousand miles, or sixteen times round the world.

It is believed that two thousand heathens die every hour; therefore, seventeen millions four hundred and twenty-two thousand heathens die every year!

Hints.

THERE ARE FEW more pleasant things in the world than pleasant thoughts. Seek for and cherish them; they are worth more than money by far.

TEARS OF COMPASSION for the sufferings of others, are more precious than morning dew-drops falling from blooming roses.

PERFECT HAPPINESS is not now our portion, but every one of us may have such a taste of it as to make us desire to enjoy it with God in heaven.

TRUE KINDNESS seeks not to parade its doings in the glare of day, but, like the glow-worm, shines the brightest when no eyes but those of heaven are upon it.

GOLD IS AN IDOL, and though without a single temple, receives more worship than any other false god: and it is remarkable that there is not one hypocrite among all its worshippers.

GAMBLING.—It is as impossible that a wise and good man should be a gambler, as that a gambler should be a wise and good man.

THE CLOAK OF FRIENDSHIP is sometimes made of such poor thin stuff that it is easily rent or seen through. It ought to be strong and warm, and wide enough to cover your friend too, if needful.

FORTUNE TELLING is a barefaced impudent imposture to extort money under false pretences. But which is the bigger fool, the impostor or his dupe?

ENVY is the most self-tormenting and unsatisfying of all bad passions. It came into our world from hell along with the devil, and its only reward is vexation.

THE HARDEST PILLOW is that in which sin plants a sharp thorn. Jacob's pillow was a stone, but he fell fast asleep, and had a vision of angels.

Gems.

ON THE LOVE OF GOD TO YOU.

Nothing can be more certain. God loved a world of sinners. You are one, and therefore God loved you and gave his Son to save you.

You are a sinner. God knows that better than you, and yet, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.

It is your soul that God loves, not you sins; he hates them, but he does not hate you. Jesus came to save your soul from sin.

Don't think that the death of Christ made God love us. It was the love of God which sent Jesus to suffer and die for us.

And don't imagine that God will not love you until you do some good thing to induce him. This is a grand mistake. He does love you already.

The only way for you to know that God does really love you, is to come to him just as you are, with all your sins, and ask Him, for Christ's sake, to blot them all out.

So coming to God in the name of Christ, you will not only obtain pardon, but by the Holy Spirit given unto you God will so assure you of his love that you cannot doubt it.

Then, with unspeakable joy, you will say of the Father, "I love him because he first loved me;" and of the Saviour, "He loved me and gave himself for me."

Remember, then, that Christ did not die to purchase the love of God; but the Father sent him to show how much he already loved us. The death of Jesus was not the *cause* of God's love, but the *proof* of it.

Reader! Have you been stumbling? Read these thoughts again, and you will find the way is so plain that you need not go wrong.

Poetic Selections.

NEARER HOME.

ONE sweetly welcome thought
  Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer home to-day
  Than I've ever been before.

Nearer my Father's house,
  Where many mansions be;
Nearer the great white Throne,
  Nearer the Crystal sea:

Nearer the bound of life
  Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
  Nearer gaining the crown.

But lying dimly between,
  Winding down through the night,
Lies the dark and uncertain stream
  Where there seems not a glimmer of light.

Saviour, increase my trust!
  Strengthen my feeble faith!
Let me feel as I would when I stand
  On the shore of that river of death—

Feel as I would where my feet
  Even now dipping into the brink;
For it may be I'm nearer home,
  Nearer now, than I think!

But sooner or later, whene'er
  I am called to enter the river,
Be with me, Lord Jesus, and then
  I shall go to be with Thee (or ever)

The Children's Corner.

A KISS FOR A BLOW.

I once lived in Boston, says Mr. Wright, and was one of the city school committee. One day I visited one of the infant schools. There were about fifty children in it, between four and eight years old.

"Children," said I, "have any of you a question to ask to-day?"

"Please tell us," said a little boy, "what is meant by '*overcoming evil with good?*'"

"I am glad," said I, "you have asked that question; for I love to talk to you about peace, and show you how to settle all quarrels without fighting."

I tried to show them what the precept meant, and how to apply it and carry it out. I was trying to think of something to make it plain to the children, when the following incident occurred.

A boy about seven, and his sister about five years old, sat near me. As I was talking, George doubled his fist, and struck his sister on her head, as unkind and cruel brothers only do. She was angry in a moment, and raised her hand to strike him in return. The mistress saw her, and said, "*Mary, you had better kiss your brother.*" Mary dropped her hand, and looked up at the teacher as if she did not fully understand her. She had never been taught at home to return good for evil; therefore, she thought if her brother struck her, she must return the blow. Her teacher looked very kindly at her, and at George, and said again, "My dear Mary, you had better kiss your brother. See now how very unhappy he looks!" Mary looked at her brother, and he looked very sullen and wretched. Soon her resentment was gone, love for her brother returned to her heart, and she threw both her arms about his neck, and kissed him! The poor boy was wholly unprepared for such a kind return for his blow; 't broke his heart, and he burst into tears. The gentle sister took the corner of her apron and wiped away his tears, and sought to comfort him, by saying, with most endearing sweetness and generous affection, *Don't cry, George; you did not hurt me much.*" But he cried the harder; and no wonder, for her conduct was enough to make anybody cry. This was a better answer to the boy's question than any I could have given.

"Oh, yes," said the aged woman, "we're sure to get it if we be earnest enough." We had been speaking of forgiveness of sin, and a place in the family of God; and these she thought were to be got only by her earnest praying.

"And have you got them yet?" I asked.

She shook her head mournfully, and replied, "No, I'm fear't I hae na got it jist yet."

"What! have you not been asking for it?"

"Surely, surely, but I dout I ha'ena been sae earnest as I wad need to be."

"And when do you think you will be as earnest as you need to be?"

After a pause, she answered, "Ah, weel! I dinna ken; but I'm sure we'll get it if we be earnest enough."

"Are you needing any money?" I inquired.

Looking both pleased to have done with the worry of such troublesome questioning, and surprised at the sudden change of subject, she faintly smiled and said, "Oh, ay, I'm ne'er abuve the need o' that."

"Would twenty pounds do you any good?"

"Hoots! the half o't wad mak me a leddy."

"Well, you had better go down to the bank, and ask for twenty pounds from the banker."

"Oh, ye're jokin' me noo; the banker wad think I was gane wrang i' the mind if I did the like o' that."

"But ask earnestly; be earnest enough and tell him that he *must* give it, for you cannot do without it."

"What wad he care for my earnestness? He wad send for the police!"

"And why would he not care for your earnestness? why would he not give you the money?"

"Na! what wad he gie me the money for, when I ha'e nane in his bank?"

"Oh, then he gives money only to those that have it in his hands?"

"I'm sure ye ken that brawly," said she, quite knowingly.

"Yes, I know it. The banker is there to do what is right, and he will give money to no one except to those who have a right to receive it. Is not this the case?"

"Yes," she said, "I believe it is."

"Then you cannot get any money from the banker for your own sake. Now, suppose that you know a kind and wealthy gentleman who has plenty of money in the bank, and who, besides, is interested in you. Well, suppose you go to him and tell him your need, and after he has heard you out, he smiles and says, 'Now you have done me the greatest favour you could have done me, for I feel it such a pleasure to help you.' And so saying he fills up an order out of his bank-book instructing the banker to pay you twenty pounds on demand, and to charge the sum to his account. Now, what would you do with that little bit of paper that he gives you?"

"I wad tak' it to the bank, and get the siller wi't," she said.

"But would you not need to ask for the money very earnestly?"

"Na, na, the bit o' paper wad be plenty o' itself, I'm thinkin'."

"Yes, certainly, everything depends on that bit of paper, and the *name* that is written on it. If you take the paper with you, you will at once get the money for the sake of him whose name is written at the bottom of it; but if you go without the paper, all your earnest asking will be quite useless, and why? because it would not be *right* in the banker to give it to you. The banker, you see, will give you nothing *for your own sake*, but he will give you any amount your friend pleases, *for your friend's sake*.

"And now I wish you to attend very carefully to the application of this little parable to the subject we were speaking about. Do you know that you have nothing at all in God's bank, and that it is quite out of the question for you to expect such great blessings as forgiveness of sins, and such like, when you ask them in your own name, however earnestly you may ask? Ah, my friend, your name has as little weight in God's bank as it has in man's. Now, it is a blessed fact that God is willing to give to the sinner, —nay, that he delights in giving; but then he will give us only in a way that is just and righteous. In order that there might be such a way for God to forgive our sins, he sent his beloved Son to bear our sins himself, and thus to become the author of eternal salvation to all who believe in his name. And now, since the Lord Jesus has done all this, God is quite ready to pardon and to bless any sinner at once; but it must be clearly understood that what he gives us, he gives us only for *Jesus' sake*, and not for *our own*. Now, you have been all along completely setting *aside the* name of the Lord Jesus; and when you did go to ask

anything from God, you have been expecting to get it, not for Christ's sake, but for the sake of your earnest praying. You have been going to God's bank, you see, without the little bit of paper that was needed to get you what you wanted. Is not this true?"

"I'm fear'd it's owre true," said my old friend, as the light of a new and seasonable truth lighted up her countenance.

"Will you please to read Ps. xxv. 11?"

She found the verse and read, "For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon my iniquity; for it is great."

"You see from this that, though David's sin was great, just like yours or mine, he both asked and expected God's forgiveness; but, notice that he expected to be forgiven, not for his own sake or for his earnest asking, but 'for *thy name's* sake pardon my iniquity.' You see that he was not like you, for he took care to have the bit of paper with him when he went to the bank. And it is quite the same all through the Old and New Testaments. Please to read a verse in the New,—Acts iv. 12."

She read, "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is *none other name* under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."

"Now you see from this," said I, "that we are saved on account of *a name;* and that there is no name whatever that is of any use to us, save only the one name of the Lord Jesus. Now, dont you see that you have been using your own name instead of Christ's, and you have expected to get what you asked if you asked only earnestly enough? Ah, you must do as Jesus bids you; you must use his name, and then you will get it for his dear sake; for the word of God says that 'whosoever calleth on the name of the Lord shall be saved.' You close your prayers with the words 'for Christ's sake,' dont you?"

"Oh, yes," she said, "I never miss that; but I see noo that I never hae been thinkin' on what it means."

"No, you have used it as a mere form, whereas in truth it is by far the most important part of any prayer. Do you think that you understand what I have been saying to you?"

"I understaun't brawly; I never saw it sae plain before."

"Well, be sure then to make good use of your knowledge. Oh, how solemn it is to be so near to death as you are, and yet not pardoned! On no account allow yourself to put it off another day. Jesus is ready; God is ready. All are invited to come

and receive. God is freely pardoning, not those who ask earnestly enough, not those who think they have fewest sins; but he is pardoning all who come to him trusting only in the name of Jesus. Believe all that he is telling you about your ruin and danger; believe, too, all that he tells you about the preciousness of the name of Jesus. And then, with that name on your lips, and trusting to God's promised mercy to every one who pleads that name, go and ask what God delights to give, and be assured that every one that so asketh receiveth. Never say again, 'We're sure to get it if we be earnest enough,' but rather think on what Jesus says, 'If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it.'"

Poetry.

PREPARE TO LIVE.

THEY tell us that the world is false,
  And life an empty show;
Of small account—quite valueless—
  I do not think it so;
Nothing is vain that God has thought
  It worth his while to give—
"Prepare to die"—we often hear,
  Why not prepare to live?

For if we live a life of faith
  In Christ our Saviour here,
Of that which cometh after death
  We have no cause to fear.
The sting of death is only sin;
  Heaven waiteth for the pure—
Their welcome and their heritage
  Eternally are sure.

If words of ours can lead some soul
  Out of the shades of night
Into the path of hope and faith,
  Where God is sun and light—
If to the throne of pardoning grace
  We some stray heart may bring
Weary of sin, then is our life
  A very blessed thing.

If we can make the world more pure
  For having in it dwelt—
If human kind we can improve
  By what we've thought and felt—
If we can soothe some stricken one,
  Or make some sufferer's pain
Less poignant, easier to bear,
  We have not lived in vain.

O idlers on the ways of life,
  Rouse to some work of love!
So high and holy it may claim
  Kin with the works above!
The good begun below may flow
  On like a living stream,
When earth to us shall all be past,
  And this life but a dream.

Anecdotes and Selections.

POPISH MUMMERIES.—Popery never changes. Until this day it tells its lying wonders to its ignorant disciples, who seem quite willing to be cheated. But papists are crafty fellows; they would not dare to exhibit such trumpery in England, for the common sense of the people would laugh them to scorn. Here they make converts chiefly among the silly young girls and young men in our rich families, who are attracted by their superior singing, splendid robes, and grand processions; more shame for them! An eminent English Dissenting minister visited the church of the Minorites, in Aix-La-Chapelle, France. After describing sundry antiquities, among which were "the remains of one of the children whom Herod killed in the hope of destroying Christ," he proceeds:—"All this was interesting; but the cream of the antiquities yet remained. We were conducted to the vestry, or robing-place of the priest, where a young man, whose province it is to expose these wonders to the gaze of the credulous, threw open the curiously painted doors of an immense recess, when in an instant we were dazzled with a profusion of gold and precious stones, wrought into various forms, to contain or emblazon the precious and sacred relics. We were shown, 1. The girdle of Jesus Christ, brought from Jerusalem by Charlemagne, and with that monarch's seal annexed to it. 2. Girdle of the Virgin Mary, derived from the same quarter. 3. A bone of the Virgin Mary's father. 4. A bit of the cord with which Jesus was bound when he was scourged. 5. A prickle from the crown of thorns. 6. A bit of the sponge with which they supplied the vinegar. 7. A bit of one of the nails by which he was fastened to the cross. 8. And lastly, some *sweat* which fell from him in the garden of Gethsemane. To this may be added, a link of the chain with which Peter was chained at Rome! a bit of the bone of Simeon's arm, with which he embraced the infant Jesus! a rib of St. Stephen's! and a tooth of St. Thomas!" I thought of the sailor, who, after his messmates had told some wonderful stories of what had been found in the bellies of whales and sharks, and such monsters, determining to outstrip them all, said he had once been present at the catching of a fish, out of whose belly, when opened, there came a ship, with all its masts and rigging, and the whole of the crew.

JOHN KNOX'S COURTSHIP.—John Knox, before the light of the Reformation broke out, travelled among several honest families in the West of Scotland, who were converts to the protestant religion; particularly he visited oft Stewart, Lord Ochiltree's family, preaching the gospel privately to those who were willing to receive it. The lady and some of the family were converts; her ladyship had a

chamber, table, stool, and candlestick for the prophet, and one night about supper says to him, "Mr. Knox, I think you are at a loss by want of a wife;" to which he said, "Madam, I think nobody will take such a wanderer as I;" to which she replied, "Sir, if that be your objection, I'll make inquiry to find an answer 'gainst our next meeting." The lady accordingly addressed herself to her eldest daughter, telling her she might be very happy if she could marry Mr. Knox, who would be a great Reformer, and a credit to the church; but she despised the proposal, hoping her ladyship wished her better than to marry a poor wanderer. The lady addressed herself to her second daughter, who answered as the eldest. Then the lady spoke to her third daughter, about nineteen years of age, who very frankly said, "Madam, I'll be very willing to marry him, but I fear he'll not take me;" to which the lady replied, "If that be all your objection, I'll soon get you an answer." Next night, at supper, the lady said to Mr. Knox, "Sir, I have been considering upon a wife to you, and find one very willing." To which Knox said, "Who is it, Madam?" She answered, "My young daughter sitting by you at table." Then, addressing himself to the young lady, he said, "My bird, are you willing to marry me?" She answered, "Yes, Sir, only I fear you'll not be willing to take me." He said, "My bird, if you be willing to take me, you must take your venture of God's providence, as I do. I go through the country sometimes on my foot, with a wallet on my arm, a shirt, a clean band, and a Bible in it; you may put some things in it for yourself, and if I bid you take the wallet, you must do it, and go where I go, and lodge where I lodge." "Sir," says she, "I'll do all this." "Will you be as good as your word?" "Yes, I will." Upon which, the marriage was concluded, and she lived happily with him, and had several children by him. She went with him to Geneva, and, as he was ascending a hill, as there are many near that place, she got up to the top of it before him, and took the wallet on her arm, and, sitting down, said, "Now, goodman, am not I as good as my word?" She afterwards lived with him when he was minister at Edinburgh.

Catching a Thief's Conscience.—Doctor Gay had, for some time, missed the hay from his yard, and was satisfied that it was stolen. With a view to detect the thief, he took a dark lantern, and stationed himself near the place where he supposed he must pass. In due time, a person whom he knew passed by, and soon came back with as large a load of hay as he could carry on his back. The Doctor, without saying a word, followed the thief, and taking the candle out of his lantern, set fire to the hay upon his back, and then retreated. In a moment the hay was in a blaze, and the fellow, throwing it from him in utter consternation, ran away as fast as his legs would let him. The Doctor kept the affair a secret, even from his own family; and, within a day or two, the thief came to him in great agitation, and told him that he *wished* to confess to him a grievous sin: that he had been tempted to

steal some of his hay, and, as he was carrying it away, the Almighty was so angry with him that he had sent fire from heaven, and set it all a-blazing on his back. The Doctor agreed to forgive him on condition of his never repeating the offence.

ROWLAND HILL AND THE PIG-BUTCHER.—Many curious tales have been told of this facetious old preacher, some of them true, and some not. This may have been true, for it is just like him. Going along Blackfriars-road, he saw a man followed by a drove of pigs. As all were proceeding so quietly along, he wondered how the man managed them; so to get into the secret, he kept close behind till they arrived at a yard in a street, into which the man entered followed by the pigs in the greatest order. Mr. Hill entered too, and at once began to inquire of the man how it was that the pigs followed him so orderly. The man replied, "Dont you see, sir, I carry a bag of beans with me, and I keep dropping them as I go; the pigs are fond of beans, and follow me to get them." "Well, and now you have got them in doors, do you give them any?" "Oh no, this is the slaughter-house, and once in here no more beans." In a sermon soon after, Mr. Hill, having told the tale, said, "Now, this is what the devil does; he entices men on by all sorts of schemes, till he gets them to destruction; then farewell to beans and all. Now, my friends, the devil will present many beans to you, such as theatres, saloons, balls, and gin-shops, but dont be led after him in that way, for if he once gets you into his slaughter-house, no more such sweet beans for you, depend upon it."

CURING A SABBATH-BREAKER.—Many years ago, in one of the towns of New Jersey, there lived a poor mechanic, eminent for his piety and consistency, who was much tried by the conduct of a neighbour of his, an ungodly man, who would cut his wood on the Sabbath, greatly to the disturbance of the meditations of the good old man. Father H——, as he was called, remonstrated with his neighbour, but without avail. At length he took a different course. One Saturday afternoon he went to the wood-pile in his neighbour's yard, and commenced cutting the wood himself. The man, in much astonishment, came out and inquired what he was doing. "If you will persist in cutting your wood on the Lord's-day," said the old man, "it grieves me so, that I am going to do it for you, and then you will have no temptation to-morrow." At this display of patience and christian kindness, the man was so overcome that he exclaimed, "No, you shall not do it; I'll do it myself, and you never shall have occasion to complain of me hereafter." Good old Father H—— has gone to his rest, but this incident of his wise consistency lives after him, to beautify his memory, and encourage others to follow his example.

THE MINISTER HIRING HIS NEIGHBOUR.—An eminent minister in Wales, hearing of a neighbour who followed his calling on the Lord's-day, went and asked him why he broke the sabbath. The man replied that he was driven to it, by finding it hard work to maintain his family.

"Will you attend public worship," said Mr. P., "if I pay you a week-day's wages?" "Yes," most gladly," said the poor man. He attended constantly, and received his pay. After some time Mr. P. forgot to send the money; and recollecting it, called upon the man and said, "I am in your debt." "No, sir," he replied, "you are not." "How so," said Mr. P., "I have not paid you of late." "True," answered the man, "but I can now trust God; for I have found that he can bless the work of six days for the support of my family, just the same as seven." Ever afterwards he strictly kept the sabbath, and found that in keeping God's commands, there was not only no loss, but great reward.

THE PRAYING SISTERS.—Two young men, members of a family the greater number of whom were devoted to God, left the house of their widowed mother, to reside in a distant town. After a little while they imbibed exceedingly erroneous views of religion, and were thus exposed to the utmost danger. Their sisters heard of their errors, and resolved to seek their deliverance from them by earnest prayer. They agreed separately to spend half an hour at sunset every Saturday evening in fervent supplication for their brothers. The hearer of prayer was not unmindful of their requests; the two brothers were awakened to a sense of their danger, and converted to God.

A CHINESE ANECDOTE.—First let me explain that in China a Mandarin is a nobleman, and a Bonze is a priest. A Mandarin, who took much pride in appearing with a number of jewels on every part of his robe, was once accosted by a Bonze, or priest, who followed him through several streets, and at last bowing to the ground, thanked him for his jewels. "What does the man mean?" cried the Mandarin. No one could tell him. "Friend, I never gave thee any of my jewels." "No," replied the sly old Bonze, "but you have let me look at them, and that is all the use you can make of them yourself; so there is no difference between us, except you have the trouble of watching them, which is an employment I do not desire."

The Fireside.

CHILDREN NOTICE WHAT WE DO.

IT is often said that children have sharp eyes and quick ears, and this is true. But they have also a good deal of common sense. Some people dont think so, I know, and so they either pay no regard to what they say or do before them, or, if one of them asks a question, they put it off with some evasive answer, next door to an untruth. This is very unwise, and far from right; for they cannot by so doing prevent the child from thinking about any of the inconsistent things it may notice *either in its* parents or in any one else in the house. Far better is it

to be careful of what is said or done before them, and if they ask a question give them a true and honest answer, or it may be that their little tongues will blab out something that you do not wish to be known. Attempts to deceive children never succeed, except in teaching them how to deceive others, which would be shocking. Here is a little incident which may partly explain what I mean.

A young man who was paying his addresses to a young woman was invited into the parlour to wait her coming. He entertained himself as best he might for some time, and was becoming weary, when a little girl about five years old slipped in, and began to talk with him.

"I can always tell," said she, "when you are coming to our house."

"You can!" he replied; "and how do you tell?"

"Why, when you are going to be here, sister begins to sing and to get good; and she gives me cake, and pie, and anything I want; and she sings so sweetly when you are here, and when I speak to her she smiles so pleasantly; I wish you would stay here all the while, then I would have a good time of it. But when you go sister gets cross, and scolds me, and wont give me anything. I dont know how it is. Do you?"

"I think I do," was the reply; and putting on his hat he said, "You may tell sister that I do not think I shall come any more."

The Penny Post Box.

SATURDAY MARKETS.

I WANT to say a few words about these, for I do not think there is a greater evil in our country than the custom of having Saturday Markets. We all wish for the Sabbath to be hallowed as God's own holy day, and we all wish to see drunkenness destroyed; but I cannot see how either one or the other can ever take place so long as Saturday markets are held, especially in our large towns. The busiest time in all the week in such places is from six o'clock until nearly midnight. In the large town in which I live it is so; and then the country butchers and vegetable and fruit sellers begin to pack up, some of them not reaching home or getting to bed until two in the morning, and most of them half if not quite tipsy. After they are gone from the market-place, then come the men who clear away the stalls, and after them the men who sweep up the straw and rotten vegetables, who are mostly at work until five in the morning. During the time I have mentioned—six till midnight—the public-houses, beer-shops, and gin-shops are full; and every Monday morning the magistrates at the town-hall have to settle the drunken brawls and battles that almost always take place. How can such people welcome or enjoy the Sabbath-day? It is never likely. Instead of that, we know how

thousands in many places spend the sacred hours of that day in sleep or sin. And never do I expect to see a better state of things until Saturday markets are entirely abolished, and Friday markets, which are now held in many towns, opened in their stead. When this is done, one of our greatest moral curses will be removed.

OBSERVER.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

WRITING IN SHORTHAND.

THIS is one of the wonders of our times. Writing was at first a wonderful invention, but for a long time only a few could write, or even read what was written. In the dark ages kings and other great men signed papers with a cross because they could not write. As education progressed, many were taught to write, and now if any cannot write it is their own fault.

But in our days, when we travel fifty miles in an hour, and send messages by lightning, a more rapid way of writing was required, and shorthand was invented. By this mode a few marks, run into one another, are made to stand for words. In this way speeches and sermons are written as fast as they are spoken; so that shorthand might be called a railroad method of writing. Indeed shorthand and the telegraph united do the most wonderful things. For instance, JOHN BRIGHT is making a speech at Manchester, two hundred miles from London, a shorthand writer takes it down, and then, as fast as he writes it, the telegraph sends it to the newspaper office in London, and there they are busy setting up in type the speech he is making before he has finished it; and early next morning it is all printed and sent back to Manchester by rails as early as ten or eleven o'clock.

There are now hundreds of clever men who get their living by shorthand, for which they are well paid.

Hints.

WORTH TAKING AND USING.

1. Learn to govern yourselves and to be gentle and patient.

2. Guard your tempers, especially in seasons of ill health, irritation, and trouble, and soften them by prayer, penitence, and a sense of your own shortcomings and errors.

3. Never speak or act in anger until you have prayed over your words or acts, and concluded that Christ would have done so, in your place.

4. Remember that valuable as is the gift of speech, the gift of silence is often much more so.

5. Do not expect too much from others, but remember that all have an evil nature, and that we should forbear and forgive, as we often desire forbearance and forgiveness ourselves.

6. Never retort a sharp or angry word. It is the second word that makes the quarrel.

7. Beware of the first disagreement.

8. Learn to speak in a gentle tone of voice.

9. Learn to say kind and pleasant things whenever an opportunity offers.

10. Study the character of those around you, and sympathize with them in their troubles.

11. Do not neglect little things, if they can affect the comfort of others in the smallest degree.

12. Avoid ill temper and pettishness, and fits of sulkiness.

13. Learn to deny yourself. It may be a hard lesson, but it will pay.

14. Beware of meddlers and tale-bearers.

15. Never charge a bad motive, if a good one is conceivable.

16. Be gentle but firm with children.

17. Do not allow your children to be away from home at night, without knowing where they are.

18. Do not allow them to go where they please on the Sabbath.

19. Do not furnish them with much spending money.

20. So order your home on earth, that you shall have a home in heaven.

Gems.

EVERY CHRISTIAN who has a tongue can say a word or two for Christ. If he be poor he may thus make many rich for ever.

GOD NEVER HONOURS any man more than when he makes him the means of saving a soul from death, and hiding a multitude of sins.

STRIVE TO SAVE SOULS, for if, by God's blessing, you succeed, Eternity itself will never blot from their remembrance what you did for them.

EVERY SOUL you lead to Christ, will be a reward for his sufferings, another gem added to the "many crowns" he wears.

EVERY RECRUIT you enlist for the Saviour is from the ranks of the enemy; making one less to serve the devil and curse the world, and one more to serve Christ and bless the world.

WARNING OTHERS of the dreadful danger of sin, will increase your own hatred of it in yourself, as the abominable thing which God hateth in every one.

TELLING TO OTHERS of the love of Christ in saving you from sin, will, every time you talk of it, enflame your own heart with new love to the Saviour.

NEVER DOES THE CHRISTIAN feel that he is advancing more prosperously in the way to heaven than when he is doing all he can to persuade others to go along with him.

IF A CHRISTIAN feels one regret more than another when he is about to leave the world for ever, it is that while he has been in it he has done so little to lead souls to the Saviour.

UP THEN! every man who is a lover of Christ, and has a tongue to talk with, and say something to recommend him to all around you as the best friend you ever met with.

Poetic Selections.

"LIVE AS YOU WOULD WISH TO DIE."

A DYING mother thus did say,
While life was ebbing fast away,
To those who gathered round her bed,
And gently raised her dying head—
"O wouldst thou see my face on high?
Then 'live as you would wish to die.'"

May there her kindred all appear
Where they shall shed no parting tear,
Rejoicing in their sins forgiven,
A happy family in heaven.
While here, may they on Christ rely,
And "live as they would wish to die."

Christian, wouldst thou, when death shall come,
Be ready for thy heavenly home?
Wouldst thou with joy behold His face,
Who saves thee by his matchless grace?
O wouldst thou Jesus glorify?
Then "live as thou wouldst wish to die."

Reader, wouldst thou, when life has fled,
And you lie numbered with the dead,—
Wouldst thou thy soul should happy be
Throughout a long eternity?
O wouldst thou mount to joys on high?
Then "live as you would wish to die."

Too many waste the hours of life
In worldly pleasures, sinful strife;
From day to day procrastinate,
Till endless ruin seals their fate;
Those who would mount to joys on high,
Must "live as they would wish to die."

Saviour divine! thy grace impart,
To fix the truth on every heart.
Be thou from sin and death our Life
Throughout this world of woe and strife;
Then we shall dwell with Thee on high,
And live, never again to die.

R. W. G.

The Children's Corner.

MAKE GOOD USE OF YOUR TIME.

HAVE you ever thought of the value of time? It is an old saying, "Time is money," the truth of which we all believe. If you lose an hour every day, for a year, in that time you will have lost a fortnight. Two hours lost daily in a life of sixty years, amounts to five years. How solemn the thought! five years wasted, thrown away in a life of sixty years! Improve every moment of your time as it passes quickly away. Time is more than money. If you lose your money, perhaps you may recover it again. Not so with time. Once lost, it never returns. Make every moment of your short life tell of some fresh addition to your stock of useful knowledge; every year add to your store of wisdom.

It is during time that we have to prepare for eternity. And if we waste our time, how awful will be our eternity! Then "Remember your Creator now in the days of your youth." "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation."

Now, seems as the constant little word that is heard ticking from the clock of time. Let us keep this little word always in our minds; and whenever anything presents itself to us in the shape of a good work, let us do it with all our might. It is indeed a sad way of getting through the world, by saying I will do it *to-morrow*. This will never do. *Now* is ours; *to-morrow* may never come to us.

You see at harvest-time the reapers gathering in the corn: this should remind you of the great harvest of life. Last autumn the farmer sowed the seed, and it lay beneath the ground all the winter; but it ripened, and he reaps his harvest. Youth is the seed-time of life; and if you neglect to sow good seed, then, when the harvest of life is come, oh, what will be your sorrow to find that, while others have had a good harvest, you have none!

Now, while you are yet young, *come to Jesus*. Give to him your young hearts, then you will spend your time on earth well, and reap a joyful harvest in eternity.

"Now is the accepted time, dear youth,
To search the mines of sacred truth,
'Tis dangerous to delay;
With trifles to employ your time,
And things neglect which are sublime,
While it is called to-day."

THE TWENTY POUNDS.

In one of those lovely and fertile vales with which England abounds, and in a retired town, some years ago resided a happy and industrious pair, who, in the midst of their toils for daily bread, and their anxiety for the welfare of their family, had not forgotten "the one thing needful." The house of God was their delight, and in his ways they had long found a solace amid all their cares.

In the all-wise dispensation of Providence, the excellent mother, after seeing her children grown up in life, was laid upon the bed of affliction. There she exemplified, as might have been expected, the power of the gospel, in a meek submission of herself and hers into the hands of God. But her departure was connected with the remarkable events I am about to detail. She was ripening for glory about the time the missionary cause was first coming into notice. She had heard of the benevolent project of those pious men who broached the then ridiculed scheme of sending salvation to the heathen; and, just before her death, she called her daughter to her bed-side, and said, with all the solemn but elevated feeling of a dying Christian, "Here are twenty pounds; I wish to give them to the missionary cause. It is my particular desire that, after my death, you give them to that cause; and, depend upon it, you will never have any reason to be sorry for having done so."

"After my mother's death I took the money," said the daughter, "and gave it according to the dying directions of my dear parent, not thinking that ever that cause would bring comfort to myself." There appeared, indeed, no possibility of the benevolent act returning in any shape to bless the family of the liberal donor. But the daughter who had, with becoming diligence and care, fulfilled her mother's dying request, and who inherited no small portion of her mother's spirit, at length had a son, who, as he grew up, gave symptoms of a state of mind and heart as opposite to that of his mother and grandmother as can be imagined.

As this youth approached man's estate he became very profligate, and brought heart-rending trouble upon his mother. It is useless to describe the pangs a godly mother feels when her first-born, perhaps her favourite son, her hope for the hoary hairs

or her widowhood, turns out ill. This youth proved utterly unmanageable either by tenderness or authority. He threw off all regard for his friends—forsook them—entered into the army, and vanished altogether from their knowledge. The providence of God, however, at length led him to India. Here, after some time, he fell into the company of a missionary. The man of God dealt faithfully with the youth, who was much impressed, and could neither gainsay nor get rid of the good man's words. At length his convictions mastered his conscience, and subdued his heart. He became an altered man, and gave such evidences as satisfied the missionary that a work of grace was indeed begun.

After a prudent trial of his steadfastness, the missionaries, influenced by a truly liberal and christian-like affection for the young man, procured his discharge from the army, and took him under their own immediate care. At length, so satisfied were they of the devoted piety, the zeal, and the talents of this young convert, that they encouraged him in the design of dedicating his talents to the missionary work. How delightful are the fruits of that grace which subdues the heart to the obedience of faith!

But to return to the narrative. As soon as an opportunity occurred, he wrote to his afflicted mother, stating the great change that had taken place and detailing as well the merciful dealings of the Lord with his soul as the singular alteration which had taken place in his employment. All this was accompanied with the most humiliating expressions respecting himself, and with entreaties for the forgiveness of that kind and pious mother, whose affection he had neither appreciated nor improved. Let a parent conceive the mingled emotions of joy and surprise, of rapture and astonishment, which filled the mother's heart when she received this letter—when she read her profligate son's repentance, and his prayer for her forgiveness. "Forgive you, my son!" she cried out, "O how easy it is for me to forgive you!" What a moment was that!—what a gush of feeling overcame the good woman when she thought of her dying mother and the *twenty pounds!* Here was an answer to many prayers—here was a return indeed, more than a hundredfold, poured immediately into her own bosom. It was the Lord's doing, and it was marvellous in her eyes.

But we have not yet done. This good woman had a younger *son*, who in his early life had been a child of great promise. He

seemed likely to be the stay of his father's house, and the prop of his mother's age. His talents were superior; and all who knew him, and witnessed his boyish years, augured well for the future, and blessed the woman that had such a son. But the fairest flowers are often nipped in the bud, or blighted as they begin to open and show their beauty and their fragrance. Henry, for that was his name, fell by that snare which ruins so many promising youths—evil company. He became ensnared, fell into profligate habits, and resolved to go to India.

All this transpired before any information reached the family of the fate of the first son. Of course, the loss of a second, and he the youth of fairest promise and fairest gifts, was enough to break the heart of such a mother. The announcement of his resolution to go to India was like tearing away the tenderest strings that were entwined around her heart. One already lost to her, and a second treading in his steps! O it was almost too much for nature to bear! All that a mother could do, she did. She wept—she prayed—she entreated; but all in vain. The youth was resolved, and it was hopeless to attempt to bring him to a better mind. When things were arrived at this point, she gave him up indeed as lost to herself and his family, but as still in the hands of a merciful and gracious God.

Like a mother, however, whose bowels yearned over the son of her womb, dear, though fallen, she sent him a small sum of money, with as many needful articles as she could procure, to render him comfortable, and he left her to wander far from his native home, and from the peace and simplicity of his native vale. He sailed—he arrived in India, without any knowledge of what had befallen his brother, or even of what part of the country he might be in.

The youth had not been long in India before he too was brought in contact with some of the missionaries. After a short time, the sight and conversation of these good men reminded him of scenes at home. He recollected his father's house—the gospel—the good instruction of his mother—her prayers, and tears, and love. The seeds sprung up, though in a foreign clime, and though a long and threatening winter had passed over them. The result was a decided change of heart and conduct. Soon after this change it became evident that the climate disagreed with his constitution. His health and strength rapidly declined, and it became manifest that he would never return to tell his

afflicted mother what the Lord had wrought for his soul. In this situation he was affectionately attended by the missionaries, who did all in their power to carry forward that work of grace which was so auspiciously begun. They earnestly sought the peace of his mind and the good of his soul; and they had the unspeakable happiness of reaping a rich reward of their labour.

While this younger brother lay ill, the elder, who knew nothing of what had transpired, and who resided several hundred miles in the interior of the country, had occasion to come to the very place where his younger brother was. He did not even know that he was in India, much less that he was ill, and least of all that he had become a converted character. But a mysterious and most gracious Providence directed his steps to the very place where his brother was now dying. Having himself become a missionary, and being, of course, on terms of strictest intimacy with the brethren at this station, it will be easily imagined that he would soon become acquainted with the case of the youth who was the daily object of attention and solicitude, and whose growing piety was to them a source of so much exalted gratification.

I need not detail his surprise at the discovery that this person, to whom their intercourse and instruction had been made so great a blessing, was his own brother.

It will be readily conceived that these two brothers, now united by the strong ties of christian affection, as well as by those of nature, would feel an indescribable satisfaction, the one in administering, and the other in receiving, the attention and services which such circumstances dictated. The eldest continued to the last, administering to his younger brother all the comfort, both for body and soul, which was in his power; and the younger continued to receive, with unutterable delight, the brotherly attentions and the spiritual assistance which had been so mercifully provided for him in a strange and heathen land. At length he died, and the surviving brother who had written some time before to his mother the detailed account formerly mentioned concerning himself, and who had also written during his brother's illness an account of the circumstances in which he had found him—of their meeting, and of his brother's change of heart—now despatched a third letter to announce to the bereaved mother the peaceful end of her son, and to console her for the loss by the description of the happy days they had been permitted so unexpectedly and almost miraculously to spend together.

This last letter was committed to the care of a person about to sail for England, and who undertook to deliver it himself. The former communication, which the elder son had written some time before, respecting himself, had met with delay on its passage. The last written letter, announcing the death of Henry, arrived the very day after that first mentioned. The person who had undertaken the delivery of the packet took it to the good woman, and said, "I have brought letters from your son in India." She replied with astonishment, "I received one but yesterday." "Then," said the stranger, "you have heard of the *death* of Henry?" She had not even heard of the meeting of the brothers. She had only just heard of the conversion of the son that first went abroad. The sudden announcement, therefore, of the death of Henry, quite overcame her. Though the day before the delightful intelligence had arrived that her eldest son had become a christian, and a christian missionary, yet now this beclouded all. She thought, "My child is dead—dead in sin against God—dead in a foreign land, among strangers, heathens —not one to speak a word of divine truth, to tell him of mercy, of a Saviour's dying love, of hope for the chief of sinners—no kind christian friend to pour out a prayer for his forgiveness, or to direct his departing spirit to that throne of grace where none ever plead in vain."

A torrent of such thoughts rushed into her mind, and filled her heart with an anguish not to be described. She retired to her room overwhelmed with sorrow, and sat for several hours. Describing her feelings at this juncture, she says, "I could not weep—I could not pray—I seemed to be stupified with horror and agony. At last I opened the letters, and when I saw the hand-writing of my eldest son, whose letter the day before had given me so much comfort, I was confounded. As I read on, and found that the brothers had met; that the eldest had witnessed the last moments of the younger; and that this, my second son, had been met with by the missionaries, and by them turned from the error of his ways; that there was no doubt of the safety of his state, and that he had died in his brother's arms —O," said she, "it was indeed a cordial to my soul! How marvellous are the ways of Heaven, that both my sons, after turning aside from the ways of God, and from every means of instruction at home, should be converted to God in a heathen land! *O the twenty pounds,*" she thought, "and the last declaration of my dear

dying mother! O what blessings to me were hidden in *the twenty pounds!* What do I owe to her for that saying, 'You will never have cause to repent of giving it to the Missionary Society?' Could I have foreseen all this, what would I not have given!"

The influence of these occurrences in confirming the faith and hope of this good woman, may be easily imagined. She could not look back without astonishment at the dealings of God with herself and her children; and she could not recount these remarkable particulars without connecting them with the last solemn request of her pious mother. The privilege of having two sons rescued in so remarkable a manner from the profligate and destructive courses into which they had entered; the distinguished honour of having one of them employed in the missionary work among the heathen; and the fact of having them both rescued from vice and destruction by the friendly and pious labours of English missionaries, as well as the happiness of knowing that the one who was torn from her had experienced, in his last hours, every attention and solace that the affectionate hand of a brother could supply;—all these were so intimately connected with the legacy of her mother's faith, and the almost prophetic words with which it was delivered, that she could not refrain from considering the whole a singular fulfilment of prayers long since recorded on high, and as a singular illustration of the special providence of God toward them that love him.

Poetry.

CHRISTIAN ZEAL FOR THE WORLD'S SALVATION.

SHALL Science distant lands explore,
Commerce her wealth convey,
Shall Sin extend from shore to shore
Its desolating sway?

And shall there not be Christians found
Who will for Christ appear,
To make a stand on heathen ground,
And preach salvation there?

Shall Britain to remotest climes
Transmit her *guilt* alone,
And not send out the Word of God
To make the Saviour known?

O, may our warm and kindling zeal
Burn to a holy flame!
Wide as the world his truth reveal,
And all his love proclaim!

Great God, do thou our efforts bless,
Do thou direct our ways;
Then shall the lands which share thy grace
Resound thy power and praise.

Anecdotes and Selections.

SINGULAR PROVISION.—Hanserd Knollys suffered much persecution for his conscientious attachment to the truth. In the early part of his ministry he emigrated from England to America, the common asylum at that time for all who wished to enjoy liberty of conscience. There he sojourned four years, but returned in 1641, at the earnest request of an aged father. On his arrival in England he was reduced to great straits, but experienced the goodness of Providence in a peculiar manner. The following particulars are extracted from his own account:—"I was still poor, and sojourned in a lodging till I had but sixpence left, and knew not how to provide for my wife and child. Having prayed to God, and encouraged my wife to trust in him, I went out, not knowing whither God's good hand would lead me. About seven or eight doors from my lodgings, a woman met me in the street, and told me she came to seek me, and her husband had sent her to tell me that there was a lodging provided and prepared in his house by some christian friends for me and my wife. I told her my present condition, and went along with her to the house. There she gave me twenty shillings which Dr. Bastock, a late sufferer, had given her for me, and some linen for my wife, which I received, and told her husband I would fetch my wife and child, and lodge there. I returned with great joy, and my wife was greatly affected with this seasonable and suitable supply. After we had returned praises to God, we went to our new lodgings, where we found all things necessary provided for us, and all charges paid for fifteen weeks." When the time was expired, he undertook a school, and, by the blessing of God, was successful in bringing up a large family creditably; and though he was several times imprisoned for religion, he continued the laborious and esteemed pastor of a poor church for fifty years, till he went to his reward, on September 19th, 1691, aged ninety-two years.

VENTURING ALL ON CHRIST.—The late Dr. Simpson was for many years tutor in the college at Hoxton; and while he stood very low in his own esteem, he ranked high in that of others. After a long life spent in the service of Christ, he approached the grave with holy joy. Among other things which indicated his love to the Redeemer and his interest in the favour of God, he spoke with disapprobation of a phrase often used by some pious people, "Venturing all on Christ." "When," said he, "I consider the infinite dignity and all-sufficiency of Christ, I am ashamed to talk of venturing on him. O, had I ten thousand souls, I would, at this moment, cast them all into his hands with the utmost confidence." A few hours before his dissolution he addressed himself to the last enemy in a strain like that of the apostle, when he exclaimed, "O death, where is thy sting?" Displaying his characteristic

fervour, as though he saw the tyrannt approaching, he said, "What art thou? I am not afraid of thee. Thou art a vanquished enemy through the blood of the cross."

A DYING TESTIMONY.—The Rev. John Rees, of Crown-street, Soho, London, was visited on his death-bed by the Rev. John Leifchild, who very seriously asked him to describe the state of his mind. This appeal to the honour of his religion roused him, and so freshened his dying lamp, that, raising himself up in his bed, he looked his friend in the face, and with great deliberation, energy, and dignity, uttered the following words:—"Christ in his person, Christ in the love of his heart, and Christ in the power of his arm is the Rock on which I rest; and now" (reclining his head gently on the pillow), "Death, strike!"

The Fireside.

FAMILY AND HOME.

THE family is a divine institution. God made man male and female, and said, "Be fruitful and multiply." The institution is not only heaven-designed, but it has been mercifully preserved of heaven. It remains, though the fall desolates the world. Over the spreading waters of the deluge floats the ark that preserves a family whose threefold branches are to repeople the earth. Amid subsequent convulsions and disturbances of social life, the family remains. Kingdoms and empires arise and flourish and decay; power, intellect, law, are in turns dominant among mankind; but the family continues. It is the most venerable of human institutions. Before the ancient monarchies arose, before the pyramids of the Nile were reared, before law, government, and civilization were established, this simple and blessed institution was founded of heaven and accepted of men. It has lost none of its attractiveness and power with the lapse of time. Man shows himself warmly attached to it, and singularly susceptible of influence from it. There is everywhere a charm in the word "home." No matter what its structure, or where it may be reared, the home is a place consecrated in the affections and hallowed by the sympathies of men. It may be a wigwam on the broad and sweeping prairie; it may be a snow hut amid barren and frozen wastes; it may be a rude cottage by the lonely glen or the dark mountain side; it may be a habitation small and narrow in the crowded city, but it is "home," and there is no place like it. Poetry, fiction, art, are for ever telling us how the soldier dreams of home pillowed upon his knapsack on the field of battle; how the sailor has longing thoughts of home amid the shrieking gale and the foaming billows; how the merchant cannot forget his home in his bargainings in the busy world; how the labourer returns

home when his day's toil is over, and finds it a refuge and a place of rest; how the old man clings to it as the shadows of life's evening fall around him, and he desires to die in the old charmed circle.

The Penny Post Box.

LOSSES FROM RELIGION.

SOME people are now and then disposed to grumble at the expences of religion. I lately met with a simple but good anecdote on this subject, which I thought might be useful if inserted in the pages of the *Pioneer*. SELECTOR.

"An aged couple, in the vicinity of London, who, in the early part of life, were poor, but who, by the blessing of God upon their industry, enjoyed a comfortable provision in their old age, were called upon by a christian minister, who solicited their contributions to a religious object. The old lady was disposed to make out some excuse, and to answer in the negative, both for her husband and for herself; and therefore replied, 'Why, sir, we have lost a deal by religion since we began; my husband knows that very well;' and being wishful to obtain her husband's consent to the assertion, she said, 'Have we not, Thomas?' Thomas, after a long and thoughtful pause, replied, 'Yes, Mary, we *have* lost a deal by our religion! I have lost a deal by my religion. Before I got religion, Mary, I had got a water-pail, in which I carried water, and *that* you know I lost many years ago. And then I had an old slouched hat, a patched old coat, and mended shoes and stockings; but I have lost them also long ago. And, Mary, you know that, poor as I was, I had a habit of getting drunk, and quarrelling with you; and that you know I have lost. And then I had a burdened conscience, and a wicked heart; and then I had ten thousand guilty feelings and fears; but all are lost, completely lost, and, like a millstone, cast into the deepest sea. And, Mary, you have been a loser too, though not so great a loser as myself. Before we got religion, Mary, you had a washing-tub, in which you washed for hire; and God Almighty blessed your industry; but since we got religion, you have lost your washing-tub. And you had a gown and bonnet much the worse for wear, though they were all you had to wear; but you have lost them long ago. And you had many an aching heart concerning me, at times; but those you happily have lost. And I could even wish that you had lost as much as I have lost, and even more; for what we lose by our religion, Mary, will be our eternal gain." We need not add, the preacher did not go away without substantial proof that Thomas deemed his losses for religion as among his most weighty obligations to the goodness of Almighty God."

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

THE SUN AND THE RAIN.

PERHAPS very few have taken into consideration the enormous mechanical power which is required to maintain the annual rainfall. For the clouds to drop their showers is looked upon as so natural a thing that we are ready to forget the simple fact, that before the water descends to the earth it must needs have been raised aloft. What it costs to raise water when it has to be done by us engineers may tell us. But the bountiful Creator does it for us incessantly, without expense or forethought on our part, and the impartial and fertilising shower benefits alike the just and the unjust, the learned and the ignorant. When work of this sort has to be done by the ingenuity of man the water is raised by mechanical appliances, and in our own age and country it is customary to employ the agency of a steam-engine. Before we can produce the steam which is to give motion to the machinery we kindle a fire; and so long as the engine is in operation we consume a certain quantity of coal. By means of a pump we raise the water to the desired level, and afterwards it descends—not generally, for the common benefit of all sorts of people, but for the service of those who are willing and able to pay for it. In this process we see that power is obtained from the burning of coal—so much heat in the furnace produces so much steam, and the steam gives us a certain quantity of water. What our engineers are thus accustomed to perform is daily going on around us in a perfectly natural form. The planetary group to which our earth belongs possesses a gigantic furnace, *placed* in the centre of the entire system. The sun—the great source of heat as well as light to our globe—is perpetually lifting enormous quantities of water, just as truly as the furnace of the engine which works a force-pump, only instead of the fluid being driven up through a line of pipes it ascends quietly and often invisibly through the medium of the atmosphere. Great buoyant tanks called clouds—

> "Those watery cisterns in the sky
> Borne by the winds along"—

are thereby formed, at a considerable height above our heads, and in due time the gratuitous supply descends—really as much caused by mechanical force as if it had been pumped up into Alpine reservoirs by colossal engines bearing the stamp of Maudslay or Penn.

Hints.

A RIGHT-MINDED MAN, if he let his anger go too far, will always be more angry with himself than any one else.

OF THE TWO, it is better for others to think too meanly of us, than for us to think too highly of ourselves.

IT IS A SAD THING when a man misses his way to his own home on a dark night and gets lost. Apply this to our world, and to heaven as our home.

MANY MEN, when they come to die, seem bewildered. The fact is they took the wrong road at first and kept it, and are now set fast and alarmed.

MEN LOVE CHANGE—of scenery, of situation, of companions; anything for a change: but there is one great change of which they think little, though it must come.

THERE ARE MORE DISCIPLES OF JUDAS in the world than many of us suppose. The race is not extinct which will sell the best to get the worst.

He who does good just for the sake of doing good, without regard to praise and reward, will have both praise and reward at last.

A showy gold watch that wont go well only provokes us. The plain silver watch that goes true is far more valuable to us. Men and women are like these watches.

Young men and women ought never to marry but for love; and the best way to do this is only to love what is truly lovely and worth loving.

Testy and Quarrelsome People are like a loaded gun, which you must mind how you handle, or it will go off and shoot you.

Gems.

Faith, Hope, and Love are inseparables. Faith is the root, Hope the up-rising stem, adorned with blossoms; and Love the ripe rich fruit.

It may be easy work to offer many prayers, but they will not avail except we offer ourselves to God.

It is our privilege to put all our earnest petitions into the hands of Christ, who has engaged to present them before the Majesty on High.

It is impossible to love anything as we ought, until we love everything in God, and God for everything.

A True Christian can never think of going to heaven alone. He must be after taking as many as he can along with him.

God will not suffer the world to smile too much on his servants, lest they should fall in love with it.

When the Christian is most pleased with God, he is always best pleased with himself.

The will of God ought to be more precious to us than our own life. It is as an anchor of the soul in the heaviest gales.

God gives us time in which to prepare for eternity; but let us not forget that we have none to spare.

It may seem a paradox, but one element in a good conscience is to be conscious of evil.

Only be thankful that God, for Christ's sake, has forgiven your sins, and you will be thankful for everything else, sweet or bitter.

Poetic Selections.

THE DAY-STAR OF HOPE.

BY A SEPTUAGENARIAN.

My God! my Father and my Friend!
Whose loving-kindness knows no end,
Now let thine ear my prayer attend.

My days on earth are nearly spent;
Soon I must strike this tottering tent,
And go the way my fathers went.

I am but as a broken reed;
My faith is often weak indeed,
And much thy gracious help doth need.

At even-tide let it be light,
Let no dark cloud hide from my sight
My Saviour in his glory bright.

Then shall my soul with rapture bless
The Lord my strength and righteousness,
And trust in his unfailing grace.

Spirit divine, reveal once more
The vision which I had of yore,
Of Him who all my sorrows bore.

How glorious did He then appear!
No object could with Him compare,
Or equal admiration share.

Jesus was mine, and I was his!
O, how unspeakable the bliss
I then enjoyed, assured of this!

My mountain then stood firm and fast,
No cloud my prospects overcast,
I thought my joys would ever last.

But soon, alas! I felt within
The motions of new-springing sin,
Striving again my soul to win.

What must I do? the night was dark;
Yet now and then a glimmering spark
Of hope was shed on my frail bark.

At length from out the cloudy night,
The "Day-star" rose in glory bright,
And shed on me its stedfast light.

Since then, whenever tempest-tost,
Or fearing I might yet be lost,
I turn to that Bright Morning Star,
And see it shining from afar;
And fain would hope it yet will be,
Herald of endless day to me!

J. F. W.

The Children's Corner.

COUNTLESS MERCIES.

CANST thou count the leaves on yonder trees,
That wave to and fro in the gentle breeze?
"Oh! no," thou sayest; "'tis past my art
To number even a thousandth part."

Canst thou count the sands upon the shore,
Which are set as a bound to the ocean's roar?
Thou knowest full well thou canst not count
A millionth part of the vast amount.

Canst thou count up all those stars of light,
Like spangles on the robe of night?
"Oh! no," thou repliest; "in vain you ask:
What mind can compass such a task?"

Canst thou count the blades of tender grass
Over which thy feet so lightly pass?
"Nay that," thou sayest, "I cannot do;
Nor any one else, I'm sure. Can you?"

Canst thou count the insects that fly in the air,
Now fluttering, now settling, now here and now there?
"Oh! no," is thine answer; "in vain I try
To count such a countless company."

If thou canst count the leaves on the trees,
That wave to and fro in the gentle breeze;
If thou canst number the sands on the shore,
Which are set as a bound to the ocean's roar;
If thou canst reckon the stars on high,
Scattered like spangles over the sky;
Or sum up the number of blades of grass
Over which thy feet so lightly pass;
If thou canst number the insects of air,
That flutter, and settle, now here and now there—
Yet thou canst never God's mercies count,
Or tell to another their vast amount.

Since, then, God's mercies are showered on thee
From stores so vast, so full, and so free,
Receive them, and prize them, and use them well,
And let thy good conduct thy gratitude tell.

THE GOSPEL AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

During the past forty years how much has been said and done to promote the social well-being of all around us. We rejoice in every advance that has been made in this direction, and we will rejoice, though some who have engaged in the good work have been enemies of the gospel, or disbelievers in its divine mission. We are willing to believe that in some cases "through ignorance they did it." For was not Jesus Christ a philanthropist? Where would they find a more perfect pattern of benevolence? Were not his apostles the friends of humanity? A counterfeit christianity might disregard the wellbeing of the masses in order more effectually to secure its own selfish ends, but the christianity which regards the precepts and examples of the New Testament, will ever be found ready to aid every wise and beneficial proposal for the physical as well as the spiritual advancement of mankind. In proof of this we need not do more than remind our readers that christian men have been conspicuous as leaders in all the great movements that have been made during the present century in favour of civil and religious liberty, free trading, sanitary improvements, and whatever was calculated to advance the moral, intellectual, or temporal benefit of the people.

We have been led to make these remarks after reading a Discourse recently delivered by Thomas Goadby, B.A., on "The Relation of the Gospel to Man's Intellectual and Practical Life"—a discourse which was heard with unwearied attention by a large auditory, though nearly two hours were required for its delivery. We give the concluding summary of this remarkable production.

"It is matter of rejoicing, that after the toils and disappointments of centuries some perceptible and permanent social advancement has been gained. The wise discerner of the times does not fail to observe indications of progress. The former days were not in all things better than these. In all sober truthfulness we may call this an age of enlightenment and progress. Every part of the world is penetrated in the interests of commerce, or science, or religion; and the various branches of the human family are becoming known and familiar to each other. Facilities for intellectual improvement are greatly multiplied; easily accessible libraries, cheap books, a free press, schools of all kinds, and for all classes, are doing important service in the work of popular elevation. The older states are growing in freedom

and civilization, vast continents once overrun by fierce and savage beasts, and scarcely less fierce and savage tribes of men, are being peopled by new races, and yield to the hand of tillage mighty and magnificent harvests. Even the wilderness and desert are visited by the steps of enterprise, and begin to re-echo with the sounds of commerce, and repay the toils of industry. The means of subsistence and comfort are everywhere afforded to the many in greater abundance than at any former era; the deficiencies of one region are quickly supplied by the surplus of another; wealth circulates, multiplies, spreads. Never was more attention paid to the wants of the people, nor more labour given in the endeavour to meet them. The efforts of philanthropy are telling upon the general sum of human suffering and wretchedness. The standard of popular morality is rising; business and politics are to some extent penetrated by high principle; the word of God, in a thousand tongues, is scattered over the earth; the great wide continents of the world, and the islands of the southern seas, are traversed by earnest heralds of the Cross; the church is growing and spreading; and as old earth turns upon her course, now from the shadow of night to the sunlight of morning, and again from the beaming day to the dim and starry eve, songs of praise to the Father of mercies, and devout and fervent prayers to the throne of grace, ascend from the hearts and lips of ever-increasing multitudes.

But the bright and hopeful picture is yet shaded with much darkness. The time is fuller of promise than achievement. Society is rising, but has not yet risen to the level we desire. The cry is still onward. Still waves before us the banner which emblazons our hope. Our social progress is yet one-sided, partial, and incomplete. Morality and religion hardly keep pace with our growing wealth and knowledge. Society is better fed than taught, and better taught than disposed. The head knows more than the heart loves, or the life embodies. The flesh is nearer salvation than the soul. Our material interests outrun our spiritual. Moreover, while the heathen and savage are coming within the pale of civilization and the fold of the church, whole multitudes in christendom remain in ignorance and degradation. Truth is obscured by error, sceptism and ungodliness are unabashed; the word of God is corrupted, souls are in bondage and peril. We send out books, teachers, civil officers, missionaries to the heathen, while there remain thousands in our midst

without education, with but little regard for law and virtue, slaves to sensual pursuits and pleasures, to intemperance and lust, without aspiration, without hope, without God. And all this time wide fields abroad are too scantily occupied, and the cry comes from Africa, from China, from Hindostan, for more labourers and greater effort. Nor is there anywhere to be found over the wide earth a perfect model of society, "a new moral world," conspicuous as a pattern and example to the rest of mankind. The church might be such a community; but schism, and heresy, ecclesiastical pretensions, priestly power and pride, make it a Babel of sects. In our own land, we are vain enough to think, is seen the most complete model that can at present be found of what society should be, with wise rulers, beneficent legislation, a high standard of popular morality, and a wide-spread Christian profession. But apart from the glaring sins and vices around us, what is the relation of the classes of society to each other? What does the strife between capital and labour reveal? The old feudal days are over, but the feeling of alienation and the prejudices of caste remain. There are yet the cold hauteur and polite distain of the noble, the deep distrust and degradation of the poor; and in the ever-growing middle-class, that should unite the two extremes, there is often but a combination of the worst characteristics both of hollowness and vulgarity, of arrogance and abjection. The schism in the social body is scarcely filmed over, much less healed.

Now I take it as beyond a doubt, and proved by all history, that no secular or human resources are in themselves adequate for the removal of these evils, or the perfecting of social progress. There is no record of a barbarous and savage people growing up to civilization by its own unaided impulse and effort. Nor can the whole world redeem itself from its ills by any means or power evolved from its own intellect or will. Neither commerce, nor secular education, nor good government, nor all three combined, can regenerate the human race. Any one of them, or all of them together, in the highest degree of development, are possible with many of the ills and woes we so much deplore. It is by a power beyond and above these, beyond and above man—it is by the gospel we preach that complete social regeneration is to be accomplished. In the commission with which we are charged, and the power which accompanies it, are the pledge of our progress and the security of our hope. Here is the great charter of the world's redemption.

For the gospel of Jesus Christ adopts the only effectual mode of operation. It deals with man as he is. It addresses itself not to the mass, but to each individual in it. It takes every man apart, and directs its whole power upon him. It strikes home at once; marks the source of disorder, sin; goes down to the root of all ill, the depraved heart of man. It works from within outward, from the centre to the circumference, from the heart to the life, from the individual to society. Men are not what they ought to be towards each other, because they are not what they ought to be in themselves. Men are not what they ought to be in themselves, because they are not what they ought to be towards God. Spurning the greater obligation, they easily disregard the less. The gospel of God's grace restores us to God, and restores us to ourselves and to one another. It regenerates the spirit, transfigures the character, and so transforms the world. Moreover it presents the only enduring basis of social union, the only bond of universal fellowship. It places us in one common relationship to Christ, and raises us to one common brotherhood with him and with each other. It reveals the inherent and essential equality of man, and without destroying the gradations of rank, elevates us above class prejudices and artificial distinctions to the common dignity of children of the same Father, possessors of the same spirit, disciples of the same Lord, heirs of the same promises, and of the same eternal home. The impulse and incitement to doing good and diffusing happiness are found in the spirit of the gospel. To assimilate society to itself is its divine mission; to propagate itself is the law of its life; to take the ripest results of human thought, and the most helpful energies and agencies of science, and make them coadjutors in its work, is its blessed privilege. And with the giving of the gospel is the promise of the world's redemption. On its first announcement, it was declared to be the bruiser of the head of evil. As it grew before the prophet's view, it was the bestower of blessing upon families and nations. Still again, the gatherer of peoples; and again, in songs of psalmist and visions of prophet, the bringer in of the reign of universal peace, of plenty, of righteousness, and truth. Poets have sung of what the world is to be when its golden age returns. Dreamers have pictured the changes which shall yet pass over every land and every clime. Men of science have argued that the conquest of nature shall be completed, and all her powers chained to the service of man; all her teeming

and manifold wealth poured into his lap. The ardent hope of the soul is of the world's renewal of the freshness and joy of youth, superadded to the wisdom and experience of age. But no poetry, dream, or anticipation, can be more inspiring than the visions of God's word of that era when all shall know the Lord, when all nations shall be blessed in Him; when the wolf and the lamb, the leopard and the kid, shall lie down together; when nothing shall hurt or destroy; when sounds of peace and songs of thanksgiving shall succeed to the harsh din of war, and the glory of the Lord fill the earth."

Poetry.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE AND TRIUMPH.

WHO would not be a Christian? Who but now
Would share the Christian's triumph and his hope?
His triumph is begun. 'Tis his to hail,
Amid the chaos of a world convulsed,
A new creation rising. 'Mid the gloom
Which wraps the low concerns of states and kings,
He marks the morning star; sees the far East
Blush with the purple dawn; he hears a trump,
Louder than all the clarions and the clang
Of horrid war, swelling, and swelling still,
In lengthening notes, its all awakening call—
The trump of Jubilee. Are there not signs,
Thunders and voices, in the troubled air?
Do ye not see, upon the mountain-tops,
Beacon to beacon answering? Who can tell
But all the harsh and dissonant sounds, which long
Have been—are still—disquieting the earth,
Are but the tuning of the varying parts
For the grand chorus which shall usher in
The hastening triumph of the Prince of peace!
Yes; his shall be the kingdoms. He shall come,
Ye scoffers at his tarrying. Hear ye not,
E'en now, the thunder of his wheels? Awake,
Thou slumbering world! Ev'n now the symphonies
Of that blest song are floating through the air—
Peace, peace on earth, and glory be to God! CONDER.

Anecdotes and Selections.

THE ADVENT OF THE SON OF GOD was the most glorious and important event that ever took place in the revolutions of Time; and nothing in all past or all coming Eternity could possibly exceed that when the Lord of glory took up his dwelling in mortal flesh. The purposes and promises of God relating to this wonderful transaction were then fulfilled. The fulness of the times was then completed, and God sent forth his Son made of a woman. Angels descended from heaven to bring the joyful news. A multitude of the heavenly host made their appearance on the occasion. Celestial songs are, for the first time, heard by mortal ears. The glorious messenger had no sooner delivered the glad tidings, than they united in one of the anthems of heaven. The morning stars again sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men." The Sun of Righteousness was now to arise and shine upon a benighted world, and a new star appeared in the heavens, as a signal of his brighter day. Wise men from the east, taught of God to know the significancy of this sacred token, came, under the guidance of its shining rays, to present their gifts, and pay their adorations to the new-born Saviour. Such is the history of his birth. Abraham, the patriarch, rejoiced in the distant prospect of his day; he saw it by faith, and was glad. How do *we* see it? with gladness or with indifference?

IMMANUEL—GOD WITH US.—I freely own that I am lost in wonder when I meditate on the glory of *Immanuel.* He formed the heavens by his word, and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth. He filleth the whole universe with his immensity. My faith ascends to him in the palace of his glory, surrounded with thousands of thousands, and ten thousand times ten thousand mighty angels, always ready to execute his will. And did he become incarnate for us men, and for our salvation? I look down upon myself and say, What am I? Lord, what is man that thou shouldst be thus mindful of him, and the son of man that thou shouldst so regard him? I am but an atom, I am but dust and ashes, and all overspread with pollution and deformity. And can this atom, this dust, this deformed mass of impurity be the object of redeeming mercy? What motive could determine the Lord of glory to become man for my sake, and to communicate himself in a manner so intimate, so endearing, to a creature so mean and vile? What but the most wonderful love to my soul? Love so amazing that when I try to contemplate it I am soon lost in admiration and praise—admiration and praise that I expect will ever spring up afresh, as from a perpetual spring, throughout eternity.

FORGETTING, YET REMEMBERING.—A pious village minister, taking a walk one fine summer morning, observed a woman performing a curious operation at a brook, by dipping a sieve full of wool in the water repeatedly in order to cleanse it. He was a believer in doing good by conversation as well as preaching. He soon found that she not only knew him, but that some years ago a sermon of his had been the means of leading her to Christ. "And what was the text?" he inquired. "Oh, as for that," said the woman, "I dont know. But look here, Sir. This water dont stop in the sieve, and I dont want it; but it washes the wool. I know now that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin, but as for the text or the sermon I dont remember anything about them." The minister was satisfied.

WHAT IS POPERY?—A mockery, a delusion, and a snare. Its worship is not of the God of the Jews or of the Christians, but of a woman. The Eternal Father is pictured by them as an old man, and his incarnate Son as a little child in his mother's arms. That mother they have made into a goddess, and to her they address their worship, their supplications, and their praises! How monstrous is all this, and what a violation of the character of the blessed virgin mother, whose humility was so remarkable! To thrust her forward as an usurper of divine attributes and honours is one of the most outrageous acts of idolatry the world ever knew.

AN IMPERFECT YET PERFECT MEMORY.—John Newton, the celebrated London preacher, when an old man, observed that he one evening had to ask his housekeeper where he had been in the morning. "You preached at the church as usual," was her reply. "And yet, how wonderful it is," continued Mr. N., "when I am in the pulpit I can quote correctly any text I want from the Bible." At length his memory almost entirely failed him, except on two points—that he was a sinner, and that Christ was his Saviour. Did not this shew that thoughts of sin and salvation had sunk deeper into his mind than anything else?

NAPOLEON ON IMMORTALITY.—Walking in the gallery of the Louvre one day, a superior picture attracted the attention of the first Emperor. Turning to Denon, he said, "That is a noble picture, Denon." "Yes, an immortal one, Sire." "Why how long will such a picture last? and how long that statue?" "The picture five hundred years—the statue five thousand, Sire." "And you call that immortality!" was the curt reply. The works of the painter and the sculptor must perish, they cannot claim immortality. But they who win souls to Christ, and only they on earth, do work that will bear the stamp of Immortality.

WORLDLY SUCCESS UNSATISFYING.—The present Emperor of France, Napoleon III., is said to have observed to one of his courtiers, "I sometimes ask myself the question, whether the vexations of good fortune are not sorer than the calamities of evil fortune." So unsatisfying are all human pursuits, whether successful or unsuccessful. Only He who made the soul of man can fill it with satisfying good.

THE CHOICEST CHRISTIAN is the most heavenly-minded. In this he not only excels other men, but he excels himself. When his heart rises to heaven, he longs for nothing, and thinks of nothing so much as of his treasure there. As the man who has travelled in foreign countries does not forget the wonderful sights he has seen, so he who has travelled as far as heaven by faith, and seen the King in his beauty, will often talk of the wonders of glory he has there beheld, and will long for the time when he himself shall go to share in its blessedness. Paul's vision of that unspeakable glory excited him to unwearied labour, and made him long to depart and be with Christ.

The Fireside.

HOUSEKEEPING.

WHO is the Housekeeper? who but the Wife. The Husband provides the means, but the Wife makes use of them. A writer on this subject says:—

"We sometimes find ourselves wondering how many of the young ladies whom we meet are to perform the part of housekeepers, when the young men who now look at them so admiringly have persuaded them to become their wives? We listen to those young ladies of whom we speak, and hear them not only acknowledging, but boasting, of their ignorance of all household duties, as if nothing would so lower them in the estimation of their companions as the confession of an ability to bake bread, or cook a piece of meat. Speaking from our own youthful recollections, we are free to say that taper fingers and lily hands were very pretty to look at with a young man's eyes, and sometimes we have known the artless ignorance of useful knowledge displayed by a young wife to appear rather interesting than otherwise. But we have lived long enough to learn that life is full of rough experience, and that the most romantic people must live on cooked food, and in homes made and kept clean and tidy by busy good hands. And for all the purposes of married life, it is generally found that for a husband to sit and look admiringly at a wife's taper fingers and lily hands, does not make the pot boil, or put the smallest piece of food on the table."

This is common sense. But, alas for them, common sense is often set aside by many young people when they are playing at a game of love with each other. But is it love? I very much doubt it. For all true love is grounded on esteem. Now for what do hundreds of young people esteem each other now-a-days? Is it because she is a modest, neat, tidy, and sensible young woman; or he a sober, honest, and *industrious* young man? Such a couple may find in each other some-

thing to esteem and love, and they will pull together through life in harmony. But on the other hand, she who has only her pretty face and genteel form to recommend her, set off though that face may be by artificials, and that form hooped round by something as big as a hogshead; and he who is "such a nice young man," with his black moustache, and fancy meerschaum, and gold-looking chain, and nobby cane—such a couple, if they come together, will only find that the thing they called love was nothing better than a sham, producing in the end discomfort and disaffection.

The Penny Post Box.

A GREAT NUISANCE.

I HOPE the EDITOR and his readers wont be alarmed if I tell them at once that it is a political nuisance to which I wish to direct attention. I know that the *Pioneer* is not a political publication, and I do not wish to say a word about either Tory, Whig, or Radical, but I do wish to say a few words about that great moral nuisance—a General Election.

A clever writer in one of our popular, not religious, magazines, has thus described a General Election:—"Election time is a bad time; a lying time, a corrupting time, a drunken time; a dirty, beer-sloppy, pipe-smoking, cab-driving, bill-posting, tipping, winking, nudging, duffing, dodging, shuffling, guzzling, period of disgrace and demoralisation. In a general election time, all England is one riotous taproom, splashed with beer, reeking with tobacco-smoke, and littered with written and printed lies and false promises."

This witness is true. And the inconsistency and vexation of this national outrage on morality, to say nothing of religion, is, that it is all done at the time when we make the men who are to make the laws —laws affecting all matters of good government.

Who can calculate the vast amount of money spent in debasing the electors during the month of July, 1865. In the Borough in which I live, one man's bill of election expenses, as published by his legal agents, was £2,250, and he did not succeed!

Now how can we get rid of this disgraceful nuisance? Some say by adopting the ballot. And really when we are told that at the Election of the President in 1864, in the midst of that dreadful war, in America, with universal suffrage, and politics at their highest pitch, there was no commotion, no riot, and no drunkenness—for the spirit-shops were all closed on that day—but all was conducted as quietly as we elect a board of guardians, one cannot but wish that the ballot or some other mode were adopted by which this intolerable nuisance might be swept away for ever!

A BOROUGH ELECTOR.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

MORE ABOUT THE SUN AND THE RAIN.

THE work done by the sun in raising water to the clouds is equal to nearly ninety-nine thousand millions of horse-power. All the steam engines in Great Britain are only equal to little more than one million, and so the sun does fifty thousand times as much more work. The falls of Niagara, at one leap of three hundred and thirty-four feet, discharges forty millions of tons of water per hour, and representing fifteen millions of horse-power, is able to do all the manufacturing work of the whole world.

These calculations, made by our wisest and most experimental philosophers, should teach us how infinitely beyond all human reach is the power of God. Our steam engine is now the most mighty power that man can wield. But one natural waterfall on the face of our earth could do all the work of our steam engines were they ten times as numerous as they now are. But what is the power of all the engines, and that of the waterfall united, compared with that of the sun? And then what a commotion and uproar do these earthly forces make in displaying their powers. But the sun does its work silently and without observation!

Well might the power of God in managing the rain-clouds be the subject of conversation between Job and his friends. In an old black letter Bible, published in 1568, with an Introduction by Cranmer, Elihu's words are thus translated:—

"Behold, so great is God, that he passeth our knowledge, neyther can the number of his yeares be searched out.

Sometime he restraineth the raine, and agayne he sendeth raine by his cloudes.

Whych raine the cloudes doo droppe, and let fal abundantly upon men.

Who can consyder the spreadings out of his cloudes, the coveryngs of his tabernacle?

Beholde he doth strech his light upon it, and overcome the bottom of the sea.

For by these governeth he his people, and gevth them abundance of meate.

With the cloudes he hydeth the lyght, at his commandement it breaketh out.

Which dayshing upon the next cloudes, shewe tokens of wrath."

Hints.

MONEY, after all, does not make the man. While he has it he may get credit for wisdom; but let him lose it, and it is soon discovered that he was only a fool.

THOSE MEN cannot improve who make their own selves the model they imitate.

A MALICIOUS PERSON will keep pelting his slanders as mischievous boys pelt burs, believing some of them will stick; or he will make a deep gash in his neighbour's reputation, knowing that if the wound is healed a scar will remain.

WHISPERING EVIL REPORTS will sometimes do more mischief to a man's character than open persecution.

WORLDLY PLEASURES may too often be compared to the bee, which though loaded with honey carries a sting in its tail.

WHEN A GREAT TROUBLE pays us an unwelcome visit, one way of relief is to think how many greater troubles never come near us.

THERE ARE MEN who do more to corrupt their own nature than their

own nature does to corrupt them. The glutton, the drunkard, and the fornicator, are the foremost of the class.

EVERY HONEST OCCUPATION is honourable. It is not the occupation which dignifies the man, but the man who dignifies the occupation.

Gems.

THE ADVERSARY of our souls is sometimes to be found lurking behind the Cross, but it is only that he may frighten us away from it.

RELIGIOUS BIGOTS, says an old writer "would wipe out a man's name from the book of life, and lock the gates of heaven against him. It striketh me into an amazement with admiration that such mountains of pride can exist in the heart of any man."

MARTIN LUTHER was wont to advise preachers to see that these three dogs did not follow them into the pulpit—Pride, Covetousness, and Envy.

IT IS AN ODIOUS SIGHT to see Pride standing up to preach humility, or Hypocrisy to preach sincerity, or a Worldling to preach heavenly-mindedness.

SET IT DOWN as a great and an unalterable fact, that no man can know Jesus Christ to be his Saviour until he knows himself to be a sinner.

NO MAN can be sincere in coming to God, except he be willing and anxious that God should shew him the very worst of himself.

WHAT HOPE could the best Christian in the world have if he did not believe that God is willing to forgive his present as well as his past sins.

WE SHOULD LOVE CHRIST not only for what he has done for us, but for what he is doing for us, and for what he has promised to do for us.

THE POOR IN SPIRIT are those who receive even small blessings from God with thankfulness, as being much greater than they ever deserved at his hands.

Poetic Selections.

WHO CAN TELL?

In the dark and mystic future,
  Down the swelling tide of years,
Who can catch the glowing picture,
  Mid our mingled hopes and fears?
What of joy or grief may meet us,
What of song or cheer may greet us,
  Who can tell?

O'er the past, our weary vision
  Linger's tearfully to view
How amid the cloud and sunshine,
  We have passed life's journey through;
Why so much of joy or sadness,
Why this mingled grief and gladness,
  Who can tell?

As we tread the weary present,
  Through its labour and its strife,
With the sound of every footfall,
  Touching tender strings of life,
In uncertain years before us,
What the song and what the chorus,
  Who can tell?

Sowing seed beside all waters,
  In the morn and eventide,
'Neath the cloudy sky or sunshine,
  With a never-failing guide;
Of the glowing wealth and verdure,
Springing in the misty future,
  Who can tell?

I have seen the balmy morning,
  Gilding all the eastern sky,
Seen the wealth of silvery dew-drops,
  On the leaf and floweret lie;
But the gentle gale seemed whispering
Words prophetic,—I was listening,—
  "Who can tell?"

O'er the misty hill, the daylight
Struggled through the deep'ning cloud,
And the deep-toned thunder muttered
  From beneath its tattered shroud;
But behind the darkness lingers
Forms of beauty,—mighty fingers
Weave the texture of our bliss,
Fill our cup of happiness,
And ere noon the azure sky
Smiles above us,—we reply—
  "Who can tell?"

Over all, by every pathway
  In the midst of joy or grief,
There is One who ne'er forsakes us,
  One who sends us kind relief;
Why our harps upon the willows
  Are so often sadly hung,
Why the measures of our life-strains
  From its broken strings are flung:
Why such strange extremes are given,
Why this narrow to heaven,
  God can tell.

J. W. B.

The Children's Corner.

DO AS YOU ARE TOLD.

"BUT I dont want. I dont like to be told what to do. I want to do what I have a mind to do."

That may be; but would it not have been as well for you sometimes if you had done as you were told?

"Perhaps it would, but I cannot be always doing what everybody tells me."

I know you cannot, and sometimes you would do wrong if you did.

"Well, then, who am I to take notice of? I might just as well take notice of myself, and do as I like to do."

Have you ever been over the moor to Stonecliffe?

"No, never. It is five miles off, and they say it is a bad road to find."

Should you not like to go?

"Yes, I should; but I am afraid I should get lost among the bushes and rocks of the moor."

Well, what of that? You have only to do what you have a mind to do. But now tell me,—If you had made up your mind to go, would you not ask your father to tell you the road?

"I think I should."

And you would do as he told you?

"Yes: I think I should."

And why?

"Because he knows the road, and I am sure he would not send me wrong."

Well, that is what I mean. If a boy were to tell you to go, and that you might easily find the way, you would do right in not doing what he told you; but if your father told you to go, and the way you must go, you would do wrong if you did not take notice of what he said, and do as you were told. You could not believe that boy because he had never been over the moor and knew nothing about the way, but you could believe your father, for you knew that he had often been over it. Beside, you knew that the boy would not care if you did get lost, but you knew that your father would come to seek you if you did not get back at the right time.

And so it is always best for children to do as their fathers and mothers tell them, for they are not only older and know more, but they love their children, and it is because they love them that they tell them what to do and what not to do. Those children who wont do as their parents tell them, and will have their own way, are sure to get into trouble. And if they go on doing so, will get worse and worse, and wish, when it may be too late, that they had done as *they* were told.

WONDERFUL DELIVERANCE FROM SHIPWRECK.

VERY seldom do we hear of such a deliverance as that of which we are about to tell you. We give it as we find it, with some very appropriate remarks in one of our daily public journals.*

"It is a trite but sad reflection that at every minute of every day there is misery, suffering, danger, death, somewhere or other. Somewhere, in the hour that seems quietest and happiest to ourselves, there is ever preparing a story of human anguish and struggle, which will by-and-bye reach our ears, and make some of us wonder how we could have been ignorant of the peril of those dear to us, and all among us feel how necessary is the belief that there is a Power which sees all, supervises all, and brings into some vast and comprehensive though uncomprehended plan of pity and love the various fortunes of humanity. What were we doing on the night of the seventh of October, 1865. A foolish question to ask, with a million fire-sides to be catechised; yet which of them all would not have been moved if the picture of the *Duncan Dunbar*, merchantman and passenger-ship, could suddenly have been presented before them, or seen, let us say, in the coal fire, as we sometimes fancy forms and figures amidst the cheerful blaze? Some there are to whom the happy return of her passengers will really bring these thoughts, and recall the hours of that evening and night in October, when they so little suspected that it turned upon a few feet of the tide, a few acres of dry reef, a chance lifeward this way, deathward that, whether the dear ones they thought of as safely pursuing their voyage to Australia should survive, or be drowned in the Brazilian surf. It may be just the same at this moment—at all moments. On the sea somewhere this morning—perhaps in many a desolate spot, like the reef of Las Roccas—there are crews fighting for their lives, whom we think of as safe; ships, of whose progress outwards we have just read, that will never be sighted again; freights of human life—valuable beyond price to the children at this breakfast table, to the woman at that—to some one certainly, from the tenants of the state-room to the captain's cabin-boy—who are in the same position of deadly peril as the *Duncan Dunbar* crew were on the night when she lay upon the Las Roccas reef. We say again these remarks are trite, leading to no manageable moral; and yet they rise almost spontaneously to the

* *The Telegraph.*

mind, at the announcement that the whole ship's company have safely arrived in England again; while this tale of shipwreck reminds us how many calamities there have been and must be which will not end so happily.

The story itself is picturesque even among the long and varied stories of disaster at sea. The ship, after making a prosperous start from England towards Sydney, had been thirty-five days out, and was near Pernambuco on the Brazilian coast, on the 7th of October. At eight P.M. on that evening there was a cry of 'Breakers ahead!' and, before the vessel could answer her helm, she struck upon the fringe of the reef. It was high tide when she took the rock, and, though cargo and gear were instantly thrown overboard, and the spars aloft cut away to ease the ship, the tide fell faster than she could be lightened, and then she lay on the crags. As the tide receded the waves moved the ship backwards and forwards upon them, grinding her bottom; but there was no hopeless leak till the after-part of the ship settled, and broke away the stern post; then she was all open abaft, and the *Duncan Dunbar* was a wreck. Let anybody who *does* remember a particularly snug night on the 7th of October picture this one. Black, wild, desolate water; the ship flung to and fro like a groaning, writhing creature; the sea birds screaming in the darkness; and no choice for the people on board but to wait till dawn should reveal whether there was a patch of the fatal reef above water to land upon, if the vessel could hold together till daylight broke—for such was the position of the passengers and crew of the *Duncan Dunbar*. Nobody could be sure whether even a chance of safety remained. But if the spot on which they had struck should turn out to be that marked on the Syren Beacon, the officers knew there ought to be dry rock or sand; and should the vessel stand the night out, this barrier remained between death and the crowd of women, children, and men, who passed all those hours rolling backwards and forwards on the reef, while every wave that broke over the decks seemed to be the last that the battered ship could stand. Descriptions and contrasts will not revive the terrors and the truths of a night like that; and yet the old, old story is told; 'the conduct of the English women was beyond praise. It is impossible,' says the report, 'to speak too highly of the conduct of the ladies at the time the vessel struck, and during the whole of that most fearful night. Not a scream was heard, and with perfect resignation and quietness they awaited the termination of that trying

state of things, whether it should result in their preservation, or their being swept into the dark and horrid waters around us.' After that there is no need, and there ought to be no need, to say how the men behaved.

At dawn, surely enough, two banks of sand were to be seen through gaps in the breakers; miserable patches of soil, which hardly merited the description of dry land; yet they were life to look at. By seven A.M. everybody was transported to the inhospitable resting-place; and the tiny islets being covered with pigweed, large earwigs, and land crabs, it was clear that the tide seldom or never washed over the entire surface. A lieutenant once saved the lives of his crew by keeping them from leaving a rock which they had reached at night from a wreck, by feeling in the dark that samphire grew upon it. The passengers and crew of the *Duncan Dunbar* felt they had now a little respite, if they could get provisions from the wreck; and the attempt to obtain the necessary food was successfully made; water, biscuits, beer, wine, and ship's beef were rowed and rafted to the sandbanks. There were besides upon them innumerable birds, which were too unaccustomed to men to move out of the way on their approach. Death, therefore, was no longer imminent; but the ladies dined on nearly raw meat and biscuit, and the men had to sleep on the open sands among the land-crabs and large earwigs. On the 11th Captain Swanson, who seems to have behaved like a sailor throughout, started in one of the lifeboats, to which they had fitted a mast and sails on the reef, with the purpose of reaching Pernambuco, taking with him one passenger and six seamen —those left on the reef working in their absence to get all they could out of the ship before she broke to pieces. During the interval five vessels passed in view, but failed to make out the forlorn party on the low sand-bank. On the 17th—after nine days of this wholesale Robinson Crusoe-like life—a steamer was seen approaching, which turned out to be the *Oneida*. Captain Swanson had been picked up, after heavy weather, by a vessel, and taken into Pernambuco, which was found to be two hundred and sixty-nine miles distant. The rest can be guessed. The good steamship soon picked off the castaways. The three little palm trees, the land-crabs, the large earwigs, were again left, with the sea-birds, to the winds and waves. Safe in life and limb, not a soul lost, the passengers and crew of the *Duncan Dunbar* have been brought back again to England, which they left more than

ıty days ago. The officers think that at spring tides, with a ›rtherly wind, the sea would wash clear over the islets. If that ıd been so, or if Captain Swanson's lifeboat had been swamped, e story of the *Duncan Dunbar*, instead of being this gallant le of seamanship, endurance, and old Saxon self-help, would ıve been comprised in the brief phrase, "and has not been ›ard of since."

Poetry.

ABIDE WITH ME.

ABIDE with me. Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness thickens; Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O! abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O! Thou who changest not, abide with me!

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord—
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea—
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me!

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft though I left thee—
On to the close, O Lord! abide with me.

I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O! abide with me.

I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord! abide with me!

LYTE.

Anecdotes and Selections.

THINK OF THE EVENING OF LIFE, of the vanishing of all mortal things, of the shadow that death will cast, of the soul's departure through that mysterious shade, of the morning on the other side, of the sunless city, the cloudless skies, the stormless shores, the happy multitudes, the swelling songs, the wonder, the rapture, and the rest. Think any such thoughts with prayer and faith, and your soul *must* be lifted at least somewhat above the dust and drudgery of this vexing and down-dragging world; must be drawn away from its cares and defilements; and as you grow stronger and happier among these superior things, you will say gladly, "The Saviour has led me to-night into one of his quiet resting-places; this is the rest and this is the refreshing wherewith he causeth the weary to rest."

LANTERN-BEARERS.—"Let your light shine," said the Saviour. The light of some men—like Paul, Luther, and Wesley—shone strongly like that from a high lighthouse. Other men's light may be only like a candle in a lantern; and yet he who bears it may show the way. Thomas Dakin, a Greenwich Pensioner, was one of these. He gave away 100,000 tracts every year, and when he died his pockets were found stuffed full with them. Reader! mark the words—"*your* light." Have you any? use it. Have you none? Christ will give thee light. Ask him.

"POKER, TONGS, AND SHOVEL."—Sidney Smith, who was not very nice in religious matters, hated swearing. Being in company with some young fellows much given to that wicked habit, the witty parson, in talking with them, often made use of the words, "poker, tongs, and shovel." They could not at first tell why he did so, but they found out at last that he did so to show how ridiculous as well as foolish their conduct was.

THE SHEPHERD'S SONG.—This Twenty-third Psalm is the nightingale of psalms. True, it is small and of a homely feather, and was first sung from a bush in the fields of the village of Bethlehem, only an obscure spot; but it has filled the air with joyful echoes which will never die out, but echo and re-echo as long as this world goes rolling round the sun. Blessed be the day when this Psalm was born!

STOPPING THE SWEARERS.—It is said of Rowland Hill, that once on returning from Ireland, the captain of the ship swore at the mate, and the mate at the captain, and both of them at the wind. "Stop! stop! it's my turn now," cried Mr. Hill; and they did until they found he would not swear at all; neither did they again during the voyage.

The Fireside.

OUR HOME IN EARTH AND HEAVEN.

It is not the walls of the building in which we live that makes our earthly home, but the company of those we love.

A little boy, about six years old, was returning from school one day. He bounded into the house, exclaiming, as he hung his cap up in the entry, "This is my home! my own home!"

A lady, on a visit to his mother, was sitting in the parlour. She said to him, "Willie, the house next door is just the same as this. Suppose you go in there and hang your cap up in the entry, would'nt that be your home as much as this?"

"No, ma'am," said Willie very earnestly, "it would not."

"Why not?" asked the lady. "What makes this house more your home than that?"

Willie had never thought of this before. But after a moment's pause, he ran up to his mother, and throwing his arms round her neck, he said, "Because my mother lives here."

It is the company of those we love which makes our earthly home; and it is just so with our heavenly home.

A Sunday school boy lay upon his dying bed. His teacher sat on the bedside, holding the hand of his scholar.

"I'm going home to heaven," said the boy.

"Why do you call heaven your home?" asked the teacher.

"Because Jesus is there."

This dear child loved Jesus. He felt that it was the presence of Jesus that would make heaven feel like home to him. This would make him happy there. And if we love Jesus as we ought, we shall feel so too. When we think of him, we shall be ready to say:—

"'Tis where thou art is heaven to me,
And heaven without thee cannot be."

The Penny Post Box.

A CHEAP WAY OF DOING GOOD.

God is good, and doeth good. Jesus Christ went about doing good. Every good man and woman loves to do good.

I suppose most of your readers are such as cannot spare much money or time in trying to do good. Well: here is a very cheap and easy way. A good book, full of good things, is likely to do good. The *Pioneer* is one of these.

What I want to do is this. I want to persuade all those who now take a copy of it to show one to any of their neighbours who do not yet take one. How do you know what good might come of your doing so? The *Pioneer* would talk, and teach, and preach, about all manner of good things.

Only one word more. I feel sure that if your female readers would take this matter in hand they would not only do great good, but four times as many would have to be printed next year. I very much wish they would. I am

A LOVER OF GOOD PEOPLE AND GOOD BOOKS.

Facts, Hints, Gems, and Poetry.

Facts.

CHEAP POSTAGE.

THE Penny Post system, followed by other postal improvements, is, no doubt, one of the most beneficial reforms of the present century. It has now been in operation twenty-five years. At first it was feared it would not pay, but it has paid, and will pay. Indeed if it had not, would it not have been wiser and better to expend one hundred thousand pounds a year in carrying out such a universal benefit to our country, especially to the poorer classes? Far wiser and better, certainly, than in expending millions in fortifications and ironclads. Peace has its victories, and this is one of them. In 1864, the enormous number of six hundred and ninety-seven millions of letters were received and delivered through our wonderful post office management, conceived and conducted chiefly by ROWLAND HILL.

Hints.

TIME'S CHARIOT WHEELS make rough ruts on the fairest faces. Many a once rose-and-lily countenance is now brown as a fallen leaf.

PRECIOUS TIME is about the only thing of which a man does right to be covetous.

MISERY OR JOY produce strange opposites. Misery makes a minute seem an hour—Joy makes an hour seem a minute.

WHAT WE CALL TIME we divide into past and future. Eternity is neither past nor future; it is always Now.

HE WHO LOSES one hour of time in the morning may run hard after it all the day and never be able to overtake it.

MANY THINGS may be regained after we have lost them, like health, wealth, friendship, and reputation; but who can regain time when it has been once allowed to slip?

Gems.

NEVER ENTERTAIN hard or doubtful thoughts of God. If you do it will be the death of your spiritual life. Cherish loving thoughts of him, and your soul will live.

THE GRACES of faith, hope, and joy, are given us by the Spirit, as so many feathers that we make us wings and fly to Christ.

God's most gracious dealings with us here are only foretastes of more. They would not be so sweet if they did not promise to be more sweet.

The Grace of God is always bestowed in proportion to our earnest desires to obtain it. We cannot expect to find, as if by chance, what we do not seek for.

All creatures thrive best in their own natural element, whether it be air, or earth, or water. And the christian thrives best in the company of those who love Christ.

It is a solemn thought that every human being may be but a few steps from Everlastingness.

Poetic Selections.

DAYS GONE BY.

Often memory's glance is ranging
Over scenes that cannot die;
Then I feel that all is changing,
Then I mourn the Days gone by.

Although Time has laid his finger
On them, yet, with tearful eye,
There are spots where I must linger,
Sacred to the Days gone by.

Though the days now fly with fleetness,
And we dread the changing sky,
There's a sad yet tender sweetness,
In the thought of Days gone by.

Cease, fond heart! has not Christ given
Hope of greater things on high;
Will not endless life in heaven,
Bring far more than Days gone by?

The Children's Corner.

FAMILY GIFTS AT CHRISTMAS.

We are told that in Germany the following pleasing custom is observed:—

The children make little presents to their parents, and to each other, and the parents to their children. For three or four months before Christmas the girls are all busy, and the boys save up their pocket money to buy these presents. What the present is to be is cautiously kept secret; and the girls have a world of contrivances to conceal it—such as working when they are out on visits, and getting up in the morning before daylight. Then, on the evening before Christmas-day, one of the parlours is lighted up by the children, into which the parents must not come; a great yew bough is fastened on the table, a number of little lights are fixed in the bough, and coloured papers hang and flutter from the twigs. Under this bough the children lay out in great order the presents they mean for their parents, still concealing in their pockets what they intend for each other. Then the parents are introduced, and each presents his little gift; they then bring out the *remainder*, one by one from their pockets, and present them with *kisses and* embraces. O, it was a delight to see them!

WINKS AND SON, PRINTERS, LEICESTER.